

























## OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion: So help me God.









"THEN COLUMBUS SHOOK OUT THE BEAUTIFUL RED AND GOLD FLAG OF SPAIN, AND  
TOOK POSSESSION OF THE ISLAND"

# THE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY  
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TO  
ERIC AND THEODORA



## PREFACE

114

Beside the Muskingum River, and at the mouth of the Licking, stands a city where tall factory chimneys rise like soot-wreathed monuments to Labor. It is a town of potteries, of brick-yards, and of all those creative industries whereby men produce form out of malleable clay. At one factory they make the minute tiles that are used in decorative paving, and there I once spent an enthralling afternoon watching the piecing together of a mosaic depicting the landing of Columbus. The plan of the picture was spread out upon a platform. It was divided into colored squares above each one of which a workman fitted a correspondingly colored tile. Tiny blocks of turquoise blue made a realistic sea. Gray tiles represented a neutral sky against which green palm trees stood out in vivid contrast.

As the artisan drew upon the store of colored tiles for the working out of his plan, so I have drawn upon the prepared facts of history in writing this book. The stories incorporated here are taken from so many sources that it is out of the question to acknowledge my obligation to each of the authors whose past industry has made this work possible. Through such magazines as *The Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*, I am beholden to writers whose very names are a part of American history. My hope for this *Story of the United States* is that it may help to quicken interest in the growth of our great Republic, and that it may lead, at least a few, young readers into that fascinating realm of literature which deals with the development of our country. In so far as it does this, it will relieve my indebtedness to other authors, since to further the appreciation of the mosaic of history is the true aim of every historian.

M. L. H.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.





# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I IN THE BEGINNING . . . . .	1
II COLUMBUS DREAMS OF A NEW WAY TO INDIA . . . . .	5
III A NEW WORLD IS DISCOVERED . . . . .	9
IV THE VOYAGE OF THE CABOTS AND OF AMERICUS VESPUCIUS . . . . .	13
V THE STORIES OF PONCE DE LEON, FERDINAND DE SOTO, AND VASCO DE BALBOA . . . . .	16
VI THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS . . . . .	21
VII EARLY ATTEMPTS AT HOME BUILDING IN AMER- ICA . . . . .	33
VIII SIR WALTER RALEIGH TAKES AN INTEREST IN AMERICA . . . . .	37
IX CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA . . . . .	42
X THE MAYFLOWER CARRIES THE PILGRIMS TO NEW ENGLAND . . . . .	50
XI THE PURITANS IN NEW ENGLAND . . . . .	57
XII PERSECUTIONS AND WITCHES IN NEW ENGLAND . . . . .	63
XIII KING PHILIP'S WAR . . . . .	69
XIV NEW AMSTERDAM AND HOW IT BECAME NEW YORK . . . . .	73
XV THE SETTLEMENT OF MARYLAND AND THE CARO- LINAS . . . . .	78
XVI WILLIAM PENN AND THE QUAKERS SETTLE PENNSYLVANIA . . . . .	83
XVII GEORGIA IS SETTLED AND BECOMES A REFUGE FOR THE POOR . . . . .	87
XVIII SLAVERY IN THE COLONIES . . . . .	92
XIX EARLY DAYS IN THE COLONIES . . . . .	95
XX WARS BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH COLON- ISTS . . . . .	100
XXI GENERAL BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT, AND THE DRIV- ING OUT OF THE ACADIANS . . . . .	107
XXII THE TAKING OF CANADA . . . . .	115

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIII PONTIAC'S WAR . . . . .	123
XXIV GEORGE WASHINGTON . . . . .	129
XXV GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA BEFORE THE REVOLU- TION . . . . .	137
XXVI CAUSES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR . . . . .	141
XXVII SOME FAMOUS AMERICANS OF THE REVOLUTION	149
XXVIII THE FIRST SHOTS ARE FIRED . . . . .	155
XXIX THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL . . . . .	161
XXX GENERAL WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY . . . . .	167
XXXI THE AMERICANS DECLARE THEIR INDEPEND- ENCE . . . . .	172
XXXII THE WAR GOES ON . . . . .	175
XXXIII THE CAMPAIGN OF 1777 . . . . .	181
XXXIV THE SURRENDER AT SARATOGA AND ITS CONSE- QUENCES . . . . .	188
XXXV THE BIRTH OF AN AMERICAN NAVY . . . . .	192
XXXVI THE LAST YEARS OF WAR IN THE NORTH AND THE TREASON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD . . . . .	201
XXXVII THE REVOLUTION CARRIED INTO THE SOUTH . . . . .	207
XXXVIII THE END OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR . . . . .	212
XXXIX THE UNITED STATES ADOPTS THE CONSTITUTION	217
XL THE INAUGURATION OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT	222
XLI THROUGH THE FIRST ADMINISTRATION . . . . .	227
XLII THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, YIELDING PLACE TO THE NEW . . . . .	236
XLIII CONCERNING DOLLY MADISON . . . . .	242
XLIV THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE AND THE TREASON OF AARON BURR . . . . .	247
XLV WITH LEWIS AND CLARK FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE PACIFIC . . . . .	253
XLVI WAR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN . . . . .	259
XLVII SEA POWER IN THE WAR OF 1812 . . . . .	266
XLVIII THE ARMY IN THE WAR OF 1812. PEACE CON- CLUDED . . . . .	273
XLIX THE STEADY GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES. MORE STARS FOR THE FLAG . . . . .	282

# CONTENTS

xi

CHAPTER	PAGE
L FROM MONROE TO VAN BUREN. THE RISE OF NEW POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE MARCH OF PROGRESS . . . . .	287
LI TEXAS IS ANNEXED BY THE UNITED STATES AND WAR WITH MEXICO RESULTS . . . . .	292
LII MORE RICH TERRITORY FOR THE UNITED STATES. PEACE WITH MEXICO . . . . .	299
LIII THE MORMONS IN UTAH . . . . .	305
LIV SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES . . . . .	310
LV STORM CLOUDS GATHER. TROUBLE IN KANSAS	317
LVI THE UNSHEATHING OF THE SWORD OF WAR .	323
LVII ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . . .	330
LVIII THE GREAT CIVIL WAR IS BEGUN . . . . .	341
LIX THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN AND ITS CONSE- QUENCES . . . . .	350
LX LINCOLN AND LEE . . . . .	356
LXI THE WAR IN THE WEST . . . . .	363
LXII DARK DAYS FOR THE UNION . . . . .	370
LXIII THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM. SOME NAVAL INCI- DENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR . . . . .	378
LXIV THE SLAVES ARE DECLARED FREE. SOME CON- FEDERATE SUCCESSES . . . . .	384
LXV GETTYSBURG . . . . .	392
LXVI IN THE WEST. THE FALL OF VICKSBURG . .	398
LXVII THE BATTLE IN THE WILDERNESS AND THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG . . . . .	405
LXVIII THE CLOSE OF THE GREAT REBELLION . . .	414
LXIX THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN . . . .	425
LXX AFTER THE WAR . . . . .	432
LXXI THROUGH SIX ADMINISTRATIONS. 1868 TO 1892	440
LXXII AMERICAN EXPANSION . . . . .	447
LXXIII WAR WITH SPAIN . . . . .	452
LXXIV THE END OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR .	460
LXXV CONCERNING THE ADMINISTRATION OF FOUR PRESIDENTS: McKINLEY TO WILSON . . . .	465
LXXVI HOW THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS HAS BEEN MORE THAN REALIZED . . . . .	473
LXXVII THE RELATION OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE GREAT WAR . . . . .	479
CONCLUSION . . . . .	483





## ILLUSTRATIONS

"Then Columbus shook out the beautiful red and gold flag of Spain and took possession of the island" . . . <i>Frontispiece</i>	FACING PAGE
"On the 23rd of December the Pilgrims landed at 'the corner- stone of a nation,' Plymouth Rock" . . . . .	52
" 'Disperse, disperse, you rebels! Throw down your arms and disperse!' " . . . . .	156
" 'Men,' said Lee simply, 'we have fought through the war together, and I have done the best I could for you' " . .	424



# **THE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES**





# THE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES

## CHAPTER I

### IN THE BEGINNING

**M**ANY thousands of years ago North America was probably a land of perpetual snow and ice. There was no summer then, so there were neither forests nor flowers and, strangest of all, there were no towns and no people! But in the course of ages the southern part of the country shook off its frozen sleep and was free from the frost that had bound it.

Later grass began to appear and at last forests of great trees covered the land. Beneath these trees roamed strange animals such as you will not find in any zoo today because they have disappeared off the face of the earth. The mastodon and the mammoth lived then, beasts so much stronger and larger than elephants that their tread must have shaken the forests! There were also rhinoceros and horses with three and four toes to each foot. But long ago these curious creatures vanished or decreased in size and we might never have known of their existence had not their bones been discovered. The plowshare has turned up human bones, as well as those of animals; and men digging in the earth have found rough arrowheads and tools; so we know that a race of people lived in North America when the mastodon and the mammoth were there, although we have no means of telling who these people were.

There are traces of other races who inhabited North America before the days of books or written history, pos-

sibly about two thousand years ago. We call them the Mound Builders because we know them only through the huge mounds they have left. These mounds are made usually of earth, but sometimes of brick and stone; many of them are very high and they are often built in the shape of animals or men. One in the State of Ohio is nearly a thousand feet long and formed like a serpent. We can only guess what these mounds were intended for. Pieces of charred wood have been found in them, and this has led to a belief that they were used by priests as places of sacrifice. The wood might be the remains of beacon fires or altar fires, and the mounds might have been built for fortifications, or intended for burial places. In them have been found bones, carvings in stone, also pottery, silver and copper tools, axes, knives and chisels, as well as beads, bracelets and pipes; showing that the Mound Builders knew arts that were quite unknown to the natives of America at a later time.]

It is probable that the first Europeans to visit America were the Norsemen. They were always bold sailors, venturing far out to sea and delighting in its risks and dangers. In Iceland they tell how Eric the Red was so unjustly treated by his neighbors that he decided to sail away and find a new home. For many weeks he sailed the seas, and in 985 reached a country which he named Greenland. Biarni, a friend of Eric, determined to follow him to the new land, so he put to sea with a few men, but not knowing the course that Eric had taken, he wandered for a long time upon the ocean. One day he saw land—a sandy beach and low hills crowned with trees. But he knew it was too far south to be the land where Eric was living and he sailed past it to the north, coming finally to Greenland.

The story he told of the land he had seen interested his friends; and Leif, a son of Eric, purchased Biarni's vessel and with thirty-five men set out on a voyage of discovery.

They first came to an island that they named Helluland (Flat Land) and then went on to the country spoken of by Biarni; this Leif called Markland (Woody Land). Two days later they landed on an island covered with trees, which may have been Nantucket. They sailed up between the island and the mainland and landed on the bank of a river. Here they built huts and prepared to pass the winter. Finding delicious wild grapes there they called the place Vinland. In the spring they loaded their ship with wood and sailed back to Greenland.

The next year Thorvald, Leif's brother, went to Vinland and remained there through two winters. It is claimed that he sailed down the coast as far as the Carolinas. The second summer, while coasting round Cape Cod, he went ashore. His party was attacked by natives and Thorvald was killed.

The Norsemen seem often to have gone to Vinland after this, to get timber to use in barren Greenland. A story is told of Fredys, the cruel daughter of Eric; how when she was on her way to Vinland she killed her husband and brothers and seized the ship for herself. She was brave as well as cruel, for later we are told that in battle with the Shraellings, as the Norsemen called the natives, "she slew many men with her own hand."

Another story is told of Gudrid the Beautiful who went with her husband Thorfin to live in Vinland, and of how her son Snorri was born there.

If these legends are true, and if the Vikings of the North knew and lived in Cape Cod and on Rhode Island hundreds of years before America was dreamed of by the rest of Europe, it is strange that they should have forgotten their discoveries. They probably went home to fight in the wars with France and England and once in their native country the land beyond the sea may have seemed of little importance. At any rate the glory of giving a new continent to



the world does not belong to the Norsemen, but to one man who lived in the fifteenth century. It is possible, however, that it was the legends of these dauntless rovers,

“Vague legends giving no man place or name—  
Which kindled in Columbus’ breast, like flame  
His dream of western lands of boundless stores.”

## CHAPTER II

### COLUMBUS DREAMS OF A NEW WAY TO INDIA

**Y**OU have been taught that the world is round like an orange. But there was a time when no one knew the real shape of the earth, and when most people thought that it was quite flat with the ocean lying around its edges. In those days men dared to venture only a very little way out into the ocean, for they were afraid of being lost in such a great trackless space of water. You see the sailors guided their ships by the position of the sun and the stars in the sky, and if a cloud came to hide the heavens from their sight, there was no way for the mariners to tell where they were; so even the bravest captains did not dare to go very far from the land that they knew.

But there were wonderful stories told of the fairylike islands that were away in that flat ocean! The most interesting things are always those about which we are not sure. The sailors felt this long ago; they did not know what lay beyond all that they could see of the ocean, but they imagined that if they could sail far enough, they would find islands of gold with walls of crystal. They even had a story about an old giant called Mildum, whom they said had seen one of these imaginary islands.

There were things, too, which made it seem that there truly might be land somewhere out in the Atlantic. One man had found a piece of curiously carved wood that had been washed ashore after a storm, and an old pilot had picked up a carved paddle that was floating on the water

west of Portugal. These things were not like anything that the Europeans had ever seen before, so they felt sure they must have been made by some unknown race of men.

More than four hundred years ago there was one little boy, in the city of Genoa, who was very much interested in all these tales of what might be out in the ocean. This boy's name was Christopher Columbus.

Genoa is a seaport town in beautiful Italy. Columbus used to play down by the wharves, watching the ships entering and leaving the harbor, and he probably had many friends among the sailors. At any rate he was a very small boy when he decided that he, too, would be a sailor, and spend his life on the sea that he loved so well—the sea that might hold so many strange secrets. It is believed that when he was ten years old his father sent Christopher to the University of Pavia to learn all that could be taught on land about the management of ships at sea; this study is called navigation. Young Columbus may have studied in Pavia for four years, but it is certain that when he went home to Genoa he worked in his father's shop at combing wool. You may be sure that though his hands were busy with the wool, his thoughts were far away, and he was dreaming of wonderful voyages in the ships upon the sea. His father knew his thoughts, and he probably saw that the boy would make a better sailor than a wool-comber, for I imagine that the wool often got tangled while Columbus was day-dreaming; so he was sent to sea when he was not yet fifteen years old, in a vessel commanded by his great-uncle Colombo.

For twenty years Columbus was a sailor. During that time he was in many battles and he always behaved as a brave man should. He visited all the known ports; but he was not satisfied, for he had a wonderful idea: he thought that men had been mistaken about the shape of the earth. He had studied a great deal and he believed that instead



of being flat the world was round, and his idea was that he could sail west across the Atlantic and come to land. He did not expect to find a new country, but he thought that the world was much smaller than it is, and he imagined that by sailing westward he could reach India sooner than by going the usual way. He was not afraid, because by this time men had something safer than the stars to guide them on the ocean. A stone had been found that seemed almost like a fairy gift, it had such wonderful properties; a needle brought into contact with it pointed ever afterward straight to the north. You can understand that if men at sea always knew where the north was, it became as easy for them to guide themselves at sea as on the land, so that the need to keep close to shore was gone, and the danger of venturing out into the unknown ocean was much less after the "Mariner's Compass" was discovered.

Filled with hope and faith in his belief, Columbus tried to interest people in his scheme for getting quickly to India; but he was only laughed at and called a dreamer. Some weary years went by and Columbus had spent all his money in traveling about in the hope of finding some one willing to help on his plans. One day he was tramping along a dusty road in Spain, with his little son Diego beside him. It was a very warm day and the boy was so tired and thirsty that his father stopped at the door of the Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida and asked the porter for bread and water for the child. While they rested in the shade the Prior came out and saw Columbus and began talking with him. He became so interested in him and in his ideas that he kept him as a guest at the Convent and made arrangements for him to have an audience with King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain.

These Christian monarchs were busy over a great war with the Moors, and it was not until the end of the year 1491 that they had time to think of Columbus and his

dreams. They then summoned him to their camp outside the city of Granada, which they were besieging. The kind-hearted Queen, hearing how poor Columbus was, sent him money to buy clothes that were suitable to wear at court. At last his chance had come and he told the King and Queen all about his wonderful idea; but he demanded great things. He was so sure that he could reach India by the west that he said he must be made Admiral and Viceroy of all the new seas and countries that he should discover and have one-tenth of all the gains. His demands were laughed at and he was sent away from the Spanish Court.

But he had friends who were influential with the Queen and they had faith in him, so they told Queen Isabella more about the scheme and how fine it would be to get more quickly to India, to the land where the ivory and precious stuffs came from, until it is said that she cried out, "I will undertake the enterprise for my crown of Castile and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds!"

Poor Columbus had ridden sadly away on his mule, but now a messenger was sent to bring him back to the Queen and it was settled that he should undertake one of the greatest voyages that the world has ever known.

Before Columbus set out on this voyage, Queen Isabella appointed his son, Diego, page to Prince Juan, with an allowance for his support. This was an honor usually granted only to the sons of persons of rank and it shows how thoughtful the Queen was, for she knew that unless Columbus could leave his boy well looked after, he would sail away with a heavy heart.

## CHAPTER III

### A NEW WORLD IS DISCOVERED

**O**N August 3rd, 1492, three ships, the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Nina* left the Port of Palos under the command of Christopher Columbus. The ships were so small that no present-day sailor would be willing to try to cross the Atlantic in one of them. They were not very much larger than one of the life-boats that our great steamers carry on board, only of course they were of different shape and very different appearance.

The sailors who went with Columbus were not fearless as he was; indeed, they went on the voyage most unwillingly and only because of the Queen's orders. They thought their commander mad and his plan impossible of being fulfilled; so they did everything they could to dishearten Columbus and to make the voyage so difficult that he might be frightened into putting the ships about and returning to Spain. But in spite of every discouragement Columbus sailed steadily forward, and after nearly two months his courage was rewarded, for signs of land began to appear. Land birds flew about the ships. Can't you imagine how glad the sailors would be to see them? A piece of carved wood was picked up by a man on the *Pinta* and one of the sailors on the *Nina* saw floating on the water a branch of thorn with berries. Then Columbus felt sure that they were at their journey's end. He had offered a reward to the crew of the ship which first sighted land; and at two o'clock of the morning of Friday, October 12th, 1492, the men on the *Pinta* fired a gun, the signal



that land was to be seen. Rodrige Triana, a sailor on the *Pinta*, was the first to see the New World.

The ships lay to and all waited impatiently for morning. Daylight came at last and about six miles away there was seen an island thickly covered with trees and with crowds of natives running up and down the shore. Small boats were lowered and Columbus, carrying the royal standard of Castile, and Martin Pinzon and his brother, each bearing a flag with a green cross, were rowed to the shore to the sound of music.

The bewildered natives of the island thought the white men were gods and they watched in wonder as Columbus stepped on to the beach, the others following, and knelt down and kissed the ground with tears and prayers of thanksgiving. Then Columbus stood up, shook out the beautiful red and gold flag of Spain, and drawing his sword took possession of the island; that is, he said that it now belonged to Spain, and he called it San Salvador.

Columbus never realized that it was a new country he had reached; he always thought that the beautiful island he had discovered was off the coast of Asia. It was not until after he was dead that men knew that what he had found was the Bahama Islands, off the coast of America.

When the sailors who had made this great voyage of discovery so difficult for Columbus, saw that they had really reached land and that their leader was not mad after all, they were ashamed of their conduct. They thronged around Columbus, kissing his hands and asking forgiveness. The natives, too, kissed Columbus and bowed down before him, for they still thought he must be some great white god. They told him, with signs, of land to the west and south. So Columbus put to sea again and found another island more beautiful than the first, where birds of brilliant colors never ceased to sing and where clear streams and rivers flowed into the sea. This island is now called

Cuba and is off the coast of Florida. From island to island the three ships sailed, seeing strange and interesting things. In Cuba the sailors saw for the first time potatoes and tobacco.

At last Columbus wanted to return to Spain to tell the Queen of all he had seen; so the ships were turned toward home, and after weathering terrible storms they safely reached the Spanish harbor of Palos just seven months after their departure.

The people hailed the ships with great excitement, and the journey of Columbus and his followers from the coast to the court was like a procession. The roads were lined with villagers who gazed in wonder at the six natives whom Columbus had brought home with him. Never had the people seen such strange looking men as these, painted in their savage fashion, and decorated with ornaments of pure gold. Then there were forty parrots and other birds of brilliant coloring to marvel at, as well as skins of unknown wild animals, and strange plants. Columbus rode on horse-back, a proud and splendid figure, with his long gray hair and air of calm dignity. The King and Queen rose to meet him when he reached their presence, and as he stooped to kiss their hands they bade him be seated, a very great honor in that proud Spanish Court.

Not Spain alone, but all the countries of the civilized world were filled with interest and delight by the success of this first voyage of Columbus, and there were many men who longed to set out as he had done and find "New Worlds." Every one was now ready to believe in his opinion that the islands he had found lay off the coast of Asia in the Indian Seas. So they were called the West Indies; and they bear that name now, although we know that they are not near Asia.

Other voyages Columbus made, discovering the island of Jamaica on his second voyage; and on the third voyage,

Trinidad. Four voyages he made in all, but his great work was done. He suffered shipwreck and disappointment and finally disgrace. False accusations were made against him; jealous enemies told the King and Queen that he used his power as Viceroy in the new land cruelly and for his own ends. The death of Queen Isabella, who had been his warm friend, ended his hope of being given a chance to prove that he had not been disloyal to his trust. The King would not listen to his defense. He was tricked out of money that should have been his; his honors were taken from him; and he died at last nearly friendless and very poor. It was a sad reward for the man who had led the way across "The Sea of Darkness."

It was for other explorers to find the greatness of the discoveries that Columbus had made; but there is a story told which shows that he was aware of what a service he had rendered mankind by showing the way to the west:

He was sitting at dinner one day when a Spaniard, jealous of Columbus' good fortune, said that if he had not found the new country, some other person might easily have done so. Columbus said nothing, but taking an egg in his hand he asked if any one there could make it stand upright. All tried but no one could do it. Then Columbus took the egg, cracked one end of it on the table and stood it up. What he meant was that a thing done once was easy enough to do again; and so it proved. After Columbus had shown them the way to the New World, there were many men ready to "follow the leader."



## CHAPTER IV

### THE VOYAGE OF THE CABOTS AND OF AMERICUS VESPUCIUS

**O**NE of the most important explorers who followed the example of Columbus was John Cabot. He was a merchant of Bristol, England, although, like Columbus, he was an Italian by birth. He set out at his own expense, but by permission of the English King, in May, 1497. He took with him his son Sebastian and a crew of eighteen sailors. By the end of June they reached Newfoundland, but they thought it was China. In July they were home again, telling His Majesty, Henry VII, of their discovery; and that worthy King is said to have given as a reward to "him that found the new isle" the sum of ten pounds!

In 1498 Sebastian Cabot sailed again from England and reached, not an island this time, but Labrador, on the American continent. He was much disappointed when he found himself in a land of great cold and where, instead of trees and flowers such as Columbus described, he could see nothing but ice and snow; nor could he understand why this land should be so cold, for it was in the same latitude as England, and Cabot reasoned that it should have the same pleasant climate. He had never heard of the Gulf Stream and so did not know, as we do, that the western shores of northern Europe are kept warm and saved from perpetual winter by a great river of hot water flowing between banks of cold water eastward from the Gulf of Mexico.

Driven south by the cold, Cabot sailed down the coast as far as what is now known as Virginia, claiming the whole country for the English King. A third voyage he made when he explored Hudson Bay, but the accounts he gave of the "New World" had much in them about hardship, cold, and savage Indians, so that men in England did not care to leave their own pleasant homes to venture into an uncertain wilderness. It was long years after Cabot's death before much attention was paid by the English to the great possessions he had gained for them in the west.

Another Italian who went on a voyage of discovery was Americus Vesputius. He was born in Florence, but, like Columbus, he set out on his expedition from Spain. It was in 1499 that he sailed, and the first land that he came to was Venezuela (or Little Venice). It must have been a curious village that he saw! He gave it the name that it bears because it reminded him of the Italian city of Venice; but it was an unfriendly place. There were forty-four houses, all built upon tree-trunks that were driven into the water, and these houses were connected by draw-bridges. Vesputius and his men would have liked to visit the queer village; but the Indians who lived there sent out warriors in canoes to shoot arrows at the ship of the strangers, and Vesputius had to order the guns to be fired to frighten them away. He dared not land, but sailed on farther south until he found a more friendly tribe of Indians, who treated him and his men with great kindness.

Vesputius made many voyages to the New World, and he was probably the first person to realize that this great land to which Columbus had found the way was neither Asia nor Africa, but a country of itself. He wrote a letter to a friend in Florence giving an account of his voyages and of the strange places he had seen. This letter was printed, and a great many people read it with interest, until every one began to talk about the land of Americus

Vespucius, and so at last it came to be spoken of as the land of Americus or America.

It may seem unfair that this new country was not called after Christopher Columbus, since he was its undoubted discoverer; but America took its name by chance and not by design. The continent itself is not named after Columbus, but in Canada there is an immense tract of country known as British Columbia, and America has mountains, rivers, and towns that preserve the name of the great explorer. The United States is often spoken of as Columbia; and in the America of to-day, on legal holidays, thousands of children may be heard singing a song that begins:

“O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free,  
The shrine of each patriot’s devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee!”



## CHAPTER V

THE STORIES OF PONCE DE LEON, FERDINAND DE SOTO,  
AND VASCO DE BALBOA

**T**HERE was a Spaniard named Ponce de Leon who was much interested in all that he could learn of the great New World. He sailed with Columbus on his second voyage and was made governor of the island of Porto Rico. There he lived contentedly enough for a time; but at last he began to grow old and to sigh for the years that were gone. While he was making himself miserable thinking of his vanished youth and wishing it back, a story was told to him by some of the natives of Porto Rico that gave him a new hope in life. They said that somewhere among the Bahama Islands there was a wonderful fountain of everlasting youth, and that whosoever should bathe in and drink of the water of this fountain would be young again, no matter what his age.

When Ponce de Leon heard the story, and saw that the Indians believed it, he made up his mind to go in search of this marvelous fountain himself. He was a rich man, so he had no difficulty in buying three ships and getting sailors to man them for a voyage. He sailed for some time among the islands searching for the magical fountain; and one beautiful Easter morning, in the year 1512, he beheld an unknown shore of what might well have been Fairyland, it was so lovely. Never had he dreamed of so charming a country; gorgeous flowers carpeted all the ground, and giant trees spread sheltering branches above them. De Leon thought that this must surely be the land of the

Fountain of Youth. He called the new country Florida, because it was a land of flowers, and because he had discovered it on Easter Sunday, which is known to Spaniards as Pascua Florida (Flowery Easter). Long he searched for the fountain of his dreams, but found it not. The foolish old man saw many strange and beautiful sights, but nowhere did the Fountain of Perpetual Youth gush out to meet his need.

Ponce de Leon tried to found a colony in Florida; but the Indians attacked him, killed many of his men, and drove those that remained to their ships. He himself was wounded by a poisoned arrow, and lived only long enough to be carried back to Cuba.

In 1538, Ferdinand de Soto led a company of six hundred men from Spain to the west, where they were eager to discover new lands and to possess themselves of easily gained fortunes. These adventurers landed on the coast of Florida in 1539 and began to march through the wilderness. They were a splendid company, for most all of the six hundred were Spanish noblemen and they traveled, as befitted their rank, in glittering armor, and with flags flying and music sounding to cheer them on. Danger was a joy to them, for they were brave; but they were cruel too, for they took many Indians prisoners, seeing no reason why these poor natives should not be their slaves since they were heathen. At first the Indians were inclined to be friendly, but the harshness of the Spaniards made them cruel in their turn, so that De Soto had many battles to fight and heavy losses to bear.

He led his company slowly forward, intent on finding some wonderful city to plunder. Imagination whispers strange tales to men. These Spanish adventurers had dreamed of a city that was so rich that its king, or high priest, was sprinkled from head to foot with gold-dust, as a miller is sprinkled with flour. They called this city of

their imagination "El Dorado," which means "The city of the Gilded One." If once they could find it, De Soto and his men felt that their troubles would be forever at an end.

Their wanderings brought them at last to a mighty river, which the Indians called the Mississippi. Truly it was more beautiful than any fabled wonder. The river was about a mile in width, and its great mass of water, sweeping grandly toward the sea, was a magnificent sight. The Spaniards built boats and crossed the broad stream, feeling sure that luck must be waiting for them on the western shore. But as they went on they only met with fresh disappointments. Food became very scarce and hardship and suffering grew worse day by day. Discouraged and worn out with fever, De Soto died. His soldiers buried him beneath the waters of the great river that he had discovered; and then they made rude boats for themselves and those who were left floated down the Mississippi on their way to Cuba.

Three hundred unhappy men were all that remained of the company that had set out so fearlessly from Spain. They had found no gold and they returned empty-handed of treasure; but we do not think their explorations had been in vain, for they had found the great "Father of Waters," they had seen the Mississippi!

It was a Spaniard, too, who had the glory of being the first European to see the Pacific Ocean. This was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. He was a bold fellow, but cruel and dishonest; the spirit of adventure had led him from Spain to the New World and he had lived in Hispaniola—now Haiti—until he got very heavily in debt; then, as he could not pay his bills, he ran away. He had no money to buy his passage on a sea-going vessel; but that did not worry him. He hid himself in an empty cask on board a ship that was just about to sail out of the harbor. When the vessel was far out at sea, Balboa came out of his hiding-



place. The captain, Enisco, was very angry when he saw the unwelcome passenger and said that he should be put ashore on the first desert island that the ship sighted and be left there to starve.

Before this threat could be carried out a dreadful storm arose and the vessel was dashed to pieces on the coast of Darien—which we know better today as the coast of Panama. The country was strange to the captain, but Balboa had been there before and he said he knew of an Indian village not very far inland where food and shelter could be found.

The Indians of Darien, however, had had white guests before and they had no taste for more Spanish cruelties; so the shipwrecked men were welcomed with arrows, and to get what food they needed meant a hard fight with the natives. Balboa fought so boldly that the sailors said he made a better leader than their captain; this pleased the crafty fellow, because he saw a chance of taking revenge upon the man who had threatened to leave him to starve. He therefore promptly made himself captain in place of Enisco; and a cruel leader he proved. The Indians hated and feared him, and his own followers could feel no warmer regard for him than pride in his courage.

One day an Indian came to Balboa with the story of a great sea that was not many days' journey distant. On the other side of this sea, the Indian said, there was a country where the people were so rich that they ate and drank out of dishes of gold. The Red Men had made up the last part of the story because they hoped that it would induce the Spaniards to go away to find this fabled land and so trouble them no more.

Greedy at the prospect of getting a rich prize, the adventurers set out to find the new sea. They had to fight many battles with tribes of warlike Indians, but they pushed forward until they had crossed the Isthmus of Darien.

One day they came to a high mountain, and the guide said that from its top the great sea was visible, so Balboa ordered all his men to stay below and he climbed the mountain alone. Looking down on the other side he saw a vast body of shining water stretching away until it seemed to meet the sky. It was a glorious sight and Balboa, that hardened old sinner, went down on his knees and thanked God that he had been allowed to make this wonderful discovery. Then he called to his men to come up and see the great ocean.

A few days later, when the explorers had made their way down to the shore, Balboa waded into the water waving his sword above his head, and took solemn possession of "the ocean and the islands that might be in it and the countries that bordered it" in the name of the King of Spain. This was in the year 1513.

The French, not to be behind the Spanish and the English, turned their attention to the northern part of the New World, where the great fisheries of Newfoundland attracted them.

It was a Frenchman who first sailed up the St. Lawrence River. After several failures a French settlement was founded on its banks, and for a hundred and fifty years the French peopled Canada.

Men of all nations, prompted by many different motives, voyaged to the west, and thus helped in making America a recognized part of the map.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

**B**EFORE hearing any more about the white men who went to the west to build up a great nation, you may care to know something of the dark race found in North America.

All the explorers met with Indians, so called by Columbus in a letter after his discovery, when he thought that the people he had seen belonged to India. They were, for the most part, tall and powerful men, with copper-colored skin and hazel eyes; men with high cheek bones and black, coarse hair, they were unlike the Europeans in every way. Columbus and Cabot called them savages, and such they were if judged by the white man's standard; but they lived in a savage land where wild beasts and untamed nature made men like themselves. The Indians, however, were poets as well as savages, for they lived so close to the heart of nature that they imbibed much that was beautiful and mysterious. We, today, owe them a debt of gratitude for the names which they bestowed upon stream and hill, lake and district, for those " . . . natural breaths, sounds of rain and winds, calls as of birds and animals in the woods, syllabled to us for names, Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Monongahela, Sauk, Natchez, Chattahoochee, Kaqueta, Oronoco, Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa, Oshkosh, Walla-Walla. . . ." <sup>1</sup>

When interpreted, the Indian names are as poetic in meaning as they are musical. For instance, *Ohio* means

<sup>1</sup> Starting from *Paumanok*, by Walt Whitman.



"Fair to look upon"—a name as appropriate to the beautiful river which bears it, as is *Missouri*, meaning "Big Muddy," to a turbid western stream. The fanciful spirit of the people is best shown, however, in the pretty imagery with which they described the wonders of the sky. The rainbow was known to them as "The Heaven of Flowers," and the milky-way they called "The Pathway of Ghosts," while they spoke of the Northern Lights as "The Dead Dance of the Spirits."

The Indians were wonderfully learned in woodcraft and in the difficult arts of hunting and trapping. Had it not been for their help the white men, in their ignorance of these things, might not have been able to penetrate into the untracked wilderness of America.

An Indian village was no more than a camp—simply a great many tents or wigwams collected near good fishing or hunting grounds; for the Red Men never stayed long in one spot. They wandered from place to place, taking their villages with them. They were mighty hunters of the buffalo, of the deer, goat, sheep and bear. They followed the moose, or fished in the lakes. Theirs was a dangerous as well as a roving life, for they had no weapons more powerful than bows and arrows; so because it was less hazardous when several men hunted together, and because man is a friend-loving creature, the Indians lived and traveled in companies which we call tribes.

The name of a tribe usually had reference to some peculiarity of the people who bore it. One tribe was called Assinniboin, which means Stony, because the people of that tribe cooked their food on heated stones. Another tribe of Indians, who at one time lived in a part of the country where the soil was deep and black, earned for themselves the name of Siksika, or Blackfeet, because their moccasins were perpetually dark with mud.

The head man of a tribe was called a Chief; he was se-

lected as leader because he was a particularly daring hunter and was wise in the knowledge of the forest, the habits of animals and birds and the cunning of warfare. His wisdom he gained, not as men do to-day, through teachers and from books, but

“In the bird’s-nests of the forest,  
In the lodges of the beaver,  
In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
In the eyrie of the eagle.”<sup>1</sup>

War played an important part in an Indian’s life. Quarrels arose between tribes over hunting, or about the rights of fishing or camping grounds, and as the savage knew no way of settling an argument except by blows, there were frequent and bloody encounters.

These Indians were a brave people, for although they thought nothing of slaughtering women and children, the smallest Indian child would not cry out at pain, because to bear suffering calmly was the ideal of primitive courage. Death had no terror for the Red Men; for they believed that a bold warrior, when he died, simply passed over to “The Happy Hunting Ground,” where he lived forever. The Indians, however, had no religion, as we understand it; although each tribe held ideas as to the creation of the world and had some sort of conception of a Mighty Being, or Great Spirit, who held the stars in the Heavens and saw to the going down and the coming up of the sun.

In times of peace, their day’s hunting over, the Indians would gather round a camp-fire, while the very oldest man of the tribe repeated the stories and traditions of his people. There, with the leaping flames dancing among the shadows, with the weird hoot of an owl breaking sharply across the stillness, or the long-drawn cry of some wild beast echoing uncannily through the forest, the little dark-

<sup>1</sup> From Longfellow’s *Hiawatha*.



skinned boys and girls listened eagerly to the sing-song voice of the wise old man, as he told of great wars, of mighty hunters, or of the time before man was. Thus history and legend were passed on from generation to generation; so that many a curious story has been preserved to this day. Would you hear how the Blackfeet Indians accounted for the beginning of the world?

In the days when the sun was young, they said, there was nothing but water, and the Old Man (a friend of the Great Spirit) sat upon a log in the midst of it. For many moons he sat there thinking, and at last he decided that there must be something under the water. To find out what that something was, he sent four animals, which sat besides him on the log, down into the flood. The last to disappear was the muskrat, and he alone returned. In his mouth he brought some mud, which the Old Man took and worked between his fingers, molding it into a ball. As he worked with it, the mud ball grew and grew, until it was so large that the Old Man could not hold it; so he threw it into the water where, still growing, it flattened out, like a great deer-skin. At last it was big enough for the Old Man to stand upon; so stepping into the middle of it, he lifted his pet wolf from his shoulder and deposited it upon its feet. The happy animal ran hither and thither, and wherever it stepped its footprints sank deep into the soft mud. As the mud world continued to grow, these footmarks became valleys and ravines; and where the wolf had failed to step, plains and mountains appeared. The angry water rushed in to fill up some of the footprints, and thus the lakes were made.

When the Old Man saw that the world was finished, he made some women to live in it; but the first he made were not satisfactory, because their mouths opened up and down instead of across their faces, so he threw them away and cut out new ones. He next made some men, to whom he



gave bows and arrows and taught hunting. Afar off on the prairie they saw some animals which the Old Man told them to shoot; but they were afraid; so, grasping an arrow, the Old Man fitted it to a bow and pointed it at one of the distant animals. It flew so swiftly and surely that the beast was seen to fall. "There," said he; "those are buffalo and they are food for you."

Soon the hunters saw other animals, quite unlike the buffalo, and having become brave they wanted to shoot them also; but the Old Man said, "You must go out alone and capture one each." The men, however, hung back with a strange new fear upon them; so the Old Man was himself obliged to go forth to catch one of the animals. Having brought it back he presented it to a man, saying, "This is a woman to be a wife to you." After that all the men went out, and each caught a wife for himself; and that is how the world began in the days when the sun was young.

We, with our intricate civilization, can scarcely appreciate the wonderful freedom of the Indian's life. His living arrangements were marvelously simple. His house, or wigwam, was fashioned out of skins or bark. A common type of Indian dwelling was made of buffalo hides sewed together and set up in the form of a tent. It was held in shape by twenty or thirty pine poles (about twenty-five feet high), which were driven into the ground. At the top of the tent an opening was left, large enough to let the smoke escape if there was a fire inside the wigwam, and to let in the light when the flap door was closed. On the hides that formed the walls of a dwelling, there were usually drawn crude pictures representing the famous deeds of the inmates, and it was no uncommon thing for a warrior to decorate his home with the scalp-locks of the enemies he had slain in battle!

A Chief's tent was always larger and more ornamented than those of the others of a tribe. The pictures on its

walls were sometimes elaborated with dyed porcupine quills and with shells. A wigwam was not divided into rooms; it contained but one apartment. The Indians slept on the ground, with mats and skins for bedding. Their houses boasted of almost no furniture. The cooking utensils used among some of the tribes were wooden vessels, made with infinite labor by burning and scraping out blocks of wood, with the help of shell tools or sharp stones. A few tribes were skilled in the making of pots of earthenware; while others cut their vessels out of soapstone. Where only wooden bowls were available, the people were obliged to practise a kind of cookery that would leave these bowls unburned. The vessels were filled with water which was heated by having red-hot stones plunged into it; then whatever was to be cooked was put into the water. It must have been a long, tedious process. Vessels of stone and pottery could be set over the fire, and many a savory stew they must have held; although we might have objected to the general lack of salt, for only a few Indians appreciated the virtue of the white crystals that they procured from the salt springs. Most of the tribes seasoned their cooking with leaves of different sorts. They were well versed in the knowledge of herbs and roots, and in the summer time they feasted off berries and wild fruits.

The Indians had no ovens, but they roasted sweet corn, squashes and different kinds of roots in the ashes, and they broiled fish and meat deliciously on sticks laid high above the fire.

The Red Men were too restless to make good farmers, yet some of them did raise Indian corn, beans, squashes and tobacco. For tilling the ground they had implements made of deer's horn or turtle shell. They had no iron tools at all, but it is remarkable how much they accomplished with the rude tools at their command.

As we use money, the Indians used strings of wampum.



It was made of dyed quills, of bits of stained wood, or from the thick blue parts of clam shells worked down into beads. Besides being the currency of the tribes, wampum was used as pledges in solemn transactions. When war was declared black wampum belts, signifying unity, were given by messengers to those allies who agreed to fight. When treaties of peace were concluded, belts of white wampum were given and accepted as tokens of amity.

The ingenuity of the Red Men was especially noticeable in their dress, which was often beautiful and always picturesque. It was made of soft skins or furs, embroidered with patterns in gaily colored bird feathers or in shell designs. On his feet the Indian wore moccasins of deer-skin, that had the advantage of making no sound. In many of the tribes the women wore their hair short, while the men let theirs grow as long as possible, sometimes splicing hair that was not their own on to their heads to make a greater show. When the long coarse hair was oiled with bear's fat and stuck full of feathers, an Indian Brave thought himself truly well dressed! To us, this sounds absurd, but the Red Man had so much native dignity that no matter how grotesque was his get-up, he seldom appeared ridiculous.

When on the war-path, an Indian warrior wore nothing but a loin cloth; he painted his face as hideously as possible, so that the very sight of him would strike terror to his foes; and his naked body he oiled until it shone—a useful maneuver, because in hand-to-hand combat an Indian who slipped through his opponent's fingers like an eel was a difficult person to capture.

On the eve of a battle it was customary for all the warriors of a tribe to gather together for a feast, after which they held a "war dance" that usually lasted the night out. This was a truly savage ceremony, centering around a painted post which was driven into the ground for the occa-

sion. While the Braves leaped and circled, brandishing their tomahawks and making the night awful with their shrieks and cries, a dreadful din was kept up by their friends and relations, who beat their hands together, and whooped in excited sympathy. With the first sign of morning, however, all signs of orgy disappeared and the stealthy Indians set out to battle with the quiet cunning of forest-born creatures.

The weapons used by the Red Men were made with expert skill. Bows were fashioned out of bone or suitable wood, and the arrows were made of ashwood, tipped with shell or stone. In a quiver of panther or otter skin, a man always carried, besides the ordinary arrows for use in hunting, arrows dipped in poison, to be used against his foes. The best shields were made of skin taken from the neck of a buffalo; this was smoked and so hardened with glue from the buffalo's hoof that it was practically impenetrable.

The Indian women helped to make the weapons, and they could use them quite as well as their lords and masters. They were of a splendid type, these native women, strong and lithe, brave and industrious. They made excellent mothers, for they were most painstaking in the bringing up of their children, and careful to instil into them the principles that went to the making of a good Indian.

For the first few months of his life an Indian baby, or papoose, was strapped into a straight basket and carried on his mother's back. Thus was he kept safe, with his limbs in good position and his back supported, while his mother's hands were left free to accomplish her daily tasks. His name he took from the first object that his mother noticed after his birth; but the name of a single individual was often changed several times during his life; for if a boy excelled in some feat of strength or courage, his complacent friends honored him with a name descriptive of his deed.



A famous runner might be called Swift-Foot, or a generous lad be known as Kind-to-His-Enemy. The names of girls were more often an indication of some spiritual grace than of a valorous deed. Among Indian maidens there occurred such names as Morning-Star, Happy-Moon, and White-Antelope, the last representing the Indian idea of the womanly virtues—white stood for purity, and antelope signified gentleness.

There were many different tongues spoken among the Indians. Each tribe had its own dialect; yet there seems to have been enough likeness in their languages to make it possible for them to understand one another, so that when members of friendly tribes met, they were able to talk together.

The Red Men were inveterate smokers. Smoking was more than a habit with them; it was a kind of rite. When a stranger entered a village, a pipe was presented to him as a mark of welcome. If the pipe was withheld, it was a sign of hostility. When peace was established between tribes, it was the custom of the chief men of each tribe to seal their compact by smoking a Pipe of Peace; that is a pipe that was especially reserved for such occasions and from which each party to the peace agreement took a solemn whiff. Among all the Indian nations this was recognized as a binding ceremony and great care went to the carving of beautiful pipes. The finest specimens were made of red soapstone taken from a quarry in the district now known as Minnesota. This particular quarry was neutral property, because the people half believed that the red stone was the flesh of their ancestors. They held, therefore, that it behooved them to keep the peace in the vicinity of so sacred a place as this quarry, which was a kind of monument to their common origin. Many curious tales were told about the mysterious pipe-stone and its peculiarly soothing influence on man. In *Hiawatha*, Long-

fellow has given us one of the most interesting of these legends:

“On the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
He the Master of Life, descending.  
On the red crags of the quarry,  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
Called the tribes of men together.

. . . . .

From the red stone of the quarry  
With his hand he broke a fragment,  
Molded it into a pipe-head,  
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;  
From the margin of the river  
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
With its dark green leaves upon it;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow;  
With the bark of the red willow;  
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,  
Made its great boughs chafe together,  
Till in flame they burst and kindled;  
And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,  
As a signal to the nations.”

Each Indian tribe took some animal for its symbol, or “totem.” It might be a bear, a wildcat, or a turtle—anything that pleased the fancy—and it was imagined that the spirit of the animal chosen could watch over and protect a whole nation.

These Red Men had very few laws; it was their superstitions that ruled them. They were afraid of what they called “medicine.” Anything that they did not understand was medicine (or magic); and next to the Chief,

the Medicine-man was the most important person in a tribe, for he was both a doctor and a demon. He was believed to have wonderful powers of healing, and he was accredited with bringing evil upon men by means of charms and spells. He wore a hideous dress and when he was engaged in the dances that were intended to call down magic from the sky, he wore a mask so ugly that it alone was enough to frighten the worst evil-doer.

In their play the Indians were almost as proficient as they were in the more serious businesses of life. They ran races, played ball, and shot at targets. The game of La Crosse originated with them, and they were adepts in tobogganing and snow-shoeing. On the water they were perfectly at home. Every boy or girl could manage his or her own canoe as well as their elders could handle the big war canoes that held from twenty to forty persons. These canoes were graceful boats, and very light so that they could be carried over land. They were made either by stripping off the bark from a birch tree and fastening it, whole, round a frame of cedar wood, or by burning out a log and scraping away the charred parts until the wooden shell was sufficiently deep and rightly shaped.

The Indians kept a calendar by a system of notched sticks; and they had descriptive names for the months, such as The Moon When the Geese Come, The Moon When the Geese Go Away, and The Moon of the Big Snow. Indeed, they were fanciful as well as savage, these dark-skinned people among whom the white men came to make their homes. Could the Europeans have brought with them only Christianity, knowledge of science and the habits of regular industry, the history of the Indians might have been very different; but the newcomers' gift of "fire-water" (strong drink) was poison to the Red Men, and the dishonest transactions of many of the strangers confused the Indian's idea of the white man's faith. There



were years of bitter struggle between the two races; there was injustice on both sides, for which all suffered; but with the coming of the Europeans the Red Men were doomed to go; their camp-fires and forest paths had to give place to towns and highroads. There was no longer any need of a savage people in a land that was tamed.

To-day the Indians have gone, melting like snow beneath the warmth of spring sunshine, and only a remnant of them are left in the reservations, or tracts of country that the Government has set aside for their use, but—

“The memory of the Red Men,  
How can it pass away  
While their names of music linger  
On each mount and stream and bay?”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From a poem by Richard Huntington.



## CHAPTER VII

### EARLY ATTEMPTS AT HOME BUILDING IN AMERICA

**I**T was not until the sixteenth century that men began to think of living in America, although it had been the goal of fortune hunters for years. The hot-headed Spaniards still hoped to find great Indian cities to plunder; while the English sailors searched for a north-west passage to India and for long-dreamed-of gold mines; but it had not occurred to men to take out their families and build homes for them in the new world until they were driven to it by discomfort in the lands where they were born.

Europe was anything but peaceful during the sixteenth century; the different kings were always at war with one another, and their subjects had to carry on their wars for them. A king at that time was an "absolute ruler"; that is, he believed that he was placed over the people by the will of God and that he had a perfect right to do as he pleased, whether it was for the welfare of his kingdom, or merely to satisfy his own selfishness. Now when the men were always away fighting in the king's quarrels, their affairs at home were neglected, their fields went unplanted and their families were hungry. Disease swept over all the countries of Europe as a result of bad and insufficient food and undrained streets, while discontent and unhappiness were everywhere.

One great cause of discontent was that a king, not satisfied with ordering about the bodies of his subjects, thought he had the right to order their minds as well; he told them

what form their religion must take, and if they refused to believe what he told them to believe they were punished, sometimes with death. But in spite of the king's so-called "divine right" to think for them, men were busy thinking for themselves. They began to understand that the king was made for the people; not the people for the king. They began to read the Bible; it was a new book to them because the priests had never allowed them to read it for themselves. In it they found strength for their faith, and it made them more sure than ever that they must worship God as they thought He meant them to, rather than as the king commanded.

In France there were people called Huguenots who wished to leave the Roman Catholic church and found a new church for themselves. But the king and most of his nobles were Catholics and they thought they were doing God true service by persecuting these unbelievers, or heretics. Rather than have them establish their new church, they were burned or shot without mercy. One friend the Huguenots had among the nobles, however, was Admiral Coligny, who sympathized with them and was willing to give all his wealth to protect them. It was this nobleman who thought of sending them to America, where they might be able to live and worship God in their own way without fear of persecution. He used his own money and sent out a company of unhappy people to find homes and peace in the New World.

The Huguenots landed in May, 1562, on the banks of the beautiful St. Johns River in Florida. The Indians received them with kindness and they thought that at last their troubles were over. Indeed, they might have been very comfortable in this lovely land had not the greed for gold overtaken them and caused them to forget what they had come for; so that instead of going quietly to work and making homes for themselves, they spent their time

in hunting about for gold and precious stones. The result was that when the food they had brought with them from France was finished and when the friendly Indians had no more corn to give them, they were forced to sail back toward France in a starving condition. They would have died of hunger on the way had not an English ship picked them up and taken them prisoners. That was the end of the first attempt made by the Huguenots to settle in America.

Coligny decided to make a second attempt to found a Huguenot colony, and two years later he sent out another company to Florida. The Indian chief, Satournia, made them welcome with great ceremony. The splendor of the pearls and the gold ornaments that the natives wore made some of the Frenchmen envious; but their leaders were able to control them, and preparations were begun for the coming winter. While they worked, however, a great evil was drawing near them.

News had reached Spain that the Huguenots were taking refuge in Florida, and as the Spaniards were Roman Catholics themselves, they hated the Huguenots. At once they fitted up ships and sent them out to keep the Frenchmen from landing. They were too late for that, but they fell upon the French fort and cruelly murdered every one they could find. Then they wrote a placard and put it up on a tree; on it they said that they had murdered these men "not because they were Frenchmen, but because they were heretics and enemies of God."

Laudonnière, the Huguenot commander, was one of the few to escape and he was able to return to France with news of what had happened.

The Spaniards, left in possession of the country, built a fort in their turn. It stood where now stands the city of St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States.

The French King, Charles IX, paid little attention to



Laudonnière's account of the Spanish massacre of the Huguenots: the fate of any of his subjects who were not Catholics did not interest him; and it was some time before the death of the Frenchmen was avenged.

It was a soldier, Dominique de Gourgues, who took it upon himself to punish the murderers of his fellow countrymen. When the Indians saw his ships enter the mouth of the river they thought that more Spaniards were coming, and they were angry and afraid; for the Spaniards by their cruelty and treachery had earned the hatred of the natives; but when they found that the ships brought Frenchmen there was rejoicing and the Indians offered to help De Gourgues in his attack on the Spaniards.

Fort Caroline was surrounded and the work of revenge was swift and terrible. All the Spaniards were killed, except a few who were taken prisoners. The other forts were captured and De Gourgues and the Indians were satisfied.

De Gourgues found the tree where the Spaniards had placed the placard telling why they had murdered the Huguenots, and there he posted a notice of his reason for killing the Spaniards: "Not because they were Spaniards, but because they were traitors, robbers and murderers."

You can imagine that such bloody work as this was not a success in planting colonies; the real business of home building in America had to wait to be begun by the British, who have proved themselves fit to bear the hardships and difficulties of colonization.



## CHAPTER VIII

### SIR WALTER RALEIGH TAKES AN INTEREST IN AMERICA

**H**AVE you heard of Sir Walter Raleigh, a gentleman of the English Court, and of how he first won his Queen's notice by an act of gallantry?

The story goes that Queen Elizabeth was once walking along a street in "her town of London" when she came to a very muddy crossing, where she hesitated, not liking to get her dainty shoes soiled. A young man, seeing her difficulty, stepped forward, unclasped the velvet cloak that he wore and threw it in the mud for the Queen to walk upon. Elizabeth was so much pleased by this act of courtesy that she at once took him into her favor and did a great deal to help forward his fortunes.

Americans owe this gallant knight much honor, for he had a great deal to do with awakening the interest of England to the advantage of having colonies in the New World.

Sir Walter Raleigh had been in France, fighting under the command of Admiral Coligny; so he had heard all about the fate of the Huguenot settlements in Florida, and he had listened eagerly to the reports that the French sailors gave of the wonders to be found in the new country. He was a rich man and it was very easy for him to get the Queen's permission to send ships to America at his own expense, to find out whether the tales told by the sailors and adventurers were true.

In April, 1584, Raleigh sent out two vessels under the command of Amidas and Barlow. In July they sighted

the Carolinas, and keeping up the coast for a hundred and twenty miles they put in at a convenient harbor and took possession of the land in the Queen's name.

The country was so lovely that the Englishmen thought they had never seen anything to compare with it, and they said that to live in this beautiful land would be to live "in the midst of some delicate garden," the fragrance of the woods and flowers was so delicious.

The Indians whom they met were gentle and friendly and glad to trade rich furs for English knives and pocket mirrors.

In September Barlow and Amidas returned to England with news of the wealth and plenty they had found. Queen Elizabeth was delighted with what was told her of the fair and fruitful land in America and she commanded that it be called Virginia, that by its name men should always remember that it was discovered during the reign of the Virgin Queen of England.

A poet of Elizabeth's time described the land of Virginia and told of the wealth of the new country:

"Where nature hath in store  
Fowl, venison, and fish,  
And the fruitfull'st soil  
Without your toil  
Three harvests more,  
All greater than your wish.  
And the ambitious vine  
Crowns with his purple mass  
The cedar reaching high  
To kiss the sky,  
The cypress, pine,  
And useful sassafras."

The eager poet, whose name was Michael Drayton, goes on to encourage his countrymen to hurry to Virginia:

"Britons, you stay too long:  
Quickly aboard bestow you,  
And with a merry gale  
Swell your stretch'd sail  
With vows as strong  
As the winds that blow you."

Raleigh was well pleased with his first venture and hastened to get ready a second expedition. Seven ships were despatched, with Sir Richard Grenville in command of the fleet.

The intention was that a settlement should be made on Roanoke Island; but it was not carried out. The Indians were not friendly as they had been before. Sir Richard Grenville was perhaps too harsh in his treatment of them, and there was constant trouble between them and the English. Food was very scarce and as nothing could be got from the Indians, Grenville went back to England to bring more supplies. In his absence the little colony came very near starvation. Just when they were nearly desperate, Sir Frances Drake, the great English Sea Rover, sailed into the harbor with twenty-three ships. He was on his way from the West Indies and had stopped to visit his friend Grenville, not knowing he was away. Drake gladly supplied the needs of the colonists and finally took the discouraged people home with him to England.

Raleigh was not disheartened by this failure; for two years later he sent out three more ships, in charge of John White, who was to be governor of the colony that he was expected to found. But this expedition fared even worse than the other. Relations with the Indians were most unfriendly, and when the time came for the ships that had brought the emigrants to return to England, the colonists were frightened. Winter was before them; they had very little food and nothing to expect from the Indians but



trouble; so they begged Governor White to go back with the ships and get supplies and help for them from home. White did not wish to leave his people; but they insisted upon his going. He knew the conditions that would have to be faced and he was sad at heart, for among those to be left behind was his own daughter with her husband and baby girl, a child born in one of the rough log houses of the colony and named Virginia Dare. This baby is supposed to have been the first white child born in America.

It was three years before White was able to return to Roanoke; but the delay was not his fault, nor the fault of Sir Walter Raleigh. The ships with supplies were started off at once; but they fell in with a man-of-war from Rochelle and after a fight were boarded and all the supplies that they carried taken, so they were compelled to go back to England. Soon England's war with Spain took all men's thoughts and neither ships nor sailors could be found to carry help to the little colony in far America.

When White did return, he found nothing but desolation; the log houses were empty; the colonists were gone; but on a tree was carved CROATOAN. Croatoan was an island about fifty miles from the settlement at Roanoke and the Indians who lived there had been friendly, so White hoped that his people were safe under their protection. He wished to go at once to find out, but storms and other difficulties made that impossible, and no trace of the colony has ever been found.

Raleigh did all in his power to discover what had become of the English men and women. He is said to have sent out five different times to search for them; but they had utterly disappeared. It has been imagined that they may have been adopted into some Indian tribe, in which case the child—Virginia Dare—may have grown up with the Indian maidens and learned many things that would seem



strange knowledge for a little white girl! But what her fate really was no one will ever know.

In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold sailed to America, sent by some merchants of Bristol. He determined not to go by the Canaries and the West Indies but to voyage more directly—a plan that Raleigh thought very wise. He steered straight across the Atlantic, and after seven weeks reached Cape Elizabeth, on the coast of Maine. He visited Cape Cod and there did some trading with the Indians, loading his ship with sassafras root, which was used in England for medicine. But no colony was started, because the men who had gone out expecting to remain became frightened at the thought of being left behind and so returned home with the ship. Gosnold's report of America helped, however, to strengthen British interest in the land that had been growing familiar through Raleigh's expeditions to Virginia.

It is true that Sir Walter Raleigh's attempts at colonization were a failure; but they had paved the way to success. For it was he who roused the attention of his countrymen to the possibilities of the new land. That America does not forget the debt she owes him is shown in the name of the capital of North Carolina, which is Raleigh.

## CHAPTER IX

### CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA

**I**N the year 1606, on the 19th of December, three small vessels sailed from London, carrying a hundred and five persons who were to establish the first permanent English colony in America.

Queen Elizabeth was dead and James I had come to the throne of England. The idea of having colonies in America pleased him and when a company of gentlemen asked his permission to send out settlers to America he consented at once.

The King took it upon himself to write out instructions for the emigrants, telling them how they were to be governed. He said that the colony should be ruled by a Council; but foolishly he put the paper bearing the names of the men whom he had appointed to make up this Council into a sealed box, with orders that it should not be opened until America was reached. This royal whim caused much trouble during the voyage, because there was no one in authority to check the insolence of the unruly members of the party, and they were by no means all men who were fit to govern themselves. In the company there were gentlemen escaping from England because of the heavy debts they owed, there were footmen and some tradesmen; but there were very few farmers or carpenters, and almost nobody who knew anything about the rough life in a new country, or how to make themselves comfortable amid discomfort. It seemed about as unpromis-

ing a lot of men as could have been gathered together and sent off to found a colony. But there was one man among them who was to hold them all together by his courage and wisdom. This man was Captain John Smith.

Smith was a young man well built and strong; he had been a soldier and a traveler since his boyhood and had known something of hardship and life in wild countries. On the voyage Smith was arrested by some of the men higher in rank than himself, who were jealous of his leadership; but when America was reached and the King's precious box was opened, Smith's name was found on the list of Councilors. He was released from arrest and was soon obliged to take command of the party.

A storm had carried the ships past the spot where Raleigh's settlement had been and into the Chesapeake Bay. They sailed up the James River and the company landed. For seventeen days search was made for the most suitable place to build a town, and on the 13th of May the spot was chosen and called Jamestown, in honor of the King.

The work of clearing the forest, felling great trees and making them into building material, was very difficult for the poor fellows who were unused to working with their hands; that they could do it at all was a credit to Smith's management. He was a firm ruler, and it is told that he had to invent many kinds of punishment to keep the men at work and in order. It is said that he so much disliked the habit they had of swearing over their blistered hands that he had every man's oaths counted "and at night for every oath" he poured down the sleeve of each offender as many cans of water as he had used bad words during the day.

Smith was wise in his treatment of the Indians. He paid a visit to Powhatan, the most powerful Chief of the neighborhood, and tried to make a friend of him. Powhatan received him courteously, although many of his



braves were angry at the coming of the strangers into their country.

In June the ships returned to England and with the hot days of summer real trouble began for the colony at Jamestown. The provisions that had been brought from home spoiled; the drinking water was unwholesome; and the great heat, combined with the hard work, was too much for the poor Englishmen. In less than two weeks after the departure of the ships "hardly ten men were able to stand," there was so much illness, and before autumn half the settlers had died. But the hot sun that proved so unfriendly to health, ripened the grain that had been sown in the spring; the coming of cool weather brought strength to those who were left; and when winter came there was plenty of game and wild fowl to be had for food.

When some comfort had been restored to the colony and as soon as the dangers of a winter sea made it unlikely that the settlers would try to "run away" home to England, Smith set out to explore the country.

He took with him no one but Indian guides. His intention was to follow the Chickahominy River to its source; but when he had been away from Jamestown only a few days, he was suddenly surrounded by three hundred natives, those braves who had murmured against the strangers' coming. His men were speedily put to death, as he would have been but for his courage and quick wit.

Taking out his pocket compass Smith showed it to the Indians, pointed out its singular movements, and tried to explain its use. He knew some Indian words and he was an adept in talking "sign language," for he had spent most of his life in foreign lands, where it was necessary for him to make himself understood even when he did not know the language of the country. The Red Men were much interested and he went on to tell them stories about ships and of how men sailed the seas. He told them, too, about



his God and they were so astonished and bewildered by all these wonders that they decided to spare the white man's life for a time. Smith wrote a letter, while the Indians looked on in amazement; for writing was some "great magic" to them. They were sure that a man who could make himself understood many miles away by strange looking marks traced on a thin piece of birch-bark, must be a kind of god and they were not sure that they dared to kill such a mighty being. At last they determined to take him to Powhatan and let the Chief judge what was best to be done with him.

The stern old Indian received Smith in state, with his people about him. He was in his winter camp, called Pamunkey, near what is now known as the York River; he wore a robe of raccoon skins and many ornaments; but deep in his somber eyes there must have lurked a half fear of the white man, for since his last visit Powhatan had pondered deeply an old Indian prophecy which foretold the downfall of his race when "bearded men in floating castles" should come and occupy the Indians' hunting-ground. Powhatan was, however, a courteous host. He saw that his women offered the white man many kinds of food, and that he was comfortably lodged. It was not until after several days' discussion with his braves that Powhatan decreed that Smith must die, for his strange powers made him a dangerous person.

Now Captain Smith had made one very good friend in the Indian village. This was Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan. She was just a human little girl who loved to listen to stories, and she must have been delighted to have the splendid English Captain come and tell her of the country far over the sea where little fair-haired girls and boys lived such a different life from that which she knew anything about. When Pocahontas heard that her new friend was to be put to death she ran to her father and

begged him to spare the Captain's life, but her plea was put aside and the hour of execution came. Smith was bound and stretched on the ground with his head resting on a stone. An Indian stood behind him, ready to dash out his brains with a great club, when Pocahontas broke away from the women and rushed forward, threw herself between the Englishman and the raised club, and again begged Powhatan to spare the white man. The great Chief loved his little daughter, and her sorrow touched him, so he ordered that Smith be set free and sent back to Jamestown.

After this the tribes of Powhatan were kind to the English and helped them in many ways. Often when Pocahontas went to Jamestown with presents of corn for her hero, Captain Smith, she would stay to play with the white children there. Sometimes the supple little maid persuaded the English lads to make wheels of themselves by turning upon their hands and feet; then she would follow them, wheeling as they did all through the fort. When she was fifteen she was converted to the Christian faith and was baptized in the little church in Jamestown, where the name of Rebecca was given her.

There was one person who rejoiced greatly when Pocahontas became a Christian. This was John Rolfe, who loved the beautiful Indian girl and made her his wife—a marriage that helped to strengthen the friendship between Powhatan and the colonists.

Rolfe took his wife to England, where her sweetness and pretty ways won much admiration. She received a great deal of kindness from royal personages and was given the title of "The Lady Rebecca," or sometimes "The Princess Pocahontas." But the English climate and the living in houses was too much for the girl who had grown up in the freedom and freshness of the forests; she sickened and died of smallpox just before she was to have



returned to America, and her husband had to go back to Virginia and bring up her little son without her.

When Smith reached Jamestown after Pocahontas had saved his life, he found only thirty-eight persons left in the colony, and they were in despair; but with the return of their leader hope came back to them, and soon fresh arrivals from England came to fill up their numbers. The English made the mistake of sending to Virginia men who were not wanted at home; so that the subjects over whom Smith ruled were lazy and miserable, and had it not been for his splendid management the colony would have gone to pieces. Besides the good that he did as governor, Smith made many valuable discoveries about the geography of the new country.

He worked with wonderful energy until he met with an injury that was to end his career in America. There was an accidental explosion of gunpowder and Smith was hurt. There were no good doctors in Virginia, so he was obliged to go to England for medical care, and he never again returned to the colony. At home in England he had the pleasure of welcoming Pocahontas when she went to London with her husband. The poor girl thought the Captain was dead, so you can imagine how glad she was to see him again. She probably was homesick, too, for her own country and for her childhood friends, for when she saw Captain Smith she put her hands in his and begged him to call her "Daughter" and let her call him "Father."

After Smith was gone it fared badly with the Jamestown settlement. In six months' time the five hundred men whom he had left dwindled to sixty. But another good man came to take command; this was the new governor, Lord Delaware. Under his control the colony prospered once more. A better class of immigrants began to arrive in Virginia and years of peace and growth set in.

The people learned to plant corn after the Indian fash-



ion, "when the white-oak leaf was as big as a mouse's ear" and to fertilize it by putting one or two herrings in every hill. They became expert in cooking the corn, or maize, as the Indians did, in ash cakes, mush and pones. The settlers even learned to eat the green snake, after the fashion of the savages, and the land turtle became a daily delicacy among them. When they had learned to use the native food, the English took a firmer hold on America, because they were less dependent on what the "ships from home" brought them and were better able to manage for themselves.

New towns and villages sprang up, roads were made through the forests, and the Indians were kept back. The settlers made one great mistake. Instead of buying the land from the Indians they helped themselves to what they wanted; this was unfair dealing and it brought its own punishment, for the Indians revolted, planning their attack so cunningly at one time that over three hundred Englishmen were killed.

The great business in Virginia came to be the growing of tobacco. The plant had long been in use among the Indians, who thought that it had wonderful healing power. From them the white men learned to smoke the leaf, and there came to be a great demand for it in England; so that the Virginia planters were kept busy and prosperous growing and selling the new weed. For some time tobacco was used in the place of money in Virginia: instead of things costing so many cents or dollars, the price was given in pounds of tobacco.

As soon as living came to be something more than a fight to get enough to eat, the Virginians began to think of education, and a college was started where both white men and Indians were welcomed. The English Church was established and the colony was divided into parishes. Vir-

ginia had her own parliament and a governor sent from England. The roots of the colony had taken hold of the land and English speaking people had gained their foothold in America.

## CHAPTER X

### THE MAYFLOWER CARRIES THE PILGRIMS TO NEW ENGLAND

**W**E have now come to the story of the first people who went to America from England because they wanted liberty to worship God in their own way. These people were known as Separatists, for they thought the forms and ceremonies of the English Church were wrong and they wished to have a separate church of their own, with a different and more simple service.

King James would not permit this, for he was afraid that if men had a church without the king at its head, they might soon begin to think that they could do without the king in other things, and so the royal power would be weakened. He therefore commanded that all persons holding services other than those allowed by the national church, should be severely punished. But in spite of the King's command, the Separatists held their meetings at one another's houses. They had their own ministers and their own church government.

“Giants at heart they were who believed in God  
and the Bible.”

Many of their services were held at Scrooby Manor House, in Nottingham, the home of William Brewster.

For some time they managed to hold their meetings every Sunday, going secretly to Scrooby to listen to the long sermons of their ministers; but their enemies found



out their secret place of worship and became so cruel in their interference that the Separatists decided to leave England and go to Holland to live, where there would be freedom for their religion. Their first attempt to leave the country was stopped and the leaders of the would-be emigrants were thrown into prison and a year was wasted before they dared try again to get to Holland.

For their second attempt to escape the Pilgrims, as they were called when they began their travels, gathered on a lonely part of the Lincolnshire coast. The ship that was to bear them to Amsterdam had part of the company on board and a small boat was just coming back to fetch more passengers, when some horsemen appeared and seized the unfortunate people still on shore. The ship's captain put to sea with what passengers he had and carried them safely to Holland. The others followed, one at a time, as soon as they were free.

It seemed as though the troubles of the Pilgrims were over, for the Dutch were kind to them and in no way interfered with their religion. Leaving Amsterdam they went to the smaller city of Leyden to live and there they remained for eleven years, from 1609 to 1620. They supported themselves by their different trades and on Sunday went openly to church to hear John Robinson preach.

But although they "lifted up their eyes to Heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits," the Pilgrims were homesick for English ways and to hear the English tongue. The thought grew among them that they owed it to their children to seek a new land where they "could be English and yet be free," and where they could establish their own faith.

In July, 1620, arrangements were made for some of the Pilgrims to go to America. All could not go at once, for they had become a large company. The first instalment from the Leyden church was selected with Brewster, the

Elder, to lead it, and the party left Leyden in canal boats for Delfthaven, where they joined the ship that they expected would carry them to the New World.

Their vessel was the *Speedwell*, a Dutch ship of sixty tons burden which the Pilgrims intended to keep with them in their new home. They made a good run as far as Southampton, where the ship *Mayflower* awaited them. She was a somewhat larger ship than the *Speedwell*; but small enough when we think of her to-day! The intention was that the two ships, between them, should carry the party of Pilgrims; but hardly had they set sail together when the *Speedwell* began to leak and had to put back to Dartmouth for repairs. A second setting out was unsuccessful; for again the *Speedwell* had to stop. This time they put into Plymouth, where the vessel was declared unseaworthy and had to be abandoned. Her passengers then packed into the *Mayflower*, which finally sailed on the 16th of September.

Rough and weary was the long voyage to the folk upon the crowded little ship; the weather was cold and stormy, and often the *Mayflower* seemed to make no headway against the wind and waves. On one of the most tempestuous days a little boy was born. His name was Peregrine White; and the queer old cradle that rocked him is yet to be seen in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, among some other curious pieces of furniture that came from England in the famous *Mayflower*.

While they were at sea, the Pilgrims wrote out the plans for the government of their colony. They acknowledged King James of England as their sovereign; but they meant to do most of the governing without his help. They were to make their own laws, and every man promised to obey them. They chose John Carver to be their first governor.

It was the 11th of November when the *Mayflower*



"ON THE 23RD OF DECEMBER THE PILGRIMS LANDED AT 'THE CORNER-STONE OF A NATION,' PLYMOUTH ROCK."





dropped anchor in Cape Cod Bay. Winter weather was upon the unfortunate newcomers and the land they had reached was bleak and uninviting. The brave hearts of the Pilgrims were afraid when they first saw their new home, with the wilderness on one side and the ocean on the other! They were so long in choosing the exact spot for their settlement that the ship's captain threatened to put them all on the nearest point of land and leave them; but at last a place was fixed upon, where the soil seemed good and where there was plenty of fresh water.

On the 23rd of December the Pilgrims landed, stepping ashore on a great boulder of granite that the poet, Longfellow, has called "the corner-stone of a nation"; you probably have heard of it as Plymouth Rock. It was so cold on the day of their landing that the salt-sea spray froze on the clothes of the people, and it is little wonder that many of them sickened and died that first awful winter. But those of the party who survived worked bravely and soon had a big log house built to shelter all the colonists until each family should be able to have a home of its own. The colony was called Plymouth in honor of the last English port that the *Mayflower* had touched.

When spring came, heralded by the shell-pink blossoms of the trailing arbutus, it was found that nineteen houses were all that were needed to hold the people who were left; so these were built and surrounded with a palisade. Then, upon a hill beside their homes, the Pilgrims built their church; but it was not like any church that you ever saw. It was built of logs and had a flat roof with six cannon mounted upon it; for the building was a fort as well as a church. There was no bell; the people were called to service by the beating of a drum, and they went carrying their muskets with them, for the Pilgrim Fathers never knew when the Indians might surprise them and they had to be ready to protect themselves at all times.

This is how Longfellow, in his poem, makes Captain Standish describe the little church and fort of Plymouth:

“Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer  
planted  
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks  
to the purpose;  
Steady, straightforward and strong, with irresistible  
logic,  
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of  
the heathen.  
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the In-  
dians;  
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it  
the better.”

But there was not much real trouble with the Indians at first. A treaty of peace was made between the settlers and Massasoit, the Chief of the Wampanoags. He promised to befriend the English and help them in war; while the Pilgrims agreed to see that Massasoit and his people had justice and right shown them. This peace lasted for fifty years.

Governor Carver had died during the winter and Bradford was selected to take his place. Captain Miles Standish was appointed to train the men of Plymouth and make soldiers of them so that they could protect their homes when it was necessary.

Canonicus, Chief of the Narragansetts, seemed inclined to give trouble. He sent to Plymouth a rattlesnake-skin tied around a bundle of arrows. This meant, in the sign language of the Indians, that he was a dangerous foe and ready for war. But the Pilgrims could talk in sign language too! They stuffed the snake-skin full of gunpowder and shot, and returned it to the warlike Chief.



When he saw that the white men were not afraid, the courage of Canonicus left him and he begged for peace.

In the autumn of 1621 a vessel bringing thirty-five settlers reached Plymouth. These newcomers brought no food with them, for they had heard such wonderful stories of the plenty that was to be found in America that they thought it unnecessary to provide for themselves. The consequence was that before the winter was over the colonists had only half an allowance of corn daily, then five kernels apiece, and at last none at all. They were able to live for a time by killing and eating wild fowls; but when they could get no more of them they had nothing but the shell-fish that they could find on the beach. Death from starvation seemed their only possible fate, when a ship bringing food from England appeared in the harbor. When they saw it the poor, half-famished Pilgrims rushed to their church to give thanks to God. That was probably the first real Thanksgiving Day in America. Frequently thereafter one day in the year was set aside for giving thanks to God for his goodness to the American people, until Thanksgiving Day soon became an annual custom. In 1864 President Lincoln appointed the last Thursday in November as the day for the nation's thanks; and since then yearly proclamations have been issued by the Presidents observing the day that Lincoln set aside—the last Thursday in November.

The settlers at Plymouth had many hardships to face, but their brave hearts helped them through their difficulties. Before many years the land they had tilled began to yield good harvests. The furs that they traded from the Indians sold for large prices in England, and the colonists had time to enjoy the freedom of thought and religion that they had worked for so faithfully.

Other people who were not free to think their own

thoughts in England found rest and peace with the colony, for the Pilgrims were glad to give to others that liberty which they claimed for themselves.

Undoubtedly these thoughtful Pilgrims were the true beginners of the great American Republic. Mrs. Hemans said of them that

“They left unstained what they had found—  
Freedom to worship God,”

and that is the finest praise that can be given them.

In the Palace of the British Parliament and in the Capitol at Washington may be seen beautiful pictures depicting the landing of the *Mayflower*. Far more splendid ships have set sail; but no ship ever carried a more precious cargo, for it bore to the New World the seed of liberty and so its landing became one of the most important scenes in history.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE PURITANS IN NEW ENGLAND

**E**VERY summer ships came bringing settlers to the Pilgrims' colony, until the country around Plymouth could not hold them all, so from time to time little groups of people would go forth, led by their ministers, to find a home in the wilderness. They would journey on until they found some spot that pleased them and there they would build a town of logs cut from the trees of the forests. This was the way that many New England cities were founded.

In England there had been growing up a new sect of people called Puritans. They, unlike the Pilgrims, did not wish to separate themselves from the National Church; but they wanted to "purify" that church by leaving out of the service all the forms and ceremonies for which they could find no instructions in the Bible.

Many of these people had found their way to Plymouth, where they were received kindly. But the Puritans were not so broad-minded as the Pilgrims, and they were unwilling to live in the colony that was under the government of the Separatists. They tried in every way to get affairs into their own hands. They took out one of their own ministers from England, meaning to establish him over the colony, and they so managed matters that John Robinson and the rest of the Separatist congregation in Leyden were prevented from joining their friends at Plymouth. But the Pilgrims held resolutely to their liberty, they were not to be put down; so the Puritans were finally obliged to find a place for a colony of their own.



They decided upon the land around Massachusetts Bay. Friends from home joined them, brought over by John Endicott in 1628, and the town of Naumkeag, or Salem as it was later called, was settled.

A year after the place of the settlement had been chosen, a charter was given by the King of England to the "Massachusetts Bay Company," which gave them a right to the country and made it a part of the English possessions and thus protected it from the French and Dutch, who were already trading in the neighborhood.

The granting of this charter seemed to the Puritans in England "like a summons from Heaven inviting them to America"; for life at home during this time was particularly uncomfortable. King James had died in 1625 and Charles I now ruled. He was more sure than even his father had been, that a king was appointed by God to think for his people, and his Queen (Henrietta Maria, who had been a French princess) persuaded him to rule "like a French king" and to punish all his subjects who would not accept the usages of the English Church.

Helped by his Archbishop, the King fined and imprisoned the Puritans, slit their noses, cut off their ears, and tortured them in other dreadful ways. So it was little wonder that many of them were glad to escape to New England.

In 1630 John Winthrop arrived in Massachusetts Bay, on board the *Arabella*. He brought with him three hundred families, and for their use, horses, cows, and goats.

Winthrop was a man of much learning and blessed with a large fortune. He was chosen governor of the colony; and as Salem did not please him, he built his home where Boston stands to-day. Soon other towns were growing up under Puritan government, and all these towns were spoken of together as the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

No one in the Puritan communities was allowed to hold

office, or even to vote, unless he was a church member. In this way it was hoped that only Christian men would be entrusted with power.

At first the climate and the want of proper food caused much sickness; before December two hundred of the colonists were dead, and such food as the survivors had was nearly finished before the end of the winter. But on the 5th of February, 1631, the ship *Lyon* came from Bristol laden with provisions, so the settlers were cheered and fed.

On the *Lyon* came a man named Roger Williams, to find a home among the Puritans. He was a learned scholar and at first was made welcome in the colony. For a time, he was minister at Salem; but Williams was not a Puritan at heart, and his ideas soon proved too tolerant for his position and got him into trouble.

He preached that the King had no right to take land from the Indians without paying for it, and he held that every man had a perfect right to believe what his conscience told him was right in matters of religion. He even said that the Separatists were as important in the sight of God as the Puritans! For his free-thinking Roger Williams was banished from the colony.

For some weeks the despised preacher wandered in the forests, where the Indians were very kind to him, and at last a friendly native took him to Rhode Island. There he started a settlement that he named Providence, because he said that he had been sent there by God to make a home for persons who were persecuted for their conscience' sake. Roger Williams was always a good friend to the Indians, as he was to every one in need.

Another person to suffer from the prejudice of the narrow-minded Puritans was a woman, Mrs. Anne Hutchinson. She believed that religion was a matter of conscience and not an affair of either church or state; and she held



meetings to discuss the question, although the ministers had forbidden her to do so. She and her followers were therefore banished from the colony and they made their way to Rhode Island. But Mrs. Hutchinson was not safe even in Providence; for the Massachusetts people began to whisper that she was a witch and it was thought that they might send to kill her. The poor woman moved on, into country belonging to the Dutch (beyond New Haven); but death met her there, for her house was burned by marauding Indians and she and her family killed.

Twenty-three years after the landing of the Pilgrims there were twenty-four thousand people in New England. Forty-nine little towns, with their wooden churches and forts, had sprung up over the country and the English settlers were already beginning to think themselves Americans. In 1635 a small party of Puritans had gone into the valley of the Connecticut to live and there laid the foundation of a State.

In 1643 a ship, which had been built in Massachusetts, set sail for London. That was a proud day for the colonists, for it marked the commencement of American commerce. No wonder that the little ship was followed by "many prayers of the churches"!

There was little or no money in the colonies, for all the coin that had been brought from England had gone to buy foreign goods; so the people of New England used Indian corn in place of money, just as the Virginians used tobacco, and as it was difficult to measure a small enough amount of corn, bullets were used in the place of pennies!

Soon after the Puritans were established in Massachusetts, they remembered the people of Plymouth and their kindness to the first Puritans who had emigrated to America. To show their gratitude toward their neighbors, the Governor of Massachusetts and Mr. Wilson, the pastor of Boston, went to Plymouth to visit the Pilgrims. They



went on foot, for it was only a day's journey from Boston to Plymouth; and it is pleasant to think of this pilgrimage undertaken in a spirit of brotherly love that had not always appeared in the dealings of the Puritans with the Pilgrims. The Governor and the Elder of Plymouth colony went out to meet their visitors and led them into the town, where they were received with much courtesy. "On the Lord's Day they did partake of the sacrament" together, and a service was held in which the Puritans took part. In this way a friendship was established between the two colonies.

There were now four separate colonies in New England: Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven, each with its own government and laws. But trouble with the Indians was coming upon the people, and the French and Dutch settlers were drawing near to their land, so in 1643 the four colonies joined together under the name of "The United Colonies of New England," that they might better withstand the pressure of their enemies.

The earliest care of the Puritans had been for the education of their children. Soon after landing they had built schools and within fifteen years John Harvard had started the college that has grown into a great university.

The Puritans were a stern and sober people. They thought it their duty to dress plainly and laugh as seldom as possible. Their boys and girls had few of the pleasures that children have to-day; they had almost no toys; but they must have had great fun playing in the woods, although they had always to be on the lookout for Indians. There were wild flowers to be found in the spring, and nuts to gather in the autumn. There were little bear cubs and other wild animals to tame and bring up as pets; and in the winter there were snow-covered hills to slide down and many a snow battle to be fought. So, after all, perhaps we need not feel very sorry for the little New Englanders!

Of course they had to go to school and their little log schoolhouses were neither pretty nor very comfortable; there were no pictures on the walls and in midwinter weather the schools were often cold and the children had no drill to keep them warm and no singing to break the monotony of lessons. The really solemn business of the week, however, was church. On Sundays everybody was made to go to church, and there was a man there whose business it was to keep the children in order and to rap them over the knuckles with a long stick if they did not pay strict attention to the sermon.

## CHAPTER XII

### PERSECUTIONS AND WITCHES IN NEW ENGLAND

ONE would suppose that people who knew how dreadful it was to be persecuted for their beliefs and who had crossed the sea to find freedom for their opinions, would have been ready to give others liberty to think for themselves. But you have already seen, from their treatment of Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, that the Puritans were not willing to admit that any road could lead to Heaven except the one they traveled.

Their narrowness can partly be excused, for they had worked so hard and suffered so much to make their colony a model of Puritan faith that they feared to let men of different beliefs live among them, lest the harmony of their hard-earned peace should be swept away.

Seven or eight men had taken up their homes in Massachusetts who thought it was not right to baptize young children. These men tried to hold a meeting of their own, but while they were at worship officers of the law broke in upon them and carried them off to church. There they behaved very badly, for they had been brought there against their will. They refused to take off their hats while the minister was praying and they did all they could to show that they thought it was sinful to join in service with people who believed in infant baptism. For their "separation of themselves from God's people" they were fined, and those who refused to pay the fine were ordered to be "well whipped." After this a law was passed, stating that any



man who said that he did not believe in the baptizing of children, should be made to leave the country.

Over such small matters of differing opinion, the serious Fathers of New England held grave counsel and committed great cruelties; but we must try to remember that they honestly thought they were doing God's will.

In England a new sect had arisen, called "Friends," or better known as "Quakers." It is supposed that this last name had been given the Friends in a spirit of mockery because their leader, George Fox, told a judge to "quake at the name of the Lord"—probably meaning that man in his smallness must fear the greatness of God. These Quakers had experienced war and knew all its horrors, and they had seen with disgust the useless extravagance practised by the men about them; so they decided to break away from all the things that they despised. War they pronounced unlawful, because all people were meant to live together as friends. God's will, they said, could be done only by men who dressed plainly, were careful of their language, and who listened always for the voice of the spirit.

You see the Quakers did not believe in churches, as they were at that time, but they thought that every man could hear (if he listened closely) the voice of God's Spirit speaking within his own heart. This Voice was to be their guide and they would do nothing without waiting for its promptings to tell them what was right.

When the Massachusetts people heard of the Quakers and that some of them were on their way to New England, they were very much alarmed. They did not want to have anything to do with the new sect, and when a ship came into Boston harbor with some Quaker women on board, the unwelcome guests were at once put into prison while their boxes were being searched and their books burned by the hangman, and then they were sent back to England on the ship that had brought them.

The Puritans forbade all ship-masters to bring Quakers to their colony; but they reckoned without the Quakers. More and more of them in England thought that the spirit commanded them to go to Boston with messages for the Puritans. The unhappy colonists tried to get rid of them by banishment; but as surely as they were sent out of the country, they would come back again, so laws were passed sentencing to death all who should return. Four persons were hanged and many were whipped and had their ears cut off; but the Puritans got to be ashamed of their own law, so when a letter was brought from the King (by a Quaker named Wenlock Christian, who had been banished from the colony on pain of death) saying that the people of the colonies should "forbear to proceed further against the Quakers," they were glad to have a reason for stopping their cruel work.

Years afterward the New Englanders acknowledged that they had done wrong in persecuting men for their beliefs and they made what amends they could by giving lands or money to the descendants of the Quakers who had suffered at their hands.

After this, force was never used again in America to control men's thoughts on the subject of religion.

There was another dark time of persecution in New England; but difference of religious opinions had nothing to do with this trouble, which was an outbreak of superstitious fear of witches.

In England from three to five hundred poor wretches were put to death every year because they were said to be "familiars of the Evil One," and emigrants had taken with them to the New World a strong belief in demons in human form who could fly about on broom-sticks, or who had the power of turning people into animals and of bringing illness and discomfort upon unfortunate persons. The strangeness of the new land did not help to lessen the dread





were bewitched, the minds of the people were at once infected with the fear of sorcery and the friends of the sufferers began looking about to find the witch who was responsible for the mischief. Three old women were fixed upon as likely persons and were thrown into prison.

This was the beginning of a sort of madness that took hold of the colonists. People went about accusing one another of being witches. The prisons were full of the suspected persons. Men, women, and children were hanged, and even animals were put to death for "taking part in some dark work." Anything the least unusual was put down to "Black Magic" and the frightened imagination of the people wove fact and fancy together into proofs of witchcraft. For instance: A man named John Allen refused to carry a cart-load of wood for a woman named Susanna Martin, because he thought the load too heavy for his oxen. Susanna was displeased at his refusal and said: "It had been good that you had done this thing for me, for your oxen shall never do you any more service."

This remark sounded like a threat and made Allen very angry,

"Do you threaten me, you old witch?" he cried. "I'll throw you into the brook!" But before he could get to her the woman ran over the bridge and got away.

Allen turned around and started for his home. Before he had gone far one of his oxen became so weak that it had to be unyoked; and when he got it home, it was still so unfit for work that he put it into a pasture with several of his neighbors' oxen to graze. In a few days the oxen were missing and their tracks showed that they had all run into the mouth of the Merrimac River and not returned. They were found on an island the next day; but when their owners tried to drive them back home, they ran like mad things until they came to the sea, where, plunging in, they swam away out of sight and only one of them ever re-

turned alive. Susanna Martin was held responsible for the destruction of the oxen; she was accused of witchcraft and condemned to death, although at her trial "her plea was that she had led a most virtuous and holy life."

A minister who tried to stop such cruel work was put to death; witches were spoken of in the Bible, said the crazed New Englanders, and if a minister denied them he must be a witch himself.

Some of the condemned people said they were guilty and so saved their lives; but many scorned to purchase life with falsehood and were hanged.

For more than a year this persecution went on; and then it stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Men sickened of the dreadful work and the Governor of Massachusetts had all the suspected persons who were in prison set at liberty, and all the condemned pardoned. Then a Fast Day was held to "ask God's pardon on the errors of His people," for they were truly overpowered with shame at their cruel foolishness.

So ended forever the hunting of witches in New England; although in Great Britain the persecution was still going on. The last so-called witch was not burned in Scotland until 1722.

The people of New England were not wiser than the days they lived in; their

" . . . sudden burst of wickedness and crime  
Was but the common madness of the time,  
When in all lands that lie beneath the sound  
Of Sabbath bells, a witch was burned or drowned."

But when they saw they had made a mistake they were ready to acknowledge it and were eager to make what amends lay in their power.

## CHAPTER XIII

### KING PHILIP'S WAR

**A**FTER the death of Massasoit, King or Chief of the Wampanoag Indians, his son Alexander kept the treaty that his father had made with the Puritans; but when the younger son, Philip, became Chief the end of the long peace was at hand.

Philip saw that his people were in danger of being stamped out by the strangers from over the seas; he saw the hunting-grounds of the Indians growing smaller and smaller and the faith of their fathers being forgotten for the white man's God. These things made Philip very unhappy and he talked them over with chiefs of other tribes.

A warning was brought to the colonists that a conspiracy was formed among the chiefs to kill every white man in New England. Whether there had been such a conspiracy or not has never been proved. Philip had the Indian who had given the warning put to death and he said that the story of the plot was untrue. The Puritans tried the Wampanoags for the murder of the Indian who had brought them news of a conspiracy, and two young braves were found guilty of the murder and hanged. Then the proud Chief, angered at being treated in a way that he felt was insulting to his dignity, did conspire for war in earnest.

The first attack of the Indians was made against Swansea in June, 1675, when several of the villagers were killed. After that there followed nearly two years of war of the



most terrible kind; for the Red Men carried on their vengeance so secretly that the colonists never knew a moment's safety.

The Indians did not care to fight in the open, for they feared the English guns. They preferred to lurk behind trees and fences until they saw a solitary man working in a field, or two or three children playing in the woods; then they would deal out a swift and terrible death to the unsuspecting victims. They would surround a lonely house in the night and murder the family in their beds. Sometimes a whole village would be awakened by the war-whoop of the Indians to find that while they slept their homes had been set on fire and it was too late to escape. Babies were murdered in the cradles, and the brave mothers of New England went about their duties with a loaded musket always at hand to be used to protect their little ones; but very often the husbands and fathers, coming home from work would find wife and children cruelly murdered.

In a lonely home near Salem, a woman was busy one morning making bread. She turned to get some flour from the barrel just in time to see an Indian, daubed all over with war-paint and with his tomahawk raised in his hand, stealing up to the bed where her baby girl lay sleeping. Without a moment's hesitation the mother lifted a kettle of boiling soup from the fire and flung it over the savage, so saving her own and her child's life. The Indian was frightfully scalded and the good woman set to work to bind up his burns with soothing oil. She nursed him back to health and after that he remained in her household a grateful and devoted servant!

A strange thing happened when the town of Hadley was attacked. It was on a Sunday morning and the people were thinking more of church than of Indians; so when the war-whoop of the enemy sounded, terror and confusion broke out. But an unknown person suddenly

appeared among the English and restored order, leading a charge against the Indians so successfully that they were driven back into the forest. When quiet again settled down on the village, the kindly leader had disappeared. The people thought that an angel had been sent from Heaven to help them in their need, and it was not until a long time afterward that they discovered that their mysterious visitor was a fugitive from English justice, named William Goffe, who was in hiding in America.

The colonists, roused by the horrors of savage warfare, raised an army of about three hundred men and, led by Winslow, they marched against the Narragansett Indians who were encamped in a great swamp. After much fighting the Englishmen got near enough to set fire to the wigwams, with the result that about a thousand Indians perished.

King Philip was not discouraged by this victory of his enemies; he busied himself in getting the more northern tribes of Indians to join him and in leading them against the settlements; so that the war became more fierce than ever. But now the colonists were awake to the danger and almost every attack of the Indians was repulsed, and the Red Men were hunted from place to place until they were disheartened by their defeats. Finally the English succeeded in surrounding Philip near Mount Hope, where he and a large party of his people were in hiding. The Chief's wife and son were taken prisoners and a hundred and thirty of his men were killed; but Philip himself escaped to a swamp, where he lay concealed for two weeks, only to be found in the end and shot by an Indian ally of the English.

With the death of their leader the Indians lost heart in the war. They were, most of them, in desperate need of food, for their stores of grain had been burned; so one at a time the different tribes came in and surrendered to the

colonists. The northern tribes were still unfriendly, but most of them returned to their own country and contented themselves with threats and murmurings.

King Philip's War has been called "The Darkest Page in Colonial History." It was a dreadful time for whites and Indians alike, but it was the last time that the Indians, unaided, tried to hold the land against the white intruders.

Soon after their coming to New England the white men had sent out missionaries to work among the Indians. Perhaps the man who did the most good was John Eliot, who was called "The Apostle to the Indians" because he spent so many years in teaching them about Christ. He learned their language so that he might talk with them and he printed books in the Indian tongue and taught the Red Men how to read them. Eliot was a very wonderful man and he was always beloved by the Indians, because he loved and understood them.

A few Indian churches were built, but not many, for most of the natives held to their old forest superstitions, their legends of devils and magic, and, like King Philip, they disliked the new order of things. It is interesting to remember, however, that the natives who had been converted stood by their new friends through all the misunderstandings that arose between Indians and white men.



## CHAPTER XIV

### NEW AMSTERDAM AND HOW IT BECAME NEW YORK

**T**HE Dutch were a wide-awake people and they saw that it would be worth while to share in the fortunes of the New World.

About two years after the settlement of Jamestown in Virginia by the English, the Dutch East India Company engaged an English sailor, named Henry Hudson, to go to America. They wanted him to try to find that shorter way to India that Columbus had failed to discover.

With a mixed crew of Dutch and English, Hudson set sail in his ship, the *Half Moon*; and on reaching America he sailed along the coast, looking for a waterway that might lead to India. He came to a broad bay—now New York Bay—and, passing through it, found himself on one of the most beautiful rivers in the world.

Up this river, to which Hudson gave his own name, the *Half Moon* sailed until it seemed unsafe for the big vessel to venture farther; then Hudson sent a small boat on as far as Albany—at that time a dense but lovely wilderness. Indians crowded about the Dutch ship in their canoes and when the sailors saw that they were friendly they traded with them, getting grapes, fat yellow pumpkins and furs in exchange for beads and blankets. Delighted with all he had seen, Henry Hudson started back to Holland to tell his patrons of the wonderful region he had found; but the *Half Moon* was detained in England and Hudson's services were claimed by the English King; so he could not get to Holland himself to make his report, although he sent

word to the Dutch that of all lands on which he had ever set foot, this that he had discovered was the best.

Once again Hudson returned to America, this time for the English. He went much farther north, to the bay that is called by his name; but there the hardships and the great cold made his sailors mutinous. Maddened by the dangers of the voyage, they took Hudson, his son, and seven others, and set them adrift in a small boat. They were never heard of again and it is supposed that they were dashed to pieces by the floating ice.

There is a fine old legend of how they found their way back to the shining Hudson River and of how they still live in the Catskill Mountains upon which the explorer had looked with such admiration. When it thunders there, they will tell you that the deep rolling sound that seems to shake the hills is the noise that Henry Hudson and his crew make by rolling ninepins about. There is the story, too, of Rip Van Winkle, who watched this mountain game and who slept for twenty years because he drank with Hudson and his men!

The Indians believed that the weather was made in the Catskills. They thought that spirits lived there who spread sunshine or clouds over the country and who were ruled by their mother, a very old squaw spirit, who lived on the highest peak of the mountains and had charge of the doors of night and day. However this may be, there is no part of the United States that seems a more fitting haunt for fairies and story people than the beautiful country through which the sparkling waters of the Hudson sweep down to the sea.

About five years after the discovery of the Hudson River the Dutch sent to establish trading stations along its banks and several families came from Holland to live on Manhattan Island, where the city of New York now stands. (The name Manhattan, or rather the old version of it,

Mannahatta, means "the place encircled by many swift tides and sparkling waters.") After a few years the Dutch settlers bought the island for about twenty-five dollars.

A wooden fort was built and round it clustered the houses of the white men. Trade with the Indians paid well and the little village prospered until, in 1643, a war with the natives brought two years of distress.

A young Indian, maddened by drink, killed one of the settlers. Kieft, who was governor of the colony, demanded the life of the murderer; but the Indians held that the white men were to blame for the murder. "For," said a chief, "you yourselves are the cause of this evil; you ought not to craze young Indians with brandy. Your own people when drunk fight with knives and do foolish things; you cannot prevent mischief till you cease to sell strong drink to the Indian." There was deep truth in this, but Kieft would not heed it; and because his demand was disregarded, he fell upon the Algonkin Indians and massacred them. It was a dreadful mistake. As soon as the other tribes in the neighborhood heard of the outrage they all gathered to make war upon the strangers.

Dutch villages which had grown up around the trading stations were burned. Farms on Long Island were laid waste and the settlers who escaped death were forced to retreat to the southern corner of Manhattan. A palisade was built across the island, where Wall Street is now, and behind that the people managed to defend themselves from attack.

Governor Kieft, who was responsible for all the trouble, was put out of office and Peter Stuyvesant was made governor of the colony of New Netherland in his stead. Stuyvesant was a soldier who had lost a leg in the wars. He had a hot temper, but he was a brave and well meaning man. He did his best to make peace with the Indians and in his



dealings with them he was always just; but the people murmured against him because he allowed none of them a voice in the government; he was a law unto himself.

Hearing that freedom and religious thought was to be found in New Netherland, many Europeans flocked to the Dutch colony, where, for the most part, they lived in peace; although Stuyvesant did take it upon himself to persecute what he called "the abominable sect of Quakers."

For twenty years all went well with the Dutch. Stuyvesant enlarged the boundary of the colony by annexing what is now New Jersey—land that had been claimed by Sweden, but that the few poor Swedish settlers were unable to hold.

New Amsterdam, the town on Manhattan Island, was a port of importance from the very first. It was a quaint, pretty place, for the houses were built after the style of the homes that the Dutch had left behind them in Holland. They had high gable roofs and were trimmed with black and yellow bricks.

Until 1664 Stuyvesant ruled the colony alone, in spite of the grumbling of some of the people; then one day English ships of war sailed into the bay and anchored there.

The "Merry Monarch" of England, Charles II, had seen fit to make his brother, James, Duke of York, a present. He gave him a great tract of country in the New World, including the Dutch settlements. It was not his to give, but that mattered nothing to Charles; it was an age when "might made right," so he calmly sent over to claim New Netherland.

It was a bad time for Peter Stuyvesant; he got into a fearful rage, stumped about on his wooden leg and threatened to blow up the English ships if they did not hoist their sails and get away. He had the twenty guns of the fort loaded that he might fire on the ships; but the people of New Amsterdam would not help him to stand out

against the English; they begged him to surrender. They knew that they stood little chance of victory in a conflict with such an important foe and there were many of them who really welcomed the protection and government of the English. So New Amsterdam passed quietly into the possession of the Duke and its name was changed to New York in his honor.

All the settlements along the Hudson surrendered to England, and New Jersey also passed into British rule.

New York people to-day are proud to remember that their great city was originally a Dutch settlement. For years the Dutch language was spoken there and America traces some of her most delightful customs to the days of New Amsterdam. It was the Dutch who gave Santa Claus to American children and who taught them how to keep Christmas with open hearts and homes. It is they to whom Americans owe their fun at New Year's time and their colored eggs on Easter Day; for, amid all the hardships of colonization, the cheerful Dutch fathers and mothers kept a spirit of jollity and good will and, for their children's sake, they made a place in their new life for the old home customs.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE SETTLEMENT OF MARYLAND AND THE CAROLINAS

**G**EORGE CALVERT (afterward Lord Baltimore) was one of the Secretaries of State under James I. He was a man of keen energy and some wealth. In 1621 he planted a colony in Newfoundland and called it Avalon, after the fabled isle in the legends of King Arthur.

Six years later Lord Baltimore visited his colony, but found the climate so unpleasant and injurious to his health that he left Newfoundland and went to Virginia. Here he was not a welcome visitor, because he was a Roman Catholic and the feeling against the Church of Rome was very bitter at this time, both in England and in the colonies. The Virginians insisted that if he remained among them he must take an oath declaring that the King was the head of the Church. Baltimore would not do this, so he was forced to return to England.

Filled with praise for the beauties and promise of America, he went to the King, now Charles I, and asked for a part of Virginia north of the Potomac River, that he might start a colony there. The land he wanted was said to be occupied only by scattered tribes of Indians; but it was in danger of being taken up by the French, the Dutch, or the Swedes.

Charles, who had married a Roman Catholic wife, was not opposed to Baltimore because of his religion, and he thought that to give him the colony would be a good way to keep it for England, since the people in Virginia were too few to use all the land that had been originally por-



tioned to them. So a charter was made out, granting to Lord Baltimore and his heirs the site that he wanted for his colony. It was to be called Maryland out of compliment to the Catholic Queen, Henrietta Maria, and for it Baltimore was to pay the King two Indian arrows every year and a fifth of all gold or silver ore that should be found there.

Before the new owner could send out to establish a colony, he died and the territory went to his son, Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, who was given all the power of a ruler.

The first settlers started for Maryland in 1633. The party was led by Lord Baltimore's brother, Leonard Calvert. It was made up of twenty other gentlemen and two or three hundred laboring men, who, we are told, were "well provided in all things." With them went Father White and two other Jesuit missionaries.

This company set sail in a ship called the *Ark* and a pinnace named the *Dove*, after having committed themselves to the protection of God, the Virgin Mary, and the guardian angels of Maryland.

The ships took a round-about way and it was more than a year after they left England that they arrived at Point Comfort, Virginia. It was difficult for the Virginians to give a courteous welcome to these strangers who had come to take part of the land that they had been accustomed to count as their own; but letters of instruction had reached them from the King and they did not fail in their greetings to the newcomers.

In March, 1634, the *Ark* entered the Potomac River. The Indians, who saw so big a ship for the first time, were greatly impressed by its size and wondered where a tree had been found large enough to make such a huge canoe.

Calvert sailed up the river to Piscataquo, an Indian village nearly opposite the present site of Mount Vernon.

Here he was received kindly by the Chief; but it did not seem wise to plant a settlement so far inland; so the *Ark* was taken back down the river and up one of its branches, now known as St. Mary's, and anchored in front of the Indian town of Yoacomico.

On the day of the Annunciation, the 25th of March, one of the priests offered "the sacrifice of the mass," which had never been celebrated in that part of the world before. When it was ended a great cross was carried in procession and set up in an appointed place, while the litany of the Holy Cross was chanted. Thus was Maryland established, for on the next day the emigrants took quiet possession of the land.

Friendly terms had been arrived at between the Englishmen and the Indians. The white men were to share the town with the natives through the first winter and then buy it from them. The Indian women taught the wives of the white settlers how to make corn bread, and the warriors instructed the hunters in the business of the chase.

No suffering was endured and no fear of want arose; for the coming into possession of land already cultivated made things easy for the colonists. The gardens and corn-fields flourished and the white men lived in harmony with their red neighbors.

By the charter that the King had given to Lord Baltimore religious liberty was secured for Maryland. Roman Catholics who suffered under the laws of England found peace there and Protestants were sheltered and protected from persecution. The missionary work of Father White and his fellows prospered. The first chapel in Maryland was built by the Indians, to whom the service of the Catholic Church made a strong appeal.

Of course the colony had its troubles. There were several little civil wars in the first years; but in spite of them Maryland thrived and grew rich, like Virginia, by the grow-



ing of the Indian tobacco. Lord Baltimore's colony came to stand for fair dealing and good government and the peacefulness of its development speaks well for the guardian angels of Maryland.

In 1663 Charles II gave to some of his courtiers a great stretch of land south of Virginia. This territory was called Carolina, from Carolus, the Latin form of the King's own name. It included what we now call North and South Carolina.

Up to this time little thought had been given to the southern part of America by the English. You may remember that Spanish explorers had claimed this portion of the country for Spain; but Charles was not the person to remember that any one else had a claim to land that he wanted!

The eight gentlemen to whom the gift of Carolina was made were called "The Lords Proprietors." They planned what they thought would be a delightful system of government, and one that would keep all the wealth of the colony in their own hands. They proposed to rule Carolina by noblemen who were to own the land and rent it out to tenants. But the men who dreamed of this plan had never been in America; they had to learn that their degrees of nobility and their titles were of little use in the wilderness and that people were not going to pay rent to them in a country where they could get all the land they wanted for nothing; so the growth of the Carolina colonies was slow and beset with difficulties.

The foundation of the city of Charleston was laid in 1680 and about that time a large number of French Protestants settled in South Carolina. The first real good fortune came to the Carolinas in 1696, in the form of a bag of seed-rice. This was presented to the Governor by the captain of a Madagascar vessel. The rice was distributed among the planters and sown. It grew so wonderfully



that in a few years it had become one of the most important products of the country.

The Carolina settlers had constant trouble from the Spanish in Florida, and there were dreadful wars with the Indians. The most serious trouble of all, however, was the constant civil strife. The proprietors who appointed the governors acted in such a selfish way that in 1719 the South Carolina people rose in rebellion and marched into Charleston, declaring that they refused longer to be ruled by the Lords Proprietors. In 1729 the King bought out the interest of the proprietors and after that both North and South Carolina were governed as royal colonies.

## CHAPTER XVI

### WILLIAM PENN AND THE QUAKERS SETTLE PENNSYLVANIA

**W**E have seen that when the Duke of York took possession of New Netherland his territory included not only what we call New York but also New Jersey. He owned the land to the east as far as the Connecticut River, and south to the Delaware River. New York he kept for himself, but New Jersey he gave to Lord John Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, who in their turn sold it.

In 1674 the owners of this territory divided it into colonies called East and West Jersey, promising all people who should come to live there liberty to follow whatever religion they chose. It was not until 1702 that the two Jerseys were again united under one name.

There settled in East Jersey many Presbyterians who were driven from their native land by the persecutions of Charles II. People from New England also moved to East Jersey; and several Quaker families took up their homes there; but West Jersey became a more important center for the Quakers, for it had been bought by men of their own faith. One of those to help in the management of this colony was a young man of gentle birth, named William Penn. His father was an English admiral who had won fame in the wars with the Dutch.

The boy was born in London in 1644. While he was a student at Oxford he became interested in the Society of Friends, or Quakers, and was expelled from the university

because of his association with them. His father was so angry that he forbade him his house, and it was some time before he would forgive him for his religious views. Young Penn was many times imprisoned for his faith, but he remained undaunted. He went to Ireland, Holland, and Germany, to preach, and he made many converts in these countries. While engaged in the affairs of West Jersey he saw the land on the other side of the Delaware River was unoccupied, except by a few Swedes, and it occurred to him that he might get this land and start a colony.

King Charles owed Admiral Penn a considerable amount of money and on the Admiral's death this claim descended to his son. The King, who was always in need of ready money, was glad to cancel the debt by granting to Penn land on the west side of the Delaware River. Charles called this land Pennsylvania, which means Penn's Forest, in memory of the old Admiral.

What is now the State of Delaware was also put under Penn's government by the Duke of York. This transfer was made with much ceremony. When Penn reached New Castle, in Delaware, the key of the fort was handed to him. With it he locked himself into the fort and then let himself out again, to show that he (and he alone) had charge of the government. To prove that the land and the forest belonged to him, a piece of sod with a twig in it was handed to Penn; then a bowl filled with river water was given him, to show that he was lord of the rivers as well as of the land. So began what William Penn himself called "The Holy Experiment."

Penn was one of the wisest rulers that ever lived and his colony was the most Christian triumph of the New World. "I desired," he said, "to show men as free and happy as they could be."

The first immigrants to Pennsylvania arrived in 1681



and landed where Philadelphia now stands. There was nothing there then but beautiful woods sloping to the river, and the people had to dig caves to live in during the first winter. In that year many vessels came to the new colony, bringing not only English, but Welsh and Irish people and many Germans, all attracted by William Penn's fatherly government and by the fact that the land in Pennsylvania was not taken up in great estates as it was in Virginia and in New York. The poor man in Penn's colony could get a farm of his own and was not beholden to an over-lord or big proprietor.

Penn wished his people to help to govern themselves, for he saw that they must know their own needs even better than he. "Whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire, for the security and improvement of their own happiness" he said he was willing to give them, and he was true to his word. The people appointed men to represent their interests, and a plan of government, approved by Penn, was drawn up by them and made law.

His dealings with the Indians were just and kind. He treated them as brothers, and his reward was their love and respect. A peace conference was held beneath a large elm-tree that grew at Shakumaxon on the north edge of Philadelphia, beside the Delaware. There Penn and a few Quakers met the Chief of the Lenni Lenape tribe and some of his men, and it was arranged that all differences between the Indians and the people of Pennsylvania should be settled by peaceful compromise instead of war; that an equal number of men of each race should be chosen to judge the right and the wrong of any dispute and to settle it. Penn said to the Indians, "We meet on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love." Touched by the fair speaking the Red Men answered, "We will live in love with William Penn as long as the sun

and the moon shall endure." With that promise they went back to their wigwams, proud in the trust of their white friend.

Penn was often a welcome guest among the Indians. He shared their feasts, ate "hominy and roasted acorns" with them, and joined in their games. The hand of a Red Man was never raised against a Quaker, although New England suffered so dreadfully from Indian wars and the Dutch in New York were fighting continually with the Algonkin tribes.

Pennsylvania soon became one of the richest colonies in America, for peace pays much better than war, and Philadelphia grew into a beautiful town, with broad streets, bordered with shady trees; a town worthy of its musical name, which means "Brotherly Love," and fit to be "the birthplace of American independence."

In his broad-brimmed hat and sober garb, William Penn was as truly a knight-errant as ever wore armor, for he spent his life in righting the wrongs of others. Sometimes his field was England and sometimes his beloved colony in America, but whatever the cause he fought for the only weapon that he used was Peace. He did all in his power to secure their rights for the Roman Catholics; for, though he was a Quaker himself, he believed that each man must follow his own conscience, and he detested persecution.

After William Penn's death, Pennsylvania remained in the hands of his family, who appointed its governors, until the American War of the Revolution.

## CHAPTER XVII

### GEORGIA IS SETTLED AND BECOMES A REFUGE FOR THE POOR

**F**IFTY years after the settlement of Pennsylvania, Georgia, the last of the thirteen original States of the Union, came into being.

Carolina had been vaguely supposed to reach as far south as the Spanish possessions in Florida; but as there were almost no people in the southern part of the territory, there was talk of wedging in a new and distinct colony between Carolina and Florida so that the country might be more readily kept from Spain.

Great changes had taken place in England since 1681. The British people had revolted against the old order of government. The House of Stuart had been cast out and with it had gone the "divine right of kings" to rule without the cooperation of the people. The real power in the country was now the Parliament.

One of the members of Parliament in 1732 was General James Oglethorpe. He was a man of very kind and generous nature and it was he who took up the project of the new colony.

Oglethorpe had a friend who was put into prison because he was too poor to pay his debts. This seemed neither wise nor humane, for a man who was kept behind prison walls had no chance of earning the money to pay his creditors, and the abuses suffered in the Debtor's Prison were enough to embitter his life forever. Oglethorpe looked into the matter and found about four hundred persons were



imprisoned for debt every year. He appealed to Parliament about it and through his efforts many hundreds of wretched people were set at liberty who might otherwise have died in prison.

This was a great step, but Oglethorpe knew it was not enough to give these men their freedom if he could not give them work as well. Remembering the scheme that had been talked of for the uninhabited part of South Carolina, he arranged to get a grant for that land and to plant a colony there, where these discouraged men might have a chance to start life afresh.

A charter was drawn up, dated June 8th, 1732, and signed by King George II, which named the country between the Savannah and Altamaha Rivers, Georgia, and placed it under the guardianship of a company that was to hold it "in trust for the poor."

Parliament gave ten thousand pounds to help to establish the colony and many generous gifts were made by private persons.

The common seal used by the Georgia corporation had on it the motto, in Latin, "Not for themselves but for others"; and this expressed the spirit of Oglethorpe and the other patrons of the enterprise. Their one idea was to make of Georgia a refuge for distressed English people and for Protestants, of all nationalities, who suffered persecution.

In November, 1732, Oglethorpe sailed for Georgia with one hundred and twenty emigrants, who were all penniless but of good character. Arrived in the "Promised Land," the site was chosen for the capital of the new colony. Oglethorpe pitched his tent where Savannah now stands and at once began planning the town.

The Indians of the neighborhood came to the settlers and asked to enter into an alliance of friendship with them. The good faith and fair-mindedness of Oglethorpe

gave the Red Men confidence in him, and he in his turn was pleased with their simplicity.

Tomochichi, a chieftain of the Yamacraws, brought as a present a buffalo skin, painted on the inside with the feathers and head of an eagle. "The feathers of the eagle are soft and mean love," he said; "the buffalo skin is warm and the emblem of protection. Therefore love and protect our little families." Long King, the old chief of the Ocanas, spoke for his people: "The Great Spirit who dwells everywhere around, and gives breath to all men, sends the English to instruct us." Many presents were exchanged. A treaty of peace was signed and trade between the Indians and the white men was encouraged.

The colony grew rapidly. Augusta was founded in 1734, and in that same year more than five hundred immigrants arrived. Of these some were German Protestants who fled from persecution in their own country; one hundred and fifty were Scotch Highlanders.

The fame of Oglethorpe's scheme had spread over Europe, and by 1740 as many as twenty-five hundred immigrants had reached Georgia. "His undertaking will succeed," said the Governor of South Carolina, speaking of Oglethorpe; "for he nobly devotes all his powers to serve the poor, and rescue them from their wretchedness."

There was hardly any good thing that was not attempted in Georgia. The raising of silk-worms was tried, but without success; vineyards were planted; and valuable tropical trees were transplanted to this almost tropical country. The inexperience of the people, however, and some lack in the climate did not prosper these ventures. Indigo and rice were the things that grew best in the colony, but it took some time for the people to discover this.

To make the colonists temperate, the sale of liquor was prohibited and slave owning was forbidden in Georgia. These restrictions did not please the people; they grew



restless because they could not share in what they thought were the privileges of other colonies, and they complained that they had too little voice in the government. Religious differences were added to civil ones. The famous clergymen, John and Charles Wesley, who were for a short time residents in Georgia, were driven from the colony.

But a common danger threatened Georgia and turned the thoughts of the people into other channels. The Spanish in Florida had not been sleeping; they had stirred up some of the distant tribes of Indians against the Georgia settlers and they were continually annoying the colonists in petty ways; so that Oglethorpe decided to attack St. Augustine. Virginia and the Carolinas sent a regiment to his assistance and his Indian friends joined his forces; but the attack was unsuccessful. The Spanish fort proved too strong to be captured, and the English were obliged to retreat.

After this the aggressions of the Spaniards became more and more violent, so that Samuel Johnson, the English writer who was a friend of Oglethorpe's, wrote indignantly:

"Has Heaven reserved in pity to the poor,  
No pathless waste or undiscovered shore?  
No secret island in the boundless main?  
No peaceful desert yet unclaimed by Spain?"

In 1742 the Governor of St. Augustine grew so bold that he advanced with thirty-two vessels and three thousand men to attack the forts on the Altamaha. Oglethorpe's forces were very small and his colony was in great danger of being captured; but by a skilful use of such advantages as he had the Englishman kept the Spaniards at bay and at last frightened them away by circulating reports of the strong reinforcements that he was expecting.

As soon as Georgia was safe from Spain the Colonists



remembered their grievances and began to complain again that they did not enjoy their rightful privileges. The discouraged trustees withdrew from ungrateful Georgia in 1752, and the colony became the property of the Crown. As inhabitants of a royal colony the privileges that the people had coveted fell to their share. Negroes and rum were imported and the seed of a great future evil was planted in Georgia, an evil that Oglethorpe had foreseen and tried to spare the colony.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### SLAVERY IN THE COLONIES

**I**N August, 1619, just sixteen months before the *Mayflower* landed the Pilgrims in New England, a Dutch man-of-war sailed up the James River and sold nineteen negroes to the colonists in Virginia.

No one seems to have questioned whether it was right or wrong to buy and sell human beings. Negro slaves had been bought and sold in Europe for more than a hundred years, and so it seemed natural enough to extend the trade to America. The tobacco crops were large and the Virginians needed help on the plantations, so negro slavery slipped quietly into colonial life.

The institution of slavery is very old. The Egyptians were slave owners. The Greeks made slaves of prisoners of war. There were slaves in Rome; and in the Bible we read of every kind and condition of slave.

Soon after the discovery of America, slave ships entered "every convenient harbor" in the new country, looking for Indians to capture and sell into servitude. Indian slavery was lawful for two centuries! But the Indian slave was worth far less than the negro, for he was not nearly so docile and he very quickly pined and died in captivity.

Negro slavery was not invented by white men; for negroes enslaved one another, and the first Africans that were brought in bondage to Europe, were prisoners of their own race that the dark chiefs exchanged, along with gold, for European luxuries brought them by the white traders.

Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman to enter the African slave trade. In 1562 he took a cargo of Africans

to Hispaniola where he sold them at such large profit that Queen Elizabeth got to hear of it and she, with many of her courtiers, became interested in the venture. Five years later Hawkins was sent out by royal command to capture more Africans and sell them into bondage. He went under the Queen's protection and her Majesty was to share the profits of the trade.

Hawkins was not at all ashamed of the business; he wrote very frankly of his methods of capturing slaves. Once, he says, he set fire to a city "of which the huts were covered with dry palm leaves" and in the confusion of the fire he was able to seize two hundred and fifty of the inhabitants.

It is impossible for us to understand such barbarity; but to the undeveloped Christian mind, all heathen people counted less than dogs.

The reason of the great demand that grew up in America for negroes was that they were the only people who seemed able to live and labor beneath the hot sun that shone upon the southern colonies.

In 1621 the first cotton seeds were planted. After that great numbers of slaves were imported for field labor, until some of the white settlers began to grow uneasy and wonder if they had done wisely to bring so many of an alien race into the land; but they were far from realizing what a bitter harvest their beloved country was to reap as a consequence of this unwisdom.

Attempts were made to limit the number of negroes brought into the colonies; but unfortunately Parliament would not allow this, because the slave trade had grown to be very profitable to England.

After the Revolutionary War, the northern colonies did away with slavery. There were few negroes in the North and no crop that made black labor important; but in the South, where all the work was done by negroes, it was a



serious matter to interfere with the system of slavery. Long years of struggle, crowned by the cruel sufferings of the Civil War, had to be lived through before slavery was finally abolished in America.

In the early days of the colonies there were many white bond-servants, who were practically slaves for a limited time. Thousands of people were sent over from England, bound to serve for a certain number of years, at the end of which they were supposed to be free. All manner of persons came to America under this cloud of bondage: criminals from English prisons, children picked up in London streets, men and women who had been kidnaped by slave dealers, and prisoners of war. The Scots taken at the battle of Dunbar were sent out to New England and sold in this way.

This seems a strange beginning for a land of liberty; but if the colonists had not known so well the evils of bondage, they might not have been able to strive as they did for the freedom that is claimed to-day by every American, be his color black or white.

## CHAPTER XIX

### EARLY DAYS IN THE COLONIES

**M**ANY countries were represented in the colonies and the emigrants had taken with them from their native lands customs and institutions that had to be adapted to the condition of the new home. Very soon the people learned to use such materials as America could supply to make living wholesome and comfortable.

Their houses they built of wood, instead of the stone that the Europeans used, because it was plentiful and easier to handle. The first houses were made, Indian fashion, of bark and earth, and some were built of rough logs; but when the people prospered they made the wood into planks and shingles and built their homes after the dignified style that we know as "Colonial architecture." Glass was a luxury in early days, for it had to be imported, and the windows were usually made of paper, so oiled that it let the light through.

Furniture in the homes of the colonists was mostly home-made. Carpets were seldom seen, but a good housewife sanded her floors and drew patterns in the sand with a stick. The walls were bare in many of the houses, for wall paper was not made until after 1700, but some of the people decorated their rooms by hanging up Indian mats, gaily colored with the blood-red juice of the puccoon root. Wooden trenchers and trays were used on the tables, for all china had to be brought from across the ocean. Square blocks of wood make very good plates. Burnished pewter jugs and platters brightened the colonial tables; but there were no forks, for at that time—even in England—the

meat was cut up with a knife and put into the mouth with the fingers!

There were no cooking-stoves. A great pot for boiling was hung from a crane over the open fire. Meat was roasted on a spit in front of the fire, or baked in the hot ashes. The baking of bread was done in a brick or stone oven built into the side of the chimney.

There are few such fireplaces in America now as those that were built by the colonists; huge logs could be burned in them, and the chimneys were so wide that a pine-tree was the broom used to clean them. On winter evenings, children popping corn or dreaming in front of the fire, could look up the chimney and see the stars winking down at them from the sky.

The food in those early days was plain and simple. The supper of a New England family often consisted of nothing but a steaming kettle of corn-meal mush. For the noon meal there was more variety, for game was plentiful in the forests and the rivers were well stocked with fish. For many years it was thought dangerous to eat potatoes oftener than once a week, but there were pumpkins and sweet corn and other vegetables. Tea and coffee were for long unknown in the colonies and the people drank much more wine than Americans do now. The colonial women were famous cooks and proud of their skill, for cooking was an art that every housewife delighted in and scorned to leave to servants.

Dress was then, as now, an important matter. The rich people sent to England for their clothes, but the poorer folk spun their own cloth and fashioned their garments from it and from soft deer-skin. The dress of the Puritans and the Quakers was always plain, as a protest against vanity.

There were few books in the colonies; and the ministers had what small libraries there were, for the people had



little time to read. There was not even a newspaper published until 1700; so the only literary treat of the week was the Sunday's sermon.

When the hard-working colonists took a holiday they made the most of it. Sometimes they held fairs, or played at sports learned in other lands. Remembering the pretty English custom of welcoming in the May, fathers and mothers set up May-poles in the forests and taught their children to dance the quaint dances of their ancestors.

Weddings were great times of rejoicing, the feasting and jollity often lasting for three days. Funerals were also important functions, for the guests always remained to eat and drink with the mourners.

Perhaps what we would object to most seriously, if we had to go back and live in colonial times, would be the laws that were enforced to try to frighten people into being good. Lying was severely punished. There was a fine for swearing; and for a second offense the tongue of the profane one was publicly pinched! There were heavy punishments for men who did not keep the Sabbath; and drunkards were made to wear a great letter D tied round their necks, that their shame might be known to every one.

To punish a gossiping woman, a chair was constructed with a long handle, so that it could be lowered into the water of a pond. This was called the "Ducking Stool," and many a victim was strapped into it and given a cold bath. The pillory, the stocks, and the whipping-post were also used to punish people; but it is not likely that this public shame did much toward making men better. What did count, however, was that the wish of the majority of the colonists for decency and right was so strong that they tried to enforce it by these quaint laws.

A common danger from which the world suffered at the end of the seventeenth century was piracy. The ocean

was swarming with freebooters; they so infested the Red Sea and the coast of Malabar that England had to send out men-of-war to protect the East India fleet. Even then many a straggler was cut off and sometimes the squadron was attacked in force.

The colonists had their share of annoyance from pirates, and in 1695 they sent a frigate against them. Captain William Kidd, a Scotsman who had emigrated to New York, was chosen to command this *Adventure Galley* and given a free hand to fight all pirates.

Kidd was unfortunate and fell in with no sea-robbers; but it soon became rumored that he had turned to the trade himself. Some said that he adopted piracy of his own free will; but he always claimed that he was forced into it by his men. His crew were a lot of desperate fellows, unpaid for their services and greedy for wealth, so it is easy to believe that the fault was originally theirs rather than the captain's, for Kidd was a rich man.

But the question became one of punishment and not of who was to blame. Orders were given to commanders of all squadrons that they "make it their particular care to pursue and seize the *Adventure Galley*" and that they make no promise of pardon to Captain Kidd.

The danger only served to make Kidd more lawless. His depredations went on and stories of the fabulous treasure that he was amassing were told with bated breath. One Moorish ship, the *Quidah Merchant*, which he captured was, by his own confession, worth "a good thirty thousand pounds." It was laden with bales of East India goods, gold-dust, ingots and silver. His spoil was of all kinds, for once we are told he took "thirteen tubs of sugar candy"!

It was hinted that the Governor of New York was in league with Kidd. It may be that the Captain trusted to the help of some such influential friend, for in July,

1699, he went boldly into Boston to plead for his own pardon. He took with him gifts of jewels for Lady Bellamont, the wife of the Governor, but these presents did not help his cause. Bellamont received him coolly, and when he heard that Kidd intended to make his wife a further present of one thousand pounds in gold-dust and ingots, he grew very angry and threw the Captain into prison. There he lay in irons ("to try the power of dull iron against gold," as the Governor said) until the spring of 1700. He was then sent to England for trial and, in London, hanged.

And what of his treasure?

It is known that once Kidd ran into Tarpaulin Cove, on Block Island, where he landed and buried a bale and two barrels of goods; from that it is supposed that he hid most of his wealth along the coast, and so much of it is still to be found that we may all of us have the joy of hunting for treasure whenever we are near the sea.

Early days in the colonies were full of adventure. Life had its dangers and its hardships as well as its peculiar graces; but all these qualities blended to shape the future of a great country and mold the fortunes of a strong people.



## CHAPTER XX

### WARS BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH COLONISTS

**Y**OU will remember that the St. Lawrence River had been discovered by the French and that consequently France claimed the country round it.

In 1608 Samuel de Champlain founded Quebec, and that high-lying town became the capital of all the French trading-posts in the New World.

The French were more successful traders than the English, for they preferred a roving life to the monotony of farming and they were eager to explore the country rather than to settle down to town building. From the first, Frenchmen seemed to understand the Indians better than the English ever did; they treated them as equals, adopted their customs, married their daughters, and thought of them more as human beings than as savages.

This sympathy with the Red Men greatly lessened the danger of trading among them; and the tireless efforts of the priests to convert the heathen won many Indian friends for France. Jesuit Fathers gave their lives, many of them suffering frightful martyrdom, to carry the Christian religion into the haunts and hearts of the natives. Too much honor cannot be paid to the memory of these missionaries, who acted as explorers as well as peacemakers for France. Father Marquette voiced the spirit of them all when he said, "I did not fear death; I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God."

It was the strength and energy of such men as this that made the power of France almost equal to that of Eng-

land, although Englishmen far outnumbered Frenchmen in America; and it was the restless activity of the French that made them such formidable foes in the weary years of colonial war.

While the English colonists were busy planting crops and defending their settlements from hostile Indians on the east of the Alleghanies, the French were occupied in establishing missions and trading-posts west of the mountains.

A man named La Salle had explored that region and discovered the Ohio River. Another Frenchman, Joliet, reached the Mississippi in 1673, and a few years later La Salle claimed the country at its mouth for the French King, Louis XIV, and called it Louisiana.

Now, the English also claimed the Ohio Valley because it joined their colonies and some of their traders had been accustomed to cross the mountains long before the French had visited the region. But the English were too weakened by civil troubles and Indian wars to protest at first, and rivalry for possession of the land smoldered for some time before it broke out into active bitterness.

Trouble first came over disputed fishing rights, and there was a show of ill feeling on the part of the English because the French had taken up so much of the fur trade. What added a peculiar hostility to the relations between the French and the English colonists was the fact that the French were Catholics and most of the English were Protestants, a difference that was almost sure to spell war.

In 1689 there was a controversy over the question of ownership of territory to the east of the Kennebec River in what is now the State of Maine. France claimed it as Champlain's discovery, while England claimed the country as far as St. Croix. A war was the result of the dispute. It lasted for eight years and was made hideous by

the horrors of the savage methods of fighting that the colonists borrowed from the Indians.

The Hurons and the Algonquin Indians were strong allies of the French and fought for them. The Iroquois Indians allied themselves to the English and fought more for personal revenge on the French allies than for English rights. In the summer of 1689 they made their bloody way so near to Montreal that the French were struck with terror. A former governor of the colony was hurried over from France to help the Canadians to carry on the war. He decided not to attack the Iroquois, but to strike directly at the British settlements and make the English colonists feel the long arm of Canada.

Schenectady was chosen for the first object lesson. Its inhabitants were surprised and cut down without any chance to fight for their lives.

Another of Frontenac's attacks was on Salmon Falls, in New Hampshire. There the people resisted bravely, but were overpowered and those who were not left dead were taken captives to Canada. Casco Bay, a trading-post in Maine, was also captured and burned.

These losses roused the English colonists to a combined effort for revenge. A meeting of representatives was held in New York and an invasion of Canada was planned.

Port Royal in Nova Scotia was taken. Quebec was reached but was found to be too well fortified for capture by the English troops.

In 1697 a peace was declared, but it was really only a five years' truce, for in 1702 what is known as "Queen Anne's War" began. This war involved South Carolina in a struggle with the Spanish and Indians in Florida, while at the same time the Northern colonies were once more fighting against Canada. The victories at this time went to the French. The records of the dreadful raids they made on some of the towns of the English make a



miserable blot on colonial history. It was during this war that Deerfield, in western Massachusetts, was taken.

The people of Deerfield had been warned that danger threatened them. For weeks they had lived in fear, never going to bed at night without dreading what their fate might be before morning. They fortified their houses as best they could and sentinels were always supposed to be on the lookout for the enemy. But when the blow fell, one midnight in February, the faithless sentinels had left the gates of the palisade unguarded and the yelling of the Indians was the first warning the people had that their time of peril had come. The snow was four feet deep. Out of their warm beds and houses the inhabitants of the ill-fated village were driven, helpless before the two hundred French and one hundred and forty-two Indians. Their homes were set on fire and all but the church and one house burned before their eyes.

Forty-seven of the people were killed and a hundred and twelve were taken prisoners. When the sun rose above the smoking ruins of what had been a peaceful little town, a long black line began to move away from Deerfield toward the forest. It was the victors driving their prisoners before them through the snow to Canada. That was a horrible march! Two men starved to death on the way. If a woman or child complained of cold or hunger, the blow of a tomahawk silenced her forever. Eunice Williams, the wife of the minister, fainted from exhaustion. This so enraged her captors that they killed her in the presence of her husband and five children.

One of the Williams children was only seven years old when she was captured. Separated from her brothers and sisters, she was taken to the "Village of Praying Indians" near Montreal. Attempts were made to ransom her, but in vain. She grew up a Catholic and was married to a Cahnewaga Chief. Once she visited Deerfield after it

was rebuilt, but if you had seen her you could scarcely have told that she was a white woman, for her dress was that of an Indian squaw and her ways were those of the Indians. The friends who had known her when she was a little child were very sad to see her so changed. A fast day was proclaimed in the village and all the people prayed earnestly for her "deliverance from a strange religion and a savage life"; but in spite of these prayers she returned (as any mother would have done) to her wigwam and her little Indian babies.

A Grand Alliance had been formed, in 1701, by England, Holland, and the German Empire, to prevent the union of France and Spain, and for twelve years the "War of the Spanish Succession" had been raging; but in 1713 the treaty of Utrecht brought a much needed peace to the continent of Europe. In the American colonies, however, there was no let-up of hostilities; for both English and French were intriguing constantly with the Indians, and wars were frequent.

In 1744 ships belonging to private persons were sent out by the French from Cape Breton Island to plunder the ships of New England. As an answer to this new line of attack, the Governor of Massachusetts sent four thousand New England militia against Louisbourg, the Cape Breton stronghold. They were raw troops; even the officers hardly knew the meaning of a military term; but they were wonderfully courageous and their earnestness made up for their lack of training. Target-shooting was one of the amusements in New England and the soldiers were sure marksmen. They were so skilful in the use of their muskets that the French could not use their guns and the fortress had no choice but to surrender. This was a splendid victory for the little army of farmers and merchants and it brought great pride to the hearts of New Englanders.



Four years later Louisbourg was given back to the French in exchange for other advantages; but the taking of it had served to give the English colonists confidence in themselves.

And what of the land beyond the Alleghanies? You may be sure that France had not forgotten it. In 1749 a small company of Frenchmen, led by Captain Céleron de Bienville, traveled about three thousand miles for the purpose of formally asserting their king's claim to the Valley of the Ohio.

America must have been a romantic and wonderful country when Céleron journeyed in the wilderness of the Middle West. Buffalo browsed in rich meadows of bluegrass and wild clover, while elk and deer ranged through the stately forests. The monotony of the river-sides was broken by Indian villages.

The natives received the visitors without much enthusiasm, although they listened to what Céleron had to say of their "Father Onontio"—the French King—and drank a good deal of brandy at his expense. The Frenchman told the Red Men that the French were their true and only brothers and that the traders who came from beyond the mountains were strangers and foes. The time was not yet ripe, however, for the Indians to believe this and they were in no hurry to be rid of English traders. It was not until several years later that they were roused to active interest in the French point of view.

The travelers carried with them a number of leaden plates and tin shields engraved with the arms of France and with inscriptions on them that bore witness to the French King's reestablished possession of the land. When his party reached the Alleghany River, Céleron buried the first of these plates in the ground and nailed a shield to a tree.

Lately one of these leaden plates was cast up by a



flooded river. To-day it is carefully treasured in an American museum as a record of the fruitless boast of the old French pioneers who dreamed that France should own a tract of country in the New World, larger than France itself.

For more than fifty years the rival claims of French and English for possession of the Ohio Valley went unsettled. Then France, to clinch the matter, attempted to connect Canada and Louisiana by a chain of forts, thinking that if they could get military control of the territory they could hold it against all others. It was this definite move on the part of the French that made the English colonists see that they must bestir themselves. It was too late for treaty settlement and it soon became evident that the question of who owned the Ohio Valley could be answered only by the sword.

## CHAPTER XXI

### GENERAL BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT, AND THE DRIVING OUT OF THE ACADIANS

**A**N important city stands to-day at the point where the Alleghany and the Monongahela Rivers join to form the Ohio. Great furnaces light the sky for miles, and the smoke and fame of Pittsburgh carry far. Little more than a century ago no glowing furnaces nor looming city was there, but only a rough fort made of logs and a few cabins built in a clearing of the forest.

This was a French fort, named Du Quesne, after a governor of Canada, the most important link in the chain of forts planned to connect the St. Lawrence with the Mississippi.

The English had been slow to appreciate the value of the Ohio Valley; but when once they realized its importance and that France was taking possession of it, they were indignant. The people of Virginia were especially roused because, by their colonial charter, they had a claim to this western country.

Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, sent George Washington, then a young man of twenty-one, as his representative to request the French to withdraw from English territory.

Washington had spent some time on the frontier as a surveyor and had learned the ways of the wilderness. He safely accomplished his errand, although he met with dangers and hardships that would have stopped a less cool-headed young man. After handing over Dinwiddie's

dispatch to the French representatives and receiving an answer to the effect that the French would stay where they were, Washington started on his return journey. He left his Indians and other servants to follow slowly with the baggage and, taking for his sole companion a frontiersman, named Gist, he hurried off toward Virginia, bearing the first formal note of defiance from the French to the English.

It was the depth of winter and about four hundred miles of pathless wilderness had to be traversed. The frost was often very keen and then again came days of dripping thaws. Hostile Indians might be met with at any moment. On one occasion a Red Man did hide in a thicket only a few paces from the trail and fired point-blank at Washington, but without hurting him. He caught the fellow, tied his arms, and marched him before him for a whole day so that he could not bring his friends in force upon their track.

Washington and his companion expected to cross the Alleghany River on the ice, but when they reached the river they found that its surface was a mass of floating blocks of loose ice. They made a raft with the help of the "one poor hatchet" they had brought with them and embarked in the dusk of a winter's evening on the dangerous passage. In midstream a block of ice knocked Washington off the raft into the freezing water, and the two men had eventually to spend the night upon an island with their clothing frozen stiff upon them! But, undaunted by frost-bitten toes and fingers, they pressed on with the coming of day. They pushed through gray forests hung with icicles, hearing now the hungry howling of wolves or the soft pat of moccasined feet as a straggling band of Indians approached the strangers with caution. More than once the travelers saw the sickening sight of scalped corpses marking the trail of some savage war party. At last, how-



ever, Washington and Gist arrived on the borders of inhabited Virginia, where Washington got fresh horses and clothes and rode on with his letter to Dinwiddie at Williamsburg, having been away just three months.

The Governor decided that since his request had been refused he would enforce it. An army was speedily got together and sent out under Washington's command to drive the French out of Fort Du Quesne.

It was tedious traveling for that little company of Virginians, for they had to stop and make a road through the forest over which to bring their cannon; and long before they reached their destination Indian scouts brought word that the French were seeking them, to "clear the English out of the country."

Washington halted where he was, near a trading-station called Great Meadows, and built a crude entrenchment which he named Fort Necessity. There the French attacked him on July 3, 1754. As soon as the fighting began, Washington's Indians deserted and his Virginia soldiers were far outnumbered by the French. The guns were almost useless, for a heavy rain fell all that day, and Washington's men had to stand in water and mud to their knees; their bread was gone and they had nothing to eat but some tainted meat. But that ragged regiment, in homespun and hunting shirts, half starved and soaked to the skin, and with ammunition failing, fought bravely on until evening, when Washington was forced to surrender. He made terms with the enemy by which he was allowed to return to Virginia.

England was at last roused to action. "It was the volley fired by a young Virginian in the backwoods of America," says a great statesman, "that set the world on fire."

It was decided to send over British troops to drive the French from the Valley of the Ohio, and such soldiers as

the colonies could furnish were expected to reinforce the British.

General Braddock was chosen leader. He was a veteran of forty years' service and at the battle of Culloden he had proved his valor and good generalship. It was believed that he would soon quell the French uprising in America. But although he was a brilliant general in the game of war as it was carried on in Europe, he was quite unprepared to deal with the irregularities of war in America, where distances were so great and where the enemy obeyed none of the unwritten laws of the game. Braddock was the first British general ever called upon to lead an important campaign in a far-away wilderness and it is not surprising that he did not make a success of the undertaking.

The very dress of the British soldiers was against them in forest warfare. Their red coats could never go unnoticed, and each shining gun-barrel and every spotless buckle would proclaim them to the watchful eyes of Indians or hunters. The long-tailed coats were much in the way too; and the long hair which men of the period wore must have been a great trouble to the soldiers.

The colonists, however, were greatly impressed by the splendor of the British troops when they landed in Alexandria. They had never seen such well-disciplined soldiers, and the people thought that the very sight of them would be enough to make the French afraid.

General Braddock was not so favorably impressed by the appearance of the American troops. Their half-Indian way of fighting shocked him. Each man was differently armed from his neighbor, and the colonial soldiers were without uniform. Their haphazard dress greatly amused the British officers. It was at this time that Dr. Schuckburgh, a fun-loving British surgeon, wrote the song, *Yankee Doodle*, and gravely dedicated it to the American



soldiers. "Yankee" was the way the Indians pronounced "English," or rather the French word "Anglais," and it was the name given to the people of New England early in their history.

The Yankees saw the fun, for they could always take a joke at their own expense, and so the absurd words sung to an old English tune became popular. The chorus,

"Yankee Doodle, keep it up  
Yankee Doodle dandy;  
Mind the music and the step  
And with the girls be handy."

was soon familiar throughout the colonies.

General Braddock set to work at once to try to teach the Americans to fight in European fashion. Hearing much praise of George Washington's bravery, he invited him to join his staff, an offer that young Washington gladly accepted, for he was eager to wipe out the memory of his defeat at Fort Necessity.

With perfect confidence in his success, Braddock marched his men forward, in military order, toward Fort Du Quesne. He paid no attention to the warning of shrewd Benjamin Franklin, who predicted that the line of the army "would be cut like thread into several pieces" by the lurking Indians before he could reach the fort at the head of the Ohio. Braddock was so sure of victory and of the invincibility of his troops that he foolishly refused to safeguard them from surprise by sending out scouting parties. Washington knew the danger, however. "We shall have more to do," he said, "than go up the hill and come down."

On the 9th of July, 1755, when the army was only eight miles from Fort Du Quesne, the war-cry of the French allies was heard. The road of the English was through



a ravine, with high cliffs on either side. When the firing of the enemy began the soldiers waved their hats and shouted "God save the King!" but the colonists, who understood Indian warfare, sheltered behind trees, much to the disgust of the general, who bade them "Come out into the open field like Englishmen!"

The scarlet coats of the soldiers made easy targets for the hidden enemy. General Braddock exposed himself fearlessly, rallying his men and fighting in the front of the battle. For three hours the conflict lasted, until Braddock fell mortally wounded. "Who would have thought it?" the poor man murmured; and just before he died he said, "We shall better know how to deal with them another time." But the valiant general had learned his lesson too late.

Eight hundred men were lost in this encounter. Washington alone was unhurt of all the officers on Braddock's staff. It was he who saved what was left of the army and made retreat possible, although he had four horses shot under him, and four bullets pierced his clothes. "Who is Mr. Washington?" Lord Halifax is said to have asked a few months later, and he continued, "I know nothing of him, but that they say he behaved in Braddock's action as bravely as if he really loved the whistling of bullets." We can only think that the life of this young aide-de-camp was spared because of the great work that he still had to do for his country.

Until Braddock's defeat, France and England had not been openly at war, in spite of the rivalry in their colonies; but now war was declared between the two countries and there began that struggle that was to take from France not only the Ohio Valley but Canada as well.

During "King William's War" Nova Scotia, or Acadia as it was then called, had been taken from the French. Later it was recaptured by them; but in the time of "Queen

'Anne's War' it was ceded to Great Britain. The inhabitants of the country had no voice in the matter and it was with difficulty that they were made to take the oath of allegiance to the British Government.

The Acadians were a home-loving, simple people, who spoke French and kept to their French customs. It was believed that they secretly took sides with France in the wars with England after they were English subjects in name; but this charge could never be fully proved against them.

The British authorities decided to put a stop to any possible disloyalty on the part of the Acadians by breaking up their colony and scattering the people.

On the 5th of September, of that same year that had seen Braddock's defeat, all the able-bodied men in Acadia were summoned to the parish churches to hear a royal proclamation read by the King's officers. The peasants set out from their homes in holiday mood, little suspecting the grave sentence that awaited them. When they understood the decree—that their lands and live-stock were forfeited to the British crown and that they themselves were to be shipped out of the country—the unhappy people were too astonished at first to believe their ears, and when they realized that they had heard aright, their first thought was of flight; but it was too late to escape. Outside the churches stood blue-coated New England soldiers with loaded muskets, and the unfortunate farmers saw that they had been caught in a trap.

The transports for removing the Acadians into exile were slow in arriving and until they came the people were kept close prisoners by the soldiers. Many of the heart-sick Acadians had to look on while their houses and barns were burned by the command of the officers.

It was a pitiful fate for these peasants whose possible crime may have been loyalty to the country from which

they were descended. About six thousand persons in all were sent away from Acadia and distributed among the other colonies. Their wanderings were wide. Some of them managed to get to Louisiana, and some to inland Canada. A few, after great hardships, made their way back to Acadia; but most of them lived out their lives in English colonies. The stern people of Massachusetts received them with marked kindness and it is strange that the exiles who fared the worst were those who went to live among their own countrymen, the French!

In his beautiful poem "Evangeline," Longfellow tells of the wanderings of two Acadian lovers and of the hardships that they met and overcame. The setting out of the banished people from their native land is best described in the poet's words:

" . . . on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind  
from the northeast  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks  
of Newfoundland.  
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city  
to city."

We are apt to feel so much sympathy for the Acadians that the British treatment of them appears to us to have been remarkably cruel, but it is fair to remember that if these people were guilty of treason the government had no choice but to punish them.



## CHAPTER XXII

### THE TAKING OF CANADA

**T**HE first years of war between the French and the English saw France everywhere victorious.

In America the feeble attempts of the British to take the forts at Crown Point, Niagara, and Louisbourg, were dismal failures.

In 1757 the French general, the Marquis Montcalm, captured Fort William Henry, on Lake George, one of the most important English posts. While the British were marching out of this fortress they were attacked by Indians, and fifteen hundred men, women, and children were murdered. The fact that Montcalm apparently did nothing to stop such butchery, has left an unpleasant stain on his memory.

In England the news of each fresh disaster helped to inflame the people against a government that permitted these failures. Public opinion grew so indignant that the King, George II, was forced to appoint a new ministry. This was the real turning-point of affairs, for it brought William Pitt—afterward Earl of Chatham—into power. Under his wise direction failure gave place to victory.

The English colonies in America had begun to despair. Their faith in the mother country was badly shaken and fear of France was growing upon them; but Pitt soon won their confidence. In response to his call for troops, an army of fifty thousand men was raised and plans for routing the French were at once put into action.

The troops were divided, in order that they might attack several of the French forts at one time.

A siege of Louisbourg was begun on June 2nd, 1758. The French garrison numbered only three thousand men, while the attacking party were fourteen thousand strong. For three weeks the French held out, but then the town was forced to surrender.

Under the leadership of Lord Howe and General Abercrombie, fifteen thousand men had crossed Lake George, to attack a fort on Lake Champlain.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his poems, makes an Indian guide tell his hero the name of this fort in these words:

“‘Since the Frenchmen have been here—  
They have called it Sault-Marie,  
But that is a name for priests,  
And not for you and me,  
It went by another word,’  
Quoth he of the shaven head:  
‘It was called Ticonderoga  
In the days of the great dead.’”

This attack on Ticonderoga was to be a failure for the English. Montcalm was in charge of the fort and his generalship was of a better quality than that of Abercrombie. Lord Howe might have led the British troops to victory, but he was killed in a preliminary skirmish. His death was a great blow to the English, for he was one of the few men who had been quick to see the absurdity of waging war in America after the cumbersome fashion adopted in Europe. He had done much to lighten the baggage of the soldiers and to make their dress more comfortable. He snipped off the long coat-tails of the infantry, browned their gleaming gun-barrels and cut their hair short. He understood, too, the value of human life and it is certain that he would never have permitted a useless slaughter of the army. But Lord Howe was dead and the entire com-

mand of the British troops at Ticonderoga fell upon Abercrombie, who proved unfit to cope with the difficulties of the position.

The French were stationed on the summit of a hill. Abercrombie ordered his soldiers to charge up this hill with their bayonets fixed. It was a sad proceeding, for the troops became entangled in a breastwork of fallen trees and rubbish, where they were fired upon by the French, who stood above them in perfect security. Two thousand of the English were killed or wounded, and by evening Abercrombie was in a state of "extremest fright and consternation," and he hurried his troops back to their boats and put Lake George between himself and the French with as much speed as possible.

After this failure Abercrombie could not hope to take Crown Point, the important fort that stood where Kingston in Canada now stands; but both Crown Point and Ticonderoga were captured in the course of the next year.

A third division of the army had been sent against Fort Frontenac, which surrendered almost at once, as its garrison was too small for resistance. This was an important prize, because Frontenac was the depot from which Fort Du Quesne got provisions. When the French at Du Quesne found that they were cut off, they left their post and fled down the Ohio River. In this way it happened that General Forbes, who had been appointed to capture Du Quesne, walked into possession of the abandoned fort without any one to dispute his right. The name of the fort was changed from Du Quesne to Pitt; and that is how we get the Pittsburgh of to-day.

With their forts in the Ohio Valley the French lost the connection between Canada and Louisiana. The Indians, who had been their allies, refused to help them after the English were in possession of the main roads into their country, and Pitt realized that if England could take the



stronghold of Quebec, the power of France in America would be broken.

To take Quebec would be no easy matter. The fortress is built on a bluff that rises two hundred feet, sheer above the St. Lawrence River. Its natural position made it very strong, and the fort was held by that general who had proved himself to be a dangerous foe, Montcalm. Pitt was some time in deciding to whom he should entrust this important commission. He finally picked out a man named James Wolfe, who had attracted attention at the siege of Louisbourg by his energy and daring.

Wolfe was only thirty-two years old. He was a strange-looking man, with fiery-red hair, and he was sickly and undersized; but the eyes that burned above his upturned nose were the eyes of a born leader. In spite of his narrow shoulders he possessed a resourcefulness and bravery that could be trusted to overcome great difficulties.

In May, 1759, Admiral Durell was sent over from England to stop French supply and war ships from sailing up the St. Lawrence River. A month later Wolfe followed with the main army. It was a hazardous business for British seamen to sail the waters of the St. Lawrence without French pilots to help them, but they did it, greatly to the surprise of the French. "The enemy has passed sixty ships of war where we dare not risk a vessel of a hundred tons by night or by day!" they exclaimed.

Majestically the British fleet came to anchor in front of Quebec; but before they had been there twenty-four hours Montcalm attempted to destroy the unwelcome visitors.

All day a storm had raged, but the evening fell calm and moonless. Toward midnight a cluster of ships drifted silently out of the gloom and bore down upon the Brit-

ish men-of-war; they were eight floating mines packed with explosives. Fortunately for the British the French sailors fired the ships too soon; but the flaming monsters, drifting down the black river, were appalling. The glare lit up the river cliffs, shone upon the roofs of the city, upon the distant hills, and picked out the dark hulls of the English ships. It was a wonderful and awful spectacle; but it turned out to be almost as harmless as a display of fireworks, because the boats from the British fleet were quickly in the water and the sailors were pulling with steady daring to head off the drifting danger. They grappled the fire ships and towed them to the shore, where they were left to splutter and smoke and flame until they sank into a twisted mass of harmless wreckage. The only harm that the floating volcanoes accomplished was to burn alive one of their own captains and six of his men who failed to escape in their boats.

When Wolfe arrived the British began a bombardment of Quebec. The town at the foot of the cliff was soon laid waste, but the grim fort on the height went unharmed after two months' siege.

Disappointed by repeated failure to destroy the fort, and after being several times repulsed by Montcalm, Wolfe was so overtired and unhappy that he was taken very ill. But "spirit will carry a man through anything," he said in talking of a friend; and it was spirit alone that upheld the gallant general himself, who, ill as he was, never wavered in his determination to take Quebec. When on the 1st of September he rose from his sick bed, he had made up his mind to undertake one of the most daring feats in history.

In exploring the coast he had discovered a path that led up the steep rock toward the fort. This approach was so narrow and difficult that it had seemed impossible to



the French that the enemy would think of using it; consequently it was weakly guarded. But around this path, Wolfe built his plans.

He changed the position of the fleet, so that the French should think that the next attack would be made at the mouth of the Charles River, below the city. There at nightfall the guns of Saunder's ships bombarded the Old Town of Quebec so fiercely that the French had no attention to give to a few darkened ships that lay gray blurs on the water above the town; but in these innocent seeming vessels waited the main portion of the British army.

Had Montcalm been looking up the river, instead of down, he might have seen a single light gleam suddenly from the *Sutherland's* mainmast, the signal for one thousand and six hundred men to drop quietly into their boats. At two o'clock the tide began to ebb; then a second lantern flashed a command from Wolfe's ship, and softly the boats pushed off to drift downstream under the shadow of the high northern shore.

It was a calm night and the boats, moving in long procession, passed as silently as phantoms. Once they were challenged by a sentry, but a Highland officer answered, in perfect French, that they were a provision convoy bound for Quebec, and this satisfied the challenger, for French provision boats had been in the habit of stealing down under cover of night.

While the boat that carried General Wolfe floated through the dark, he recited in a hushed voice a poem that had been lately sent to him from England. It was Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. "I would prefer being the author of that poem, to the glory of beating the French to-morrow!" he exclaimed. The courage that made it possible for him to think of poetry, amid the excitement of that night's undertaking, shows why Pitt had chosen him for this difficult task. This man



of sickly body, with his love for literature, may not have had the usual qualifications of a great general, but he possessed the greatness of a dauntless soul.

The boats landed on the beach of a little bay that now bears Wolfe's name, at the foot of the zigzag path to the fort. In silence the soldiers started to climb the rough way. Wolfe's friend, Captain Howe, a brother to Lord Howe who fell at Ticonderoga, went first with a small body of picked men and disposed of the feeble French guard at the top. The path was so steep in places that they had to pull themselves up by the help of bushes or overhanging rocks. All night armed men were clambering up the narrow foothold, and morning saw the British army ready for battle on the Plains of Abraham, the tableland in front of the fortress of Quebec.

It was about six o'clock when Montcalm was told that the enemy was there. All night he had waited, booted and spurred and with his horse saddled at the door, expecting an attack, and yet the English had surprised him in spite of his caution! It was hard to believe. But bravely he led out an attacking party from the fort. He must have known, however, that he stood small chance of victory against a foe who had overcome such heavy odds to fight him.

Wolfe, ordering his men not to fire until they saw the white of the Frenchmen's eyes, advanced to battle. He put himself at the head of his army. Twice he was wounded, yet he pressed on, cheering the soldiers forward until a third shot struck him in the breast. Then he called to an officer, "Support me; let not my brave fellows see me drop!"

They carried him out of the range of fire, and suddenly the officer who was holding him cried out:

"They run!"

"Who run?" Wolfe roused from his pain to ask.

"The enemy, sir," was the answer. "Egad, they give way everywhere."

"God be praised!" the general sighed. "I now die in peace."

The inspiration given them by Wolfe's courage did not fail the British troops, whose steadiness had won the day for England.

The French general, Montcalm, equally as brave as Wolfe, was mortally wounded and died the day after the battle, glad not to live to see Quebec in the hands of the English.

If any of the men were living who had been in the boat with Wolfe, as it floated down the river in the starlight, and had heard him repeat Gray's poem, one of the verses must have recurred to them the night after the battle, when the English general lay dead and the French general was dying:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

With the fall of Quebec, the power of France in America was practically at an end.

Canada became a British province, and all the land that the French had claimed in what is now the United States, except Louisiana, passed into the possession of the colonies and the mother country by a treaty that was drawn up on February 10, 1763.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### PONTIAC'S WAR

**T**HE gaining of Canada and of the Ohio Valley did not bring immediate peace to the colonies.

The Indians west of the Alleghanies had no love for Englishmen. The French had been their friends, had called them "brothers," but the English had seldom treated them with the equality that the proud chiefs demanded, and the Red Men were enraged to think of Englishmen occupying the old French forts. "If the French and their kindly priests must go," they thought, "no other nation shall take their place."

Pontiac, Chief of the Ottawas, was the most intelligent Indian leader of the time. He was burdened with no great fear of the English, for had he not led the attack against General Braddock? and did he not remember how easily the British troops had been driven back by the Indians on that occasion? "The English mean to make slaves of us," he thought, "by occupying so many posts in our country," and he reasoned that if the Indians were to keep their freedom, it was better for them to assert their liberty at once, than to wait until the English were fully established in the country.

At a great council held on the banks of a river below Detroit, Pontiac described to the chiefs of other tribes a dream in which he said the Great Spirit had sent a messenger to him, commanding that the Indians cast aside the weapons, the manufactured articles, and the rum that the white men had brought, and, with help from above, drive



the dogs in red (the soldiers in their scarlet uniforms) from every post in the country. The credulous Indians listened with awe to this message from on high and left the council ready to obey the summons to war.

The Canadians encouraged the Indians to resist the English invasion. They said that the French King had been sleeping and that was why France had met with such heavy losses; "but he will soon wake," they told the savages; "then the French will regain all that they have lost for a time. The King will then reward the friends of France and will love and cherish the Indians."

The land of the Ottawas was the country between Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. Captain Rodgers, who had done splendid work in protecting the English frontier during the wars with France, was sent with two hundred of his rangers to carry banners to the far away posts in the Ottawa country. He was stopped by an Indian, who said: "Pontiac is the Chief and Lord of this country you are in; wait till he can see you with his own eyes."

When the Chief came he was angry. "How dare you enter my country without my leave?" he said.

Rodgers explained that he was there with no thought of harm to the Indians, but only to remove the French from the territory. Pontiac pretended to be pacified. He even smoked the calumet, or peace-pipe, with the American leader; but when Rodgers was gone, messengers were sent to the Chippeway, the Wyandot, the Seneca, and Pottawattomie Indians, carrying belts of red beads and tomahawks stained with blood. This was the formal invitation of the Ottawas to the other tribes, asking them to join in making war against the English.

In his savage way, Pontiac was a great general. He planned to have several forts attacked on the same day; each chief was to lead his tribe against the fort in his immediate neighborhood, kill the whites and take possession

of the stronghold. Pontiac was himself to attack the important post at Detroit.

His scheme for gaining entrance to the fort was well thought out. Some days before the 7th of May, 1763 (the date agreed upon for the general attack) he went to Detroit, accompanied by several of his braves, and asked permission to give an exhibition of Indian dancing. The request was granted, for the officers were thankful for any amusement.

Admitted to the fort the Ottawas went through their savage dances; but while they capered and danced, they were taking note of everything, looking for the weak places in the walls, counting the guns and spying out many secrets of the enemy. When they had found out all they wished to know, Pontiac and his men went quietly away. But he intended to return and get his armed warriors inside the fort. The braves were to go to Detroit, when the time came, with guns hidden under their blankets and they were to ask leave to hold a council inside the fort. The permission would probably be granted and once within the walls, the Indians expected to have little difficulty in killing the white officers and surprising the soldiers into surrender.

It was a crafty scheme, and Pontiac waited impatiently to carry it out, little dreaming that his elaborate plan was to be upset by one of his own people.

Among the Indian women there was a girl who had often gone to the fort to sell berries to the men and to take them the pretty sweet-grass baskets that made such acceptable gifts for wives and sweethearts at home in England. The English officers always welcomed this slim brown maiden kindly, treating her with a courtesy that was very dear to her wild heart; so when she heard that the white men were to be foully murdered, she was in great distress. Well she knew that if she warned the English-



men of their danger, she would probably have to pay for her daring with her life. The poor girl was very much frightened; yet she set out bravely to help her friends.

With a pair of elk-skin moccasins under her arm she went to the fort and told the sentinel that she had a present for Major Gladwyn. She was led into the hall where the officers were at dinner and with native grace she presented the beautiful moccasins to the Major; but then her courage failed her and she went away with her warning unspoken. Her troubled face, however, attracted the attention of the sentinel at the gate and he, guessing that something was wrong, talked to the girl and persuaded her to go back. She returned and with true courage told the officers of their threatened danger. In their gratitude to the Indian girl for her timely warning, the English promised her protection from her own people.

When Pontiac appeared the next day with fifty warriors, all carrying concealed weapons, he found the soldiers drawn up in battle line and the officers prepared for his reception. Then the Chief knew he had been betrayed; and as the English refused to fight unless the Indians began the battle, he and his men went away to get ready for open warfare.

This first failure only helped to infuriate the Indians. The other forts were attacked with bitter energy. Fort Sandusky was burned by the Wyandots and the soldiers killed. The Chippeways murdered almost all the people at Fort Mackinaw; and Michillimackinac was taken by a ruse.

It was a holiday and the Indians were playing ball in front of the fort. The soldiers had come out to see the fun, and a crowd of Indian women were also onlookers at the game. Suddenly the ball was thrown inside the gate of the fort. The Indians made a rush for it, and as they passed their squaws the men snatched hatchets that had



been hidden under the women's blankets, and rushed into the fort. The soldiers were entirely unprepared for an attack and in the surprise and confusion they were killed.

So thoroughly did the Indians do their work that in a short time only three forts remained to the English in the West. Detroit managed to hold out against Pontiac, for the fort was well provisioned and so able to stand the siege, although the warlike Chief camped at its very gates. Fort Pitt was surrounded; but there also the white men succeeded in withstanding the attack of the savages.

For many months the English knew no peace. Pontiac became the most dreaded name in the West. The settlers on the frontier suffered greatly from Indian raids and it was feared that the victorious Red Men might fall upon the towns of the colonies and wipe out the white men as they had so often threatened to do.

There was no adequate force of soldiers in the colonies to protect them, because at the close of the war between France and England "The Royal American Regiment," the army that Pitt had raised to protect British rights, had been mostly disbanded; but such troops as could be got together were hurried out.

One column of five hundred men, led by Bouquet, was sent to relieve Detroit. But long before the fort was reached the American troops were set upon by Indians near Bushy Run, in Pennsylvania, and a two days' battle was fought. Bouquet showed his wise leadership by the way in which he treated the Indians to their own methods of fighting and won by strategy what he could never have gained by force, since his men were far outnumbered by the savages. He came away from that bloody battle having inflicted a defeat upon the Indians that so discouraged the Red Men that they had little wish to carry on the war.

After this Pontiac's position was not enviable. The

chiefs who had been his friends when it seemed that he might work a miracle for them all, now left him. They were weary of what they believed to be a useless struggle and they turned their attention to patching up a kind of peace with the English.

Pontiac, the last of the great chiefs, broken and discouraged, had to flee for his life. He went for refuge to the Illinois Indians and dwelt among them until he died. He cannot but remind us of Philip, the Wampanoag Chief, who a hundred years before had terrorized the people of New England. Like him, this western savage deserved pity as well as condemnation, for he had been born a prince in a country that he loved, and he had to see the land of his fathers taken over by a people whom he feared and disliked. The dignity and savage royalty of Pontiac made him a mournful figure—a hero fighting for a lost cause.

In 1764 Pontiac's War came to an end and the frontier entered upon a period of rest; but it was not to last for long. Even then a great shadow was brooding over America, and within ten years a bitter quarrel between the colonies and the mother country had brought about the Revolutionary War, with its fresh Indian horrors, added to the sad spectacle of English speaking people at war with one another.

## CHAPTER XXIV

GEORGE WASHINGTON

**I**N a village of Northamptonshire, in England, there stands an old house that has a peculiar interest for Americans because there is reason to believe that it was the home of the ancestors of the first President of the United States.

Lawrence Washington, who lived in the sixteenth century, was the Mayor of Northampton, and in 1538 he was given the Manor of Sulgrave, by King Henry VIII.

Sulgrave Manor had been a property of the Catholic Church until it was claimed by the Crown, and the Manor to-day shows traces of Catholic times. A holy-water recess is still to be seen in the entrance-hall and two plaster heads, supposed to represent monks, have looked down for several centuries from the gable of the house.

What is of most interest to Americans who visit Sulgrave Manor is the Washington Coat-of-Arms which, though defaced by time, appears above the front door. There one sees represented red and white bars, stars and an eagle: all emblems that came to be used as symbols of freedom in a new country. It was surely more than coincidence that the spread eagle and the stars and stripes of Liberty should have been foreshadowed in the old shield of the Washingtons of Sulgrave Manor! We can only remember the statement made by several historians, that "the framers of the constitution got their ideas for the national emblem from the crest borne by George Washington."

There is no actual proof that the brothers, John and



Lawrence Washington, who appeared in America about 1658, were sons of the family in Northamptonshire. They were men of means, for they bought lands and settled at Bridges' Creek in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and it is very probable that they had come from Sulgrave Manor, for it is known that the Washingtons there fell upon evil times in the days of Cromwell, and it is more than possible that they were forced to take refuge in the New World.

After he had been a short time in Virginia, John Washington married Anne Pope, and it was their son, Lawrence, who became the grandfather of George Washington.

Augustine, Lawrence Washington's son, was a gentleman farmer and planter. His first wife died and he married again, his second wife being Mary Ball. By this marriage there were four sons and two daughters, of whom the eldest child was named George.

George Washington was born at Bridges' Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, on February 22, 1732. The house that was his birthplace was burned when the boy was three years old and the family moved to another estate, in Stafford County.

The new home was a farmhouse, built like many early Virginia houses. It had a large brick chimney, and on the ground floor there were four rooms, while the upstairs consisted of an attic with a long, low roof. From this house the Washingtons could look out upon the Rappahannock River and across it to the little village of Fredericksburg.

Very few facts are known about the early years of George Washington's life, although many stories were made up about them after he became famous. We may imagine that he was much like other children, neither better nor worse. He was a thoughtful boy, for he inherited his mother's quiet and dignity of nature, and the death of

his father, when George was only eleven years old, may have helped to make him serious.

Washington learned his first lessons from the sexton of the parish, but soon after his father's death he was sent back to Bridges' Creek to live with his half-brother, Augustine, so that he could attend a school kept by a Mr. Williams.

There he studied faithfully and gained what would be to-day a good common-school education. He was taught no language but his own. His chief study was mathematics. He was a strong lad, tall and muscular, and a leader among his schoolmates; and there is every reason to be sure that he was an honest and upright boy; but he was certainly not the "goody-goody" fellow that many of the stories told about him would lead us to believe.

Mary Washington was a remarkable woman. She had little of what we call education, but her strong common sense and loving understanding made her the fit person to be entrusted with the upbringing of her talented son. Her life was not an easy one, for she had very little money, although there were many acres in the Washington estates.

When George was fourteen he felt himself old enough to be of some practical help to his mother. He wished to go to sea; for, like many another boy, he felt the call and the romance of the unknown. He had watched the tobacco ships sailing up the river on their return from far countries; he knew that they brought all the luxuries and many of the necessities of life to Virginia, and it was not unnatural that he should desire to sail away in one of those dream-bright ships to seek his fortune.

Mrs. Washington was almost persuaded to let the boy go to sea; but a timely letter from her brother in England made her withhold her consent and George was sent back to Mr. Williams to learn more mathematics and fit himself



to be a surveyor. For that was almost the only profession that a young Virginia gentleman could make money by following; and money was needed in the house beside the Rappahannock.

For two years more Washington went on with his studies at Bridges' Creek. Some of his note-books, which have been preserved, show with what neatness and clear understanding he worked. Whatever he did was well done. He was as honest at play as at work, and whether the business he had in hand was a stiff problem in arithmetic, or a holiday fox-hunt, he brought to it his whole attention and the best of his ability.

His half-brother, Lawrence, was fourteen years older than George. He had been educated in England and had fought at Cartagena under Admiral Vernon. As the head of the Washington family, Lawrence had received the greater share of the property, and on his return to Virginia he chose to live on his estate at Hunting Creek, beside the Potomac river. This estate he called Mount Vernon in remembrance of the Admiral, and at this pleasant home young George Washington was often a welcome guest.

At Mount Vernon the boy came under the influence of Lord Fairfax, a kinsman of Lawrence Washington's wife. Lord Fairfax was an accomplished gentleman who had lived in court and camp and was familiar with the great world about which George Washington knew nothing. He came to Virginia because he had inherited some vast possessions beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains, and these lands needed attention.

Fairfax was interested in young Washington, for he saw that he had ability as well as great strength of character. On his side, George was strongly attracted by the older man; so a friendship grew up between the two that was of the greatest benefit to the boy. From his associa-



tion with the nobleman, George Washington unconsciously received an education in the knowledge of men and manners that added a courtliness to the fearless grace of his colonial upbringing. In 1748 Lord Fairfax proved his confidence in Washington's ability by entrusting him with the task of surveying the Fairfax estates and fixing their boundaries. This was a very important commission for a boy of sixteen! But, nothing daunted, Washington entered the little-known country beyond the Blue Ridge and quietly and persistently attacked the work.

Here he had problems to solve more difficult than any that Mr. Williams had ever given him. He had pathless forests to travel, hostile Indians to meet, and new difficulties to face every day; yet he calmly went about his business, making surveys so accurate that they stand unquestioned to this day.

It was no easy "Finishing School," this of the wilderness, but it was the experience needed to mold the eager boy into the resourceful man. There is a note of boyish satisfaction in the tone of a letter he wrote at this time, recounting some of his adventures to a friend, which shows that he enjoyed his Wilderness School.

"Since you received my letter in October last," he wrote, "I have not sleep'd above three nights or four in a bed, but after walking a good deal all the day, I lay down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or bear-skin, whichever is to be had, with man, wife, and children, like a parcel of dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire . . . I have never had my clothes off, but lay and sleep in them, except the few nights I have lay'n in Frederick Town."

Such was the training of the man who was soon to behave so fearlessly at Fort Necessity and, a little later, save the remnant of Braddock's army from being wiped out. But these performances were only skirmishes in the battle

that was to be fought in the colonies, where this Virginia youth—hardened into vigorous manhood—was to play the part of general and become one of the greatest statesmen that the world has ever seen.

After his service in the war with France, George Washington, having inherited Mount Vernon through his brother's death, settled down in that beautiful spot to the life of a country gentleman. He was a successful farmer and by good management was able to add many acres to his estate.

When he was twenty-seven he married Martha Dandridge Custis. His wooing was done with the promptness and dispatch of a soldier; for he saw the lady only twice before the wedding! The story goes that on a day in May, 1758, when Washington was on his way to Williamsburg with a message from the frontier, he met an acquaintance who insisted upon his turning aside to dine at his plantation. The young Colonel protested; but Virginia hospitality was not easily evaded. His friend would take no denial and said that if a good dinner would not tempt him to delay an hour, there was a charming woman to be met with at the house who might prove a better argument; so laughingly the young soldier rode to meet his fate. For once Washington forgot his errand, to linger by the side of the lovely Martha Custis, who was a guest at his friend's house. Dinner was soon over and his horse was at the door. Back and forth a servant led the impatient mount; but still the Colonel could not leave the gracious presence of Mrs. Custis. Dusk came and the horse was stabled for the night, and the next morning's sun was high in the heavens before the abstracted young officer got at last to his saddle to spur belated on his way.

The business attended to in Williamsburg, Washington once more sought out the delightful young widow, this time at her own home; and before he left her to return to



the work that he was engaged upon at the frontier, she was his promised wife.

On the 6th of January, 1759, he returned to marry her. Such a wedding as it was! The sun shone gloriously that day on the glitter of gold that adorned the show of brave uniforms in the little church where the ceremony took place, for officers of His Majesty's Service crowded there in their laced and scarlet coats to see their comrade married. The Governor of Virginia was there too, clad in robes befitting his rank; but there was no one present so strikingly handsome as the bridegroom, in his blue and silver and scarlet. It must have been good to see him as he rode beside the coach and six that bore his bride homeward amid the thronging friends of the countryside!

A few years of calm happiness followed for Washington and his wife before the outbreak of the Revolution drew him into the midst of public life. His mother, for whom the boy George had been so anxious to make a fortune, shared in his prosperity and content, and life at Mount Vernon was a very pleasant thing indeed.

But when the dark hour of rebellion settled over the land, Washington turned calmly from the sweet peace of his home life to give himself to his country's need. The strength of this strong man knew no regret; he gave the best that he had to give at all times and he was utterly free from the desire for personal gain or glory.

One of the most characteristic stories told of him is of his attempt to reply to a public vote of thanks made him for services rendered to his country. He got upon his feet, but he was so unused to talking about himself that he stood blushing and stammering until the speaker of the House said: "Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

Brave, honest, and clean of heart, George Washington



was as truly the best type of English gentleman as he was a fine specimen of American manhood. Circumstance made him an American, but to-day all English speaking people reverence his memory and rejoice in his nobility of nature.

## CHAPTER XXV

### GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

**B**EFORE the War of Independence there were three forms of government in the thirteen American colonies: Royal, Charter, and Proprietary.

The colonies that were or had become Royal, were Virginia, New York, New Jersey, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and New Hampshire. In these seven colonies the king appointed the governors.

The Charter colonies were Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. They were governed by their own people in accordance with the permission that had been given them under the King's seal.

Connecticut had only escaped being a Royal colony by the quick-wittedness of Captain Wadsworth, who was in command of the fort at Hartford in 1687 when Governor Andros of New York tried to take their charter away from the Connecticut people. The important men of the colony were sitting round a table in the Council-room discussing the matter with Governor Andros. It was night and the room was lighted from a branching candelabra on the table where the precious charter lay. Suddenly the lights were blown out. There was some confusion, and when the candles were relighted the charter had disappeared! Captain Wadsworth had taken it from under the very nose of the angry Governor and hidden it in the hollow trunk of an oak tree—famous afterward as the Charter Oak—and so saved the chartered privileges to Connecticut.

The Proprietary colonies were those that had been granted to individuals, as Pennsylvania to William Penn,

who ruled as king or overlord in the colony. There were only three of these Proprietary colonies: Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware.

Each colony had what is called a legislative, or lawmaking, body. This was divided into two houses, or parts, after the manner of the English Parliament. The Lower House, or Assembly, was made up of men who were elected by the people. The Upper House, or Council, had its members appointed by the King in the Royal colonies and by the proprietor in the Proprietary colonies. In the Charter colonies the governors and the members of the Council were chosen by the Assembly.

In the United States to-day the Senate takes the place of the Governor's Council of colonial times. But now the people elect the governors and both houses of the Legislature.

The evil of the old system was that the governors sent from England were often unfit for their duties. Sometimes they were relatives of Court favorites, or men of good family who wanted to make an easy living. Too often they were ignorant and cruel. Some of them were intemperate and vicious, and others were greedy men whose only care was to see how quickly they could fill their own pockets with gold.

The oppressions and follies of some of the men sent to govern them was a cause of much bitterness to the American colonists. Was it just, they asked themselves, for the mother country to foist these incompetent men upon them? And even when the governor happened to be a good man, his power was so limited by instructions from England that the case of the governed was not much improved.

Laws regarding trade between the colonies and other countries were made by the British Parliament. No foreign ships were allowed to enter a port in America, and



the colonists were not permitted to buy any European goods except in England. They were forced to send all their leading products to English markets; and laws were made to keep people in the colonies from manufacturing and selling such things as were made in Britain. Customs houses were situated in all the important ports and duties were collected for the Crown.

Many Americans resented these restrictions and did their best to evade them. To escape paying heavy duty, they landed goods, secretly, in the lonely creeks of Long Island, or in the bays of the South. Chests of tea were often packed in the middle of barrels of sugar and so brought into the colonies from the West Indies instead of from England, while bribes were given to the collectors of customs for pretending not to know that this smuggling was going on. Tobacco was put aboard Dutch ships at sea by American vessels, or from little boats that stole out—under cover of night—from creeks along the James River; for tobacco could be lawfully shipped only to English ports. This meant that English merchants would buy it at the lowest possible price and sell it to other countries at a huge profit. Those of the colonists who would not stoop to underhand methods of evading the law were none the less discontented, for they realized that the mother country was acting, not for the welfare of her dependencies, but with a selfishness that was inexcusable. England, however, thought she was quite within her rights when she made the colonists pay for the protection and guidance furnished them by the older country.

Had there been an American Parliament, with power to act for Americans under the king, the trouble that was fast approaching might have been averted. England's great mistake was to try to govern a people and make laws for them from across the ocean. We must remember that England was much farther away from America a century

ago than it is now. The map has not changed, but then there was no wireless telegraphy to connect the two continents; it took weeks instead of minutes to get word from England to her colonies. And how could Englishmen fully appreciate the needs of their brothers so many days' journey away? It is small wonder that they forgot the distant colonists and remembered only the near and very tangible profits that could be made off them.

But in the unhappy minds of the Americans discontent was fast shaping itself into resistance of English authority. The little cloud of misunderstanding, which at first had been "no larger than a man's hand" was fast growing into a storm-center of rebellion.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### CAUSES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

**T**O understand the direct causes of the Revolution, it is well for us to know something about George III, who was King of England from 1760 to 1820.

He was a man who tried to do his duty; but he had a very narrow mind and failed in his kingship because he was too obstinate to learn from wiser men than himself.

His mother, the Princess of Wales, said to him repeatedly when he was a boy, "George, be a king!" and a king he meant to be. He intended to rule as by Divine Right and he made up his mind that the Parliament should be his tool and that he alone would govern England and her dependencies.

From the first he was jealous of Pitt because the great statesman was so loved by the people, and as soon as he could he made the Marquis of Bute, who had been his tutor, Prime Minister.

With the resignation of Pitt, the Parliament entered upon a time of dishonor. Seats in the House of Commons were bought and sold publicly and in the House itself votes were exchanged for money or for titles. It was a shameful state of things; but it suited the King, for he was able to put his favorites into office and to keep the control of affairs in his own very unwise hands.

"Oh, to see them meanly cling  
Round the Master, round the King,  
Sported with and sold and bought—  
Pitiful sight is not!"



The British people at this time had almost no voice in the business of the nation; so the mistakes that were made were due to the misguided rule of the King and to the stupidity or greed of his advisers.

To George III and his Parliament the American colonies existed simply for the sake of supplying money to England. In the one hundred and fifty years since the settlement of Virginia, the population in the thirteen colonies had grown to be nearly three millions; but Englishmen did not realize how far Americans had progressed. European fancy painted the American colonists as half savages, while the fact was that there were no better instructed people in the world than the New Englanders, for soon after their arrival in the wilds of America had they not established their wonderful system of public schools? In 1765 there could not be found in all New England one person who was unable to read and write!

That the English did not look upon their brothers in America as their equals had been made clear during the wars with the French, when the Government refused to give the officers in the American army as high rank as that given to officers who had been trained in England. This attitude of the mother country was galling to the colonists, for they were as proud Englishmen as ever lived. They had come to realize very clearly that the treatment they received from England was unjust; so when George III, through his ministers, began to pare down their privileges they felt that it was necessary for them to rebel.

Her wars had cost England a great sum of money, and Parliament decided that, as they had been fought partly to protect English subjects in America, those subjects should be made to help to pay off the National debt.

People in England at this time had a very exaggerated idea of the wealth of the Americans. A poem was written by a colonial wit which sets forth the picture that the

British Parliament had in mind when America was mentioned:

"There is a pleasant landscape  
That lieth far away  
Beyond the wide Atlantic,  
In North America.

There is a wealthy people  
Who sojourn in that land;  
There churches all with steeples  
Most delicately stand;  
There houses like the gilly  
Are painted red and gay;  
They flourish like the lily  
In North America.

. . . . .  
On turkeys, fowls, and fishes,  
Most frequently they dine;  
With gold and silver dishes  
Their tables always shine.  
They crown their feasts with butter,  
They eat and rise to play;  
In silks their ladies flutter,  
In North America."

The rhyme goes on and the reader is supposed to imagine that Parliament addresses the King:

"Let not our suit affront you  
When we address your throne;  
O King, this wealthy country  
And subjects are your own,  
And you, their rightful sovereign,  
They truly must obey,  
You have a right to govern  
This North America.

O King, you've heard the sequel  
Of what we now subscribe:  
Is it not just and equal  
To tax this wealthy tribe?  
The question being asked,  
His Majesty did say,  
'My subjects shall be taxed  
In North America.' "

It may not have happened quite in this way, but it is certain that the House of Commons passed a resolution which stated that England had a right to tax the Americans.

"Other nations tax their colonies," said the King; and an Act followed that put a tax on coffee, sugar, and other articles.

This made the Americans very indignant. "We are willing," they said, "to vote what money the King needs, but we will not be taxed unless we are represented in Parliament." And rather than pay the tax required by a Government in which they had no voice, they did without the articles to which it was affixed.

In 1765 Parliament passed "The Stamp Act." This was a law stating that all bills, legal papers, and notes used in the colonies should be written on stamped paper, which was to be prepared in England and sold in America for a price that would give a large profit to the British Government.

The colonists saw that if Parliament could pass an Act like this, there would be no end to the different taxes that might be imposed upon them. So they firmly refused to use the stamped paper. The officers who were supposed to sell it were besieged. One man was taken to Boston Common and made to sign his resignation before a great crowd of angry people; while the stamped paper was used to build bonfires. In some places gallows were erected and the



men who had been appointed to sell the stamps were told that unless they gave up office they would be hanged.

Delegates from nine of the colonies met in New York, in October, 1765, to discuss the Stamp Act. In Philadelphia and Boston great crowds gathered and bells tolled mournfully. In the Virginia House of Burgesses, Patrick Henry, a fiery young orator, won over even the most conservative by his eloquent speech in behalf of the colonists.

These conventions decided that until this unjust tax was withdrawn American people should "eat nothing, drink nothing, wear nothing" that came from England. The American women got out their spinning-wheels to spin their cloth. The eating of mutton was prohibited, so that the sheep might be spared for wool; and preparations to help the colonists to do without British goods went steadily forward.

English merchants did not enjoy the thought of having their trade with the Americans cut off. They began to clamor for the Stamp Act to be withdrawn.

The British Government had been very much surprised when the colonists refused to buy the stamped paper; they had never seriously thought that the Americans would dare to resist the authority of Parliament. Long debates were held about the matter. Pitt attended these debates, although he was seriously ill at the time. He realized how fatal this Stamp Act would be to all friendly relations between England and her colonies. He said that the Act was unreasonable and unjust and that he was glad the Americans had refused to accept it. His wisdom and the distress of the merchants triumphed, and the Stamp Act was repealed before it had ever been enforced.

Joy bells rang in London and the ships in the Thames displayed all their colors when the good news was announced. In America the relief and gratitude of the people was profound; for in their hearts the colonists were

Englishmen. They loved law and order and they disliked the very thought of rebellion; but also they loved their freedom and were jealous for their country's rights. Many among them had seen that open warfare might have to come, and the idea of it was unnatural; so that when they found that England had withdrawn the Stamp Act and taken away the immediate cause of complaint, their rejoicing knew no bounds.

Danger had been only postponed, however; not done away with. Pitt's ill health made it necessary for him to retire from public life, and with his influence gone, Parliament seemed unable to understand that the Americans were sincere in their demand for freedom from taxation without representation. Soon fresh taxes were imposed upon the colonists, the most famous of which was three pence a pound on tea.

Once more distrust awoke in the hearts of the American people. England, their mother country, had been playing with them; she had only seemed to acknowledge her mistake, while all the time she intended to make them bend to her will.

Fresh rioting began. British troops were sent over to "keep the peace"; but they only helped to disturb it. The colonists refused to provide food and entertainment to the soldiers quartered upon them, and in 1770 trouble between soldiers and citizens resulted in what is known as "The Boston Massacre," three of the people being killed by the soldiers. These deaths aroused deep feeling in the colonies and gave a more serious turn to the relations between England and America.

Parliament, somewhat alarmed by the attitude of the colonists, took the tax off of nearly everything but tea, and it was not for the money that this tax remained, but to show that England still claimed authority to impose taxes when she pleased. As a matter of fact, the Government ar-



ranged that the Americans, after paying the tax, would have their tea cheaper than before. But with the colonists it had come to be a matter not of price, but of principle. They sternly refused to acknowledge England's power to tax them and they refused to receive the tea. They drank in its place, tea made from sassafras-roots, sage, and other American plants.

Ship-loads of tea arrived from England at different American ports, only to be sent home again. In Charleston, the tea was landed, but stored in damp cellars where it was allowed to rot and waste.

A town-meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, and the following resolution was agreed to: "That whosoever shall directly or indirectly aid or abet in unloading, receiving, or vending the tea sent by the East India Company while it remains subject to the payment of a duty here is an enemy to America."

When the tea ships arrived in Boston an attempt was made to return them quietly to England, but the captains were obstinate and would not leave the harbor. After earnest discussion as to the best way of making it clear to Parliament that they did not intend to accept taxed tea, fifty men dressed themselves like Mohawk Indians and with hatchets in their hands boarded the ships and broke open and emptied three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into the sea.

The tea destroyed in this way was valued at £18,000 (about \$90,000) and Parliament declared that until it was paid for, the port of Boston should be closed. The charter was also taken from the rebellious city. This meant that business in Boston was ruined. But in America there was strong sympathy with what the Bostonians had done, and help was not wanting for them. A union of the colonies was quickly brought about; and, strengthened and encouraged by one another, they were ready to demand



their rights from England or else defy her rule. After the "Boston Tea Party" there was only one thing possible and that was war.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### SOME FAMOUS AMERICANS OF THE REVOLUTION

**O**N a day in the year 1723 a dusty, tired boy walked into Philadelphia. He was only seventeen and he had traveled more than three hundred miles to reach the pleasant Quaker city. As he went along, stopping now and then to admire the spacious dignity of the houses that lined the shady streets, he munched a roll that he took out of one of his bulging pockets, where it had kept company with a medley of clean socks, bits of string, an arithmetic primer and some sugary raisins. Under his arm he carried the rest of his possessions tied up in a gay cotton handkerchief. This boy's name was Benjamin Franklin and he was destined to become one of America's greatest sons.

Franklin's forefathers had lived in Northamptonshire, in England, where for generations they had been respectable blacksmiths, owning their bit of land and living decent, thrifty lives. They were a Protestant family, and when it became impossible for Protestants to worship openly in England, one of the Franklins emigrated to America. He went with his wife to Boston, where he found freedom for his religious views and was able to earn a living by making soap and candles. His son, Benjamin, was born in Boston and lived there until he set off to Philadelphia "to seek his fortune."

Benjamin was said to be very much like one of his Northamptonshire uncles whom he had never seen. This uncle had a genius for inventing things and was a brilliant man

in many ways. He taught himself law and rose to a prominent position in his county. "If Franklin says he knows how to do anything," his fellow-townsmen said, "it will be done"—a statement that came often to be made in America about Benjamin Franklin.

The boy had only two years of school life before he was taken into his father's business. He was not happy selling soap and candles, and his father, afraid that he might run away to sea, wisely decided that Benjamin should choose a profession for himself. He took the boy about in Boston, from one place of business to another, that he might judge which trade he would like best to follow. In accordance with his own wish, Benjamin was apprenticed to a printer. He learned about printing and engraving and began his own education by reading books that passed through his hands.

He taught himself arithmetic, geometry, and navigation, and many a time went without his dinner to buy a book on philosophy or science. When his apprenticeship was finished he went to Philadelphia to set up in business for himself. There he became a stationer and master-printer; but, not afraid of honest work, he trundled a wheelbarrow through the streets with the paper bought for the purposes of his trade.

Franklin was always looking for ways to help other people, and because he was more wide-awake than most men, he saw more chances of being useful.

Knowing how much books meant to him, he made it his business to start a book-club in Philadelphia. Out of this small beginning has grown the great system of Lending-Libraries that we enjoy to-day.

It was Franklin who saw that a fire-brigade was necessary in Philadelphia and it was he who organized it. He it was who designed the form of street lamp which has long been in use where "Anglo-Saxons burn gas or once burned



oil." He invented an open stove for sitting-rooms which he refused to patent because he said he had profited so much from the discoveries of others that he was glad to repay his debt, and, he added, "to repay it in a shape so peculiarly acceptable to my country-women."

But the thing for which we owe Franklin the most gratitude is his discovery of the relation between lightning and electricity. He believed them to be one and the same thing, but he did not know how to prove it. At last he made a kite and fitted it suitably for an experiment that he meant to undertake. Telling no one except his son what he was doing, he waited until there was a thunder-storm; then he stole out and sent his kite up among the stormy clouds. At first nothing happened, then suddenly the inventor felt a welcome shock and knew that he had proved his theory. But how little he guessed of the wonderful inventions for which he had paved the way! Yet without Franklin's first steps in the science of electricity, there could have been no Marconi's wireless telegraphy to-day; it was the American's kite string that "put a girdle round about the earth."

During the colonial wars with France, Benjamin Franklin took his share of responsibility. It was he who got together the necessary horses and wagons for Braddock's ill-fated expedition; and later as a colonel of militia, he proved himself to be a capable soldier.

When Parliament imposed the Stamp Act on the people of the colonies, it was Franklin who was sent to England to defend the rights of the Americans, and it was largely due to his influence that the Act was repealed.

At one time Franklin was postmaster-general for the colonies; and during the Revolution he was tireless in service to his country. Wherever good counsel and wise judgment were needed, there Benjamin Franklin was to be found. He helped to prepare the Declaration of Inde-

pendence; and a newspaper that he published did much to encourage patriotism and to inspire Americans with faith in themselves.

In 1776 Franklin was sent as American Minister Plenipotentiary to France, where he was treated with great honor. He succeeded in making a treaty with the French which was to be very important to the American cause in the Revolutionary War. When a peace was agreed upon between Great Britain and America, Franklin assisted in making out the treaty. He also took part in framing the Constitution of the United States.

Seldom has one man gained distinction of so many kinds; he was certainly the first American to win world-wide and everlasting fame. Benjamin Franklin's father used to tell his boy that "a man diligent in his calling should stand before kings——"

"I did not think," Franklin said, "that I should ever literally stand before kings, which however has since happened; for I have stood before five, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner."

Of this great American it has been said that "he wrested the thunder from the sky and the scepter from tyrants."

The words inscribed on Franklin's tomb were composed by him and because they contain a very pretty idea and help to show the modesty of the man, they are worth remembering. He does not call himself a great statesman, or an inventor, but simply a printer:

The Body of  
Ben. Franklin, Printer,  
Like the cover of an old Book,  
(Its contents worn out,  
And stripped of its lettering and gilding)  
Lies here food for the worms.  
Yet the work shall not be lost;  
For it shall, as he believes, appear once more

In a new  
And most beautiful edition,  
Corrected and revised by the Author.

Another man whose influence was important in America during the eighteenth century, was born on Cape Cod in 1725. This was James Otis, who was graduated at Harvard at the age of eighteen, and practiced law first at Plymouth and later at Boston. Having to do with marine law, Otis could understand how the British controlled the trade of Americans; and their injustice and abuse of power fired the young lawyer to eloquent speech.

He took up the cause of liberty with great ardor, and started the cry that "taxation without representation is wrong." It was Otis who became the leader in the debates against the Stamp Act; debates that roused the people of the colonies to a consciousness of their right to resist injustice.

Samuel Adams was another Harvard graduate to oppose taxation by Parliament. It was Adams who was the leader in Boston at the time the taxed tea was dumped into the harbor, and it was he who was chiefly responsible for that act, the consequences of which were so far-reaching.

A third lawyer, whose name still resounds throughout the centuries, was born in Virginia in 1736. This was Patrick Henry. The son of a poor school-teacher, he received what general education he had from his father. He read law, and soon after he began to practise, he took a warm interest in public questions. Elected to the Legislature of Virginia, he became famous as an orator. He made several stirring speeches against the Stamp Act; and later, when pleading for the organization of Virginia militia, early in 1775, he voiced the spirit of earnestness that inspired the American people in his famous speech when he said:



“Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains or slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.”

With such men as this to enter the lists against oppression, and with George Washington to lead them, the outcome of the Revolution was predestined before the fighting was begun. It seems strange that the British did not better gage the determination of the Americans. If King George and his Parliament had stopped to remember from whom the rebellious colonists had inherited their stern love of justice, they might have treated them more as equals and less as naughty children and so averted the dreadful war that was to end so disastrously for England.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE FIRST SHOTS ARE FIRED

**G**ENERAL GAGE, who had fought under Braddock, was supposed to understand American affairs, and his opinion of the unrest in the colonies was taken for fact in England. When he told the King and Parliament that only a show of force was needed to quiet the unruly spirit of the colonists, he was believed.

"The Americans will be lions while we are lambs," he declared; and the British Government, thinking to frighten the rebellious subjects into submission, sent Gage to Boston with four regiments of soldiers. But instead of frightening the Americans this step only served to strengthen them in their resolve to defend their rights.

In 1774 a very important Congress met in a quaint, low-roofed room of Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia. Delegates from twelve of the thirteen colonies were there and among them were the most famous men of the day. Their business was to discuss the trouble that threatened peace. After careful deliberation, they sent an address to the King, begging him to reconsider his attitude toward his subjects in America and stating the unwillingness of these subjects to submit to oppression. The address made clear, however, that a peaceful settlement of the difficulty was what the American people wanted.

The King paid no attention to this appeal. The House of Lords and the House of Commons refused even to let it be read in their hearing; although so good a judge of statesmanship as Pitt declared that no state papers had ever been issued that could surpass that of the Philadelphia Congress

"for solidity of reasoning . . . and wisdom of conclusion under such a complication of difficult circumstances."

Before the Congress broke up a dinner was given to its members by the Pennsylvania Assembly. It was held in the old City Tavern and the most popular toast of the evening was "May the sword of the parent never be stained with the blood of her children!" "Even the Quakers who were present drained their glasses," says a noted historian, "on the ground that it was not a toast, but a prayer." The Quakers, you remember, avoided all wines; but the hope of peace was dearer to their hearts than their usual scruples.

The Americans did not want war, but they meant to be ready for it if it had to come. They formed themselves into military companies. The men of New England neglected the usual business of life while they learned to drill; every village green became a parade ground where some veteran of the French or Indian wars instructed youths and men in the arts of marching and handling arms. Most of the men owned muskets and knew how to use them, but now those who had none received them and were carefully taught good marksmanship.

In England the King continued deaf to reason. "I am clear," he said, "that there must always be one tax to keep up the right, and as such I approve the Tea Duty." He further announced his intention of subduing his refractory subjects in America, and his short-sighted Parliament promised him support.

General Gage had now been some time in Boston without frightening the Americans or interfering particularly with their plans, but he judged the time was ripe for him to exercise some authority. He heard that the rebellious people had some military stores at Concord, twenty miles from Boston, and these he determined to destroy.

It was late on the night of April 18th, 1775, when eight hundred soldiers, commanded by Colonel Smith and Major





“DISPERSE, DISPERSE, YOU REBELS! THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS AND DISPERSE!”



Pitcairn, crept out of Boston on their way to seize the "rebel stores" in the King's name. Crossing the Charles River in boats they commenced a quick march toward Concord, hoping to reach it while the colonists were still asleep; but they could not surprise the ever-watchful Americans.

Paul Revere, an engraver by trade and a devoted patriot, had been warned by a light hung in the belfry of the North Church in Boston that the British were coming, so before they had landed in Cambridge he was on horseback and away

" . . . to spread the alarm through every middlesex,  
village and farm.

—through the night rode Paul Revere,  
So through the night went his cry of alarm,  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore."

The colonists had formed themselves into companies and were called "Minute-men" because they were ready to be called out on a minute's notice to protect their rights. When the British reached Lexington, six miles below Concord, they found between sixty and seventy minute-men of the town waiting on the common to receive them.

Major Pitcairn galloped forward and called out: "Disperse, disperse, you rebels! Throw down your arms and disperse!" But the sturdy fellows did not obey. "Fire!" Pitcairn ordered his men. And they responded with the first shots of the Revolutionary War, fired there on the Lexington common on April 19, 1775. Eight of the minute-men fell dead, and the rest, seeing how hopelessly outnumbered they were, withdrew and so left the British free to press on to Concord.

When they arrived they could not find much to destroy,



as there had been time to hide most of the stores; but they conscientiously spoiled some flour, burned some wooden spoons and trenchers, and cut down a liberty pole. While they were doing this, news of the men killed at Lexington was spreading rapidly over the country, and stern-faced, determined colonists were flocking from farms and villages to avenge their death.

By noon, when the troops started to return to Boston the country was swarming with patriots, each man armed with a musket and strong in his resolution. There was no organized attack, yet from every side the British had to endure a raking fire; their road led them through woods where it seemed as if a musket spoke from behind every tree. In the open it was not much better; for the Americans moved on with the troops, and from the shelter of fences or rocks fired constantly and with deadly aim at the British soldiers. At Lexington the regulars were reinforced by Lord Percy and nine hundred men; so after a two hours' rest they pressed on again toward Boston; but the aroused Americans still pursued them, like a cloud of hornets, spattering a ceaseless fire upon the army from all sides.

In the evening the British reached Bunker Hill, just out of Boston. There they remained the night, for they were safe for a time, protected by the guns of the Somerset man-of-war that lay in the harbor, and the next morning they entered the city.

In the battle of Lexington, as all that long day's encounter was called, fifty Americans were killed and thirty-four wounded; while the British loss was sixty-five killed, one hundred and eighty wounded and twenty-eight taken prisoners. To the credit of the colonists it is said that they behaved with great kindness to the wounded prisoners, even sending word to General Gage that he might have the surgeons of his own army look after them.

The news of fighting was carried in hot haste all over New England and into the middle and southern colonies. Far and near the excited people soon understood that war so long threatened had at last begun. Men left their plows standing in the fields and hurried toward Boston, ready and eager to fight for liberty.

On the day after the battle the Congress of Massachusetts met to arrange for the upkeep of an army. The number of men needed was determined and the ways and means for payment of the troops was decided upon. Rules and regulations for the soldiers were made out and everything was done with businesslike dispatch and order.

Within an incredibly short time a great encampment of patriotic Americans was drawn up in such a way as to blockade Boston, where General Gage and his army were stationed. To be sure, the Americans were undisciplined and without uniform; but they had enough enthusiasm to cover these defects, and their burning thirst for justice stood them in place of experience.

"A rabble with calico frocks and fowling-pieces," the English called them; yet Gage feared them enough to be willing to stay in Boston without protest until help could come from over the sea.

The most pressing need of the Americans was not men to fight, but materials with which to fight. At the outbreak of the war they had been able to collect only a very small supply of ammunition. Soon after the battle of Lexington about two hundred and forty backwoodsmen set out to capture Fort Ticonderoga and such war materials as might be housed there. These men were led by Ethan Allen and were called the "Green Mountain Boys." Eighty of them crossed Lake Champlain and reached the fort just as day was dawning. The sentry on duty was much surprised to see such a body of men and snapped his gun at them; but the colonists rushed forward, seized the

man and entered the fort while the garrison was still asleep. They formed themselves into a hollow square on the parade ground and gave three loud huzzas to rouse the sleepers.

When the commanding officer appeared and asked in a bewildered voice what was happening, he was answered by Allen, who bade him surrender the fort.

"In whose name do you make such a demand?" asked the astonished commander.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

A skirmish with cutlasses and bayonets followed, but the commander, seeing that he stood no chance against the invaders, soon surrendered. Thus did the Americans gain the important fort that had been won with such heavy cost from the French, besides getting possession of one hundred and twenty cannons, a good supply of powder, some barrels of flour and pork, as well as other necessities.

The neighboring fort of Crown Point also was taken before the British realized that war had actually begun.

Some gunpowder was manufactured in the colonies, and a Virginia lead mine furnished material for bullets for a time; but most of the war materials used in the Revolutionary War were either captured from the British or bought from the French.

To get the bullets that were used in the first regular encounter with British troops, the Americans had to melt down the organ pipes of a Cambridge church. "Fifteen balls apiece" were all that could be allowed to each man, but the martial music played by those bullets still echoes down the years in the story of the battle of Bunker Hill.



## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

**F**OR some weeks General Gage and his army remained bottled up in Boston. The city was built upon a peninsula and, at the time of the Revolution, was connected to the mainland by a neck of sand over which the tide sometimes flowed. This the English were able to defend, but at the landward end the Americans had built fortifications which served as a very effective stopper to keep the British in Boston and at the same time made it difficult for them to attack the colonists.

Ever-increasing numbers of patriots poured into the blockading camp; and so great was their faith in their cause that they were not dismayed when English ships of war sailed proudly into Boston Bay. These ships brought fresh forces to relieve Gage; troops under the command of the best generals in the King's service—Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton.

Now at last Gage felt himself strong enough to fight; but first he offered pardon to all Americans who would lay down their arms, except Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who he said were responsible for inciting the people to rebellion. The Americans, however, were wanting liberty, not pardon for demanding it, and Gage decided that he must give them a drubbing. But it happened that the choice of place and the time for battle were not left for him to arrange.

Charlestown, like Boston, was built upon a peninsula and on it were two hills that have since been considerably lowered. These heights were known as Bunker Hill and

Breed's Hill and were within easy gun-shot of Boston. Gage saw that it would be wise to get them under his control and planned to occupy them on the night of June 18th. But the Americans were as quick as he to realize the importance of these hills and they determined to seize and fortify one of them.

The evening of June 16th saw a great stir on Cambridge common, for twelve hundred colonists were mustered there for special duty. Colonel Prescott was given the command of the soldiers. He had fought in the wars with the French and was a man of great coolness and resource. With him was brave old Israel Putnam, a Connecticut farmer and veteran of many an Indian war. Prayers were said by the President of Harvard College and then the men marched away in the direction of Charlestown. Few of them had been told that they were expected to capture a hill well in range of the English guns; but they all knew that they set out to fight and perhaps to die.

The colonial soldiers took with them wagons laden with spades and picks, but only a very scant supply of food. As the road they followed took them in front of the English ships, they marched with hushed voices and noiseless tread. Bunker Hill had been suggested as the best place to fortify; but Prescott understood that his orders were to take Breed's Hill; so he marched on there, although it was much nearer Boston and infinitely more dangerous to reach than Bunker Hill.

The night was warm and still. There was no moon, but the stars were unusually bright. Across the river, Boston and her garrison were asleep and in the Bay the British ships lay, a grim menace of war; but they too slept.

When the top of the hill was reached an engineer marked out the lines for a redoubt and as the bells of Boston struck twelve the patriots fell to work. Most of

them were accustomed to handling pickax and spade, so they worked with swiftness and skill, although they used caution lest the clang of iron against a stone should rouse the enemy. While officers and men dug and piled the earth into a low wall there floated up to them, from time to time, the singsong call of the British sentinel: "All is well!"

When morning came in all its summer glory, General Gage rubbed his eyes in amazement to see a strong entrenchment and hundreds of armed men where the evening before there had been only a field of gently waving grass. The battleships woke to some purpose and their guns began to hurl shot and shell at the Americans who swarmed the hill-top like a colony of busy ants.

The unaccustomed boom of the big guns might have worked havoc among the raw troops, for the earth-shaking noises was enough to frighten better seasoned soldiers; but Colonel Prescott's calmness gave confidence to his men. He deliberately exposed himself to the fire, walking fearlessly on the top of the mud parapet while he talked to and encouraged the workers.

Gage, peering through his glasses, saw the tall figure of the American leader and turning to a bystander, who chanced to be Prescott's brother-in-law, he asked:

"Will he fight?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "to the last drop of his blood!"

General Gage was annoyed, but he foresaw no great difficulty in dislodging the Americans from their position on the hill-top. He never dreamed that they could seriously oppose the regular troops.

At noon Generals Howe and Pigot crossed over from Boston with two thousand soldiers to drive away the colonists and capture their works. After reconnoitering, General Howe sent back the barges for more men, and



was not satisfied until the British force numbered twenty-five hundred.

In spite of the disturbing fire from the warships, the Americans had labored at their entrenchments until they had a breastwork reaching from the redoubt to the bottom of the hill. It was a fragile barrier, for it was built partly of new mown hay and wooden fences, but at least it helped to inspire the patriots with confidence.

The British soldiers were a brave sight in their glowing uniforms and with their bayonets flashing in the sun. The tired, disheveled men on Breed's Hill looked down upon them with quickening pulse; but the colonial soldiers were not cowards. They waited calmly for the attack, although most of them had never before tasted battle. Prescott sent back to Cambridge for help; but the machinery of the American army was too new to move quickly. Little help came; so the brunt of the battle of Bunker Hill, as it was inaccurately called, was borne by the men who were worn by the toil of many hours.

The day was hot, there was no water on the hill-top, and the Americans, suffering from thirst and hunger, had to see the British soldiers eating and drinking. Howe had seen that to reach the rebels meant a march uphill through high, thick grass, and before beginning the climb, he halted his troops for refreshment. Jugs of cool drink passed along the ranks, and the laughter and talk of the trained soldiers floated up to the white-faced volunteers above, who tried not to think of their hunger and their parched throats.

At last an order was given by the British generals and the soldiers rose and moved up the hill with the precision of clockwork.

When they were yet a long way from the top they opened a harmless fire of musketry; but it was not returned by the colonists, who, having no powder to waste,

withheld their fire until the enemy was near enough for the officers to be distinguished from the men. Then all the muskets of the Americans spoke at once. The colonists could shoot straight and each man had taken careful aim, so that few of their bullets were wasted.

The number of British to go down before that first volley was enormous. The regulars turned in confusion; but a remorseless fire followed them down the hill. Again they advanced, only to be turned a second time with terrible loss. Then, at the foot of the hill, the British laid down their knapsacks and stripped off their heavy coats. An alarming number of officers had fallen, but where no officer was left, the oldest private soldier took command. A third time the British charged up the hill where now the trampled grass was slippery with blood.

There were brave men on both sides that day!

Crowded on to the house-tops of Boston, breathless throngs watched the progress of the battle. Charlestown had caught fire and the wooden houses going up to the sky in smoke and flame made a background of awful grandeur for the scene. General Gage, as he gazed through his glasses, changed his opinion of the Americans, so that he wrote later to the Secretary of State in England: "The rebels are shown not to be the disorderly rabble too many have supposed."

How the battle would have ended if the Americans had not run short of ammunition it is impossible to tell. As it was, the third attack of the British could not be repulsed. The little store of powder and the few bullets were exhausted. The colonists had neither bayonets nor the skill to use them. The British swarmed over the low wall of the redoubt and drove the Americans back with practised thrusts of steel. The colonists fought with the butts of their guns and with stones; but they were driven out and forced to retreat down the hill and across the Neck to

Cambridge, the English ships raking them with shot as they went.

The Americans were beaten and driven from the field, but theirs was a glorious defeat. When Washington heard of it he exclaimed, "Thank God the liberties of the country are safe!" And that was the feeling of every patriot, because it was proved that it was possible for untrained Americans to fight the best troops of England. With training and the proper facilities of war, victory was certain.

King George, however, was not convinced of this unwelcome truth. Eleven hundred English and nearly five hundred Americans lay dead after the battle of Bunker Hill; but there must be great suffering, more bloodshed, and the American colonies must pass out of his reach forever, before the pride-blind monarch would believe that his will could be defied.

After the battle, the British held and fortified Breed's Hill; but the Americans kept their old position, so that Gage and his army were still closely besieged in Boston.

In September of this same year a colonial army invaded Canada in the hope of persuading the French there to join in the rebellion against Great Britain; but although the French disliked their British rulers they cared less for their American neighbors, and, refusing to be mixed up in the war, they drove out the colonists with little sympathy or ceremony. This failure to enlist the help of Canada was not only a great disappointment to the Americans, but it cost them the lives of several able leaders who fell in an attempt to take Quebec.



## CHAPTER XXX

### GENERAL WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY

**O**N May 10, 1775, the Second Continental Congress met at Philadelphia. The time had come for the Americans to have a recognized governing body of their own, since they had revolted against the King and his authority. The place of supreme power was therefore taken over by the Congress and the duties of a sovereign were performed by its members, who were, at first, representatives of only twelve colonies, but soon hesitating Georgia sent in her delegates and so the thirteen colonies were finally united.

The first work that the Congress had to do was formally to organize the Revolution. Better arrangements for the army were necessary and a Commander-in-Chief had to be elected.

The choice fell upon George Washington, who had been sent from Virginia as a delegate to the Congress. His wise and courageous behavior during the French and Indian wars had made him a hero in the eyes of his countrymen and there were many who believed with Patrick Henry that for "solid information and sound judgment" Washington was the greatest man in the colonies.

In accepting the position of Commander of the "Continental Army," Washington refused all pay except his expenses. He undertook his new duties without any wish for personal fame or glory, sacrificing his love of quiet and happiness to his country's need. He wrote sadly to his brother at this time: "I am now to bid adieu to you and to every kind of domestic ease, for a while. I am em-

barked on a wide ocean, boundless in its prospect, and in which perhaps no safe harbor is to be found."

When Washington took command at Cambridge, he found fourteen thousand men enlisted; but they could not be called soldiers, for they were, as their new general said, "a mixed multitude of people under very little discipline, order or government." They all knew how to use their muskets, but the supply of powder was so low that there were only nine rounds for each man, and no use could be made of the artillery.

After he had determined the exact state of his own army, Washington went up on to a hill-top from which he could see the enemy. For a long time he looked down upon the splendid British troops and saw that it would be easy for them to break through the American lines and put to rout the feeble patriot forces. He wondered greatly at the inaction of the British, but decided that "Providence watched over the liberties of the American people" and gladly used the time of waiting to get his army into shape.

The fact was that the British were commanded by an incompetent man. General Gage had had one taste of fighting with the Americans and it had not been to his liking. With ten thousand men at his command, all perfect in discipline, he preferred sitting still in Boston to striking a blow at the rebels.

In his task of reorganizing the army, General Washington met with discouragements that would have overwhelmed a less determined man. A soldier's life proved to be harder than the men of the colonies had expected it to be. Most of them had enlisted for only three months and when their time was up hundreds of them went back to their farms and families, finding that the love of home was stronger than the love of country. Washington insisted on a strict discipline, so displeasing to the hot-tempered men of New England that many of them refused to serve



under him. Gradually a new army grew out of the old, which was much smaller than the other, but gave promise of greater usefulness.

All through the winter Washington and his officers were busy drilling their troops and teaching them the meaning of the word soldier.

That winter brought hardships to the British army, for in Boston there was little food and health suffered. Smallpox broke out and what with much illness and scant fuel the soldiers grew discouraged and unhappy. A British captain wrote home that he had tasted fresh meat only twice since his arrival in Boston. Even the invalids had nothing to eat but salt pork and peas; and General Gage himself was no better off. In a rhyme written at that time he is supposed to have exclaimed:

“Three weeks—ye gods! nay, three long years it seems  
Since roast meat I have touched except in dreams.”

Their long inaction made the soldiers sullen, and the knowledge that their failure to subdue the rebel colonists had disappointed England made them hard to manage. Gage was finally recalled by an angry government and General Howe took over his command and with it his policy of doing nothing.

It was the Americans who broke the long spell of waiting. In February supplies of arms and ammunition reached Washington, and he was reinforced by ten regiments of militia. This made it possible for him to attempt the occupation of Dorchester Heights, so near Boston that the position once gained would give the Americans command of the city.

On the night of March 4th, 1776, a strong working party made its way to the Heights, while a heavy fire of artillery was kept up to divert the attention of the English. The colonists took with them a train of three hundred



wagons laden with bales of hay to be used in the building of fortifications, for a hard frost bound the earth and made digging impracticable.

All through the dark hours of night the Americans worked, and by dawn two forts were completed which looked much stronger and more formidable than they really were. A kindly fog made the walls of hay appear so massive and impenetrable that a British officer declared that the Americans must possess an Aladdin's lamp and have genii at their command, since in no other way could the miracle of their work be accounted for. General Howe himself exclaimed:

"The rebels have done more work in one night than my whole army would have done in a month!"

But, sick and sorry though they were, the British meant to fight before they yielded up Boston. To get at the enemy it was necessary for them to cross a stretch of water. They began to embark; but a furious east wind scattered their boats and delayed the attack. All the next day the storm raged and the English were forced to wait in idleness. The Americans, meanwhile, were strengthening and enlarging their fortifications and making ready rows of barrels filled with earth, which were intended to be rolled downhill against the British troops when the time of battle came.

On the third day the storm had spent itself; but General Howe thought that the position of the colonists was now too strong for him to stand any chance of holding out against them. An attack that could mean only failure would not help the British cause; so it was decided that they should leave Boston as soon as possible. Two weeks later the royal troops and their followers sailed away from the town they had held so long and Washington entered the city in triumph. Boston was never again to be under the rule of an English king.

The British went to Nova Scotia and Washington soon withdrew his forces to New York, where it seemed likely the next attack would fall.

In his poem, *On the American War*, Robert Burns wrote:

“Poor Tammy Gage within a cage  
Was kept at Boston Ha’, man;  
Till Willie Howe took o’er the knowe  
For Philadelphia, man;  
Wi’ sword an’ gun he thought a sin  
Guid Christian blood to draw, man;  
But at New York, wi’ knife an’ fork,  
Sir-loin he hackèd sma’, man.”

So you see we are not done with General Howe, but will hear of him again before the end of the Revolution.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### THE AMERICANS DECLARE THEIR INDEPENDENCE

**T**HAT America could sever her relations with the mother country was an idea of slow growth. Even after months of fighting the mass of the colonists hated the thought of being cut off from England. It was not independence that they wanted at first; it was simple justice.

An Act of Parliament could have ended the war in its early stages; but it was long before the people realized that no compromise could ever be made with Great Britain.

As time went on, however, and the dignified appeals of Congress to the King for protection against the unfair laws of Parliament were answered by proclamations against traitors and rebels, the Americans came to see that if they were to have justice they must be free from the rule of George III.

The matter was discussed everywhere. It seemed a dreadful and treasonable thing to denounce a king, even though he "was marked by every act which can define a tyrant," and the colonists held back from the necessity of "that horrid measure" as long as possible. The peace-loving Quakers were especially anxious to keep the relations with Great Britain unchanged. But pamphlets and articles urging the wisdom of breaking away from England were widely circulated, and a booklet called *Common Sense*, written by Thomas Paine, had great influence in convincing all classes of people that the welfare of the colonies rested on their freedom from a dependence that had become bondage.



One after another the colonies began to plan for independence; and on the fourth of July, 1776, the Continental Congress adopted the "Declaration of Independence."

This Declaration, which is one of the most famous state papers in the world, was written by Thomas Jefferson. He was a Virginian, and he it was who took Washington's place in Congress when the General went to take command of the army. The Declaration of Independence is worded with remarkable clearness and force. It begins with a declaration to the world of the causes that decided the colonists to separate themselves from the English; then follows this statement:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal: That they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that amongst these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." An account follows of the many acts of injustice from which the colonies suffered under George III; the Declaration then continues: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these united colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do."

The paper closes with this solemn sentence: "And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge

to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

The Declaration of Independence was at once published, although it was not formally signed by the members of Congress until some weeks later; and the fourth of July has been kept ever since 1776 as America's great Independence Day because that was the day on which the United States first discovered itself to the world as an independent and self-reliant power.

The Declaration was received with joy by the people who, now that they had made up their minds to be independent, felt free to give scope to their hatred of the tyranny that had been practised upon them. Bonfires lighted the city streets, pictures of George III were burned, and a great leaden statue of the King, whose health so recently had been drunk at all public festivals, was pulled down from its pedestal in Bowling Green, New York City, and made into bullets to be used against the royal troops.

All thinking men saw that the war must now go on until the people of the newly united States should prove their right to keep the freedom they so proudly claimed, or until they should shamefully lose it. The time for a diplomatic settlement of the difficulties between Great Britain and the American colonies was gone forever.

Washington, who was with the army in New York, said in an address to his troops: "The General hopes and trusts that every officer and soldier will endeavor so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country." Thus did he remind Americans that their Declaration of Independence brought with it grave duties and new responsibilities.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### THE WAR GOES ON

**T**HE British were not seriously alarmed by the Declaration of Independence, but they were careful to make what provision seemed necessary for crushing the revolutionary Americans. A strong fleet and a large army were got together. Because the majority of Englishmen were unwilling to fight foes of their own blood, Parliament was obliged to bargain with some German princes for troops to help to carry on the American war.

These foreigners, who were called Hessians because most of them came from a part of Germany known as Hesse-Cassel, looked very smart and fine when they first appeared in New York with Lord Howe and his well equipped British soldiers; but they had no real interest in the war and the English were to pay a heavy penalty, in the end, for trusting to alien troops.

It was in July, 1776, that Lord Howe reached New York, where he joined his brother, General Howe. Their combined forces made an army of 30,000 men, nearly twice as many soldiers as Washington had at his command.

Lord Howe had been instructed by George III to make peace with the Americans, if possible, so he told them that if they would lay down their arms they should have the King's pardon. The proposal was inflaming to a people who had determined to be free. They asked for no pardon. Justice had been their demand and now freedom was what they intended to fight for with all their might.



The odds seemed all in favor of the English when it should come to fighting, for the American army was suffering from every kind of discomfort. Three thousand of the men were ill, in consequence of having to sleep without shelter and because their food was of the worst. There were no hospitals where they could be cared for and not even medicines for their relief.

But in spite of all difficulties, Washington prepared an armed reception for the British on Long Island. He did not hope to hold out long against the enemy, but he intended that every advantage they gained should cost them dearly.

Strangely dauntless in the face of what looked like certain defeat, the uncouth colonial soldiers rallied round their Commander-in-Chief. From New England sounded a note of high courage and faith in the cause that made the Revolution something of a holy war.

"Play the man for God and the cities of our God: may the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel be your leader," cried Trumbull of Connecticut; and hearing the trumpet words farmers left their harvests half gathered, their fields half mowed, and marched away to join Washington in New York. It was the brave American women who brought in the harvest that year; for the mothers, the daughters, and the wives of the colonies took up the work of their men.

On the 27th of August, 1776, the battle of Long Island was fought near Brooklyn. After making a heroic stand the Americans were defeated. Lord Howe had a chance of completely destroying the Colonial army. But he hesitated to attack the Americans at too close quarters, remembering, perhaps, the blood shed at the battle of Bunker Hill. He decided to wear out the strength of the little army by a prolonged siege; but he reckoned without Washington.

The American general had no intention of awaiting sure destruction. Under cover of night and a dense mist he withdrew what was left of his troops from Brooklyn and, taking them safely across the river, landed them in New York before the British even discovered that they were gone.

When New York had in turn to be abandoned, panic seized the Americans. Many of them, distraught by their first awful taste of war, made blindly for home. Whole regiments deserted; and, not content with taking themselves away, many of the deserters took food from the army stores, while others made off with precious ammunition. If they were beaten their idea seemed to be to save what they could. Sir George Trevelyan tells us, "One of the fugitives was detected in possession of a cannon-ball, which he intended for a present to his mother for the purpose of pounding mustard!"

Washington was sick at heart. "Are these the men whom I expect to defend the liberties of America?" he asked; but he would not give up his faith in their true nature. A stern figure, he rode among the disordered troops, encouraging and calming them and by his serene presence inspiring them to fresh endeavor. As soon as it was possible he ordered a retreat to Harlem, which was then a village nine miles above New York.

The British were in close pursuit and a company of Americans, led by Israel Putnam, would certainly have been overtaken had it not been for the courageous cunning of a lady named Mary Lindley, who, when the British army was near her house, sent out and invited Howe and his officers to lunch with her. The gallant Englishmen accepted the invitation and spent two hours in her company, soothed by her wit and gracious charm and by the perfection of her wines and viands. This halt enabled the fugitives to reach Harlem Heights, where, overcome with



fatigue and strain, they lay down to sleep, with no shelter between them and a pouring rain.

When morning came and English ships were seen sailing up the Hudson, Washington knew that he must cross over the river to New Jersey. This he did; and the British, following, stormed Fort Washington on the way and took three thousand prisoners. Step by step the Americans were driven back. So close were pursuer and pursued that the men in the rear of Washington's army, stopping to fire a bridge would be in sight of the British workmen on the way to rebuild it!

Right across New Jersey and into Pennsylvania the retreat led. The half-starved, barefooted soldiers in their tattered clothing, struck fear to the hearts of their country people, who had small faith in such a scarecrow army. When the news reached Philadelphia that Washington had withdrawn from New Jersey and crossed the Delaware, there was great alarm. Congress, then in session, adjourned to Baltimore and many of the inhabitants of the city fled in terror.

Early in November Howe, tired of following Washington's despised forces, put the British army into winter quarters in New Jersey. He himself went to New York to enjoy the comparative comfort and gaiety of the city.

Time hung wearily on the hands of the Hessians. They indulged in vicious drinking bouts and cruel jests at the expense of the colonists. The misery caused by their plundering and foraging helped to turn the fear of the Americans into grim anger. The insulting behavior of these German troops did more to rouse the people from their stupor of fright than all the proclamations of Congress had done. Men saw that if they were to protect their property and their families they must support the Colonial army and make it strong enough to keep the invaders back.



About this time Congress extended the term of enlistment for soldiers. They were now enrolled to serve throughout the war. Encouraged by the hope of having, at last, a dependable army in place of a lot of three-months servers, Washington decided to take a bold step.

The village of Trenton, an important post about thirty miles from Philadelphia, was occupied by a large force of Hessians. And on Christmas evening Washington crossed the Delaware with twenty-four thousand men and marched toward Trenton.

“On Christmas day in seventy-six  
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,  
For Trenton marched away,  
The Delaware see! The boats below!  
The light obscured by hail and snow!  
But no signs of dismay.”

It was a terrible march. The night was very dark and a bitterly cold wind was blowing. Two men died of cold on the road and all the thinly clad, ill-nourished soldiers suffered agony. Many of them were barefooted, and their torn, frozen feet left blood stains on the snow. But they pressed on and at eight o'clock in the morning surprised the bewildered Hessians.

The Hessian soldiers were in poor condition for fighting; they had been drinking heavily the day before and were still in a state of half intoxication. Their commander was killed as he tried to lead them to meet the attack; and after a battle that lasted only three-quarters of an hour, the Hessians surrendered and the colonists were able to retreat with a thousand prisoners and a number of cannon.

As soon as news of the defeat reached New York, Cornwallis was sent out to avenge the British disaster. He marched with a strong force and on the 1st of January, 1777, attacked the Americans near Trenton.

It was easy for the powerful British troops to drive back the little Continental army. Night came down while the chase was going on; so Cornwallis waited for daylight to strike the blow that he believed would wipe out the main army of the Revolution and put an end to the war.

But Washington had no intention of being caught in this trap. Great danger always found him ready with a plan. He threw up entrenchments as though for defense in the morrow's battle, and at midnight built high his camp-fires, and then quietly slipped away. His army marched round Cornwallis, got in his rear and attacked the troops left in Princeton, a few miles away. Before Cornwallis could interfere, Washington had won another victory, captured many prisoners and a large quantity of stores.

This second success compelled the British to withdraw from most of New Jersey; and it put new heart into the American cause.

Great pride was felt in the Commander-in-Chief, who had won victory out of such seemingly hopeless circumstances. The people gratefully determined to support their splendid leader, and Congress expressed the appreciation of the country by granting Washington absolute military authority for six months' time.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### THE CAMPAIGN OF 1777

**E**XCEPT for the battle of Princeton, the year 1777 began with unimportant successes for both Great Britain and America. The British won some petty victories on the Hudson, while the Americans made a successful attack on an outpost of Long Island, where they destroyed stores and took ninety prisoners. But these skirmishes were only the introduction to the real campaign of that year.

The British had a well-thought-out plan of action which, had it not miscarried, might have ended the war in the King's favor. Their army was to be divided. One part, led by Howe, was to capture Philadelphia; while another division, under the leadership of General Burgoyne, was to march down from Canada, along the line of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River, in such a way as to cut off New England from the rest of the United States.

Fortunately for the Americans, General Howe was slow in beginning his part of the program, and while he loitered, Washington was using every moment to strengthen his little army. When in June Howe finally moved toward Philadelphia, he found the American commander-in-chief with eight thousand men blocking his path. The rebel troops were more formidable than they had ever been before; under Washington's control they had come to resemble a regular army; and the British general hesitated, for he had no wish to attack the Americans so early in the campaign. After careful consideration he withdrew his



troops to New York and there embarked them, so that they could make the journey to Philadelphia by sea.

They landed late in August at the head of Chesapeake Bay; only to find that Washington and his army were there before them.

The Americans took up a position beside the Brandywine River where they could shield Philadelphia from the British. Their force, however, was much smaller than that of their opponent and they stood little chance of victory in the encounter that immediately took place. But they fought bravely until driven from the field by the overpowering numbers of the enemy.

Howe, delighted with having routed the Americans, encamped at Germantown while Cornwallis was dispatched with a detachment of the army to occupy Philadelphia.

In the Quaker city there were many people who, in spite of all things, were loyal to the King and who welcomed his troops with joy. Most of the patriots fled from the city in dismay; so Cornwallis met with no difficulty in capturing it.

Benjamin Franklin observed, with that shrewd wit of his, that it was not the British that had taken Philadelphia; it was Philadelphia that had taken the British!

On the 4th of October Washington led a surprise attack against the troops at Germantown. A fog of the kind that had on several occasions befriended the Americans, helped them at first; but as the smoke of battle darkened the air the fog increased until it became so dense that it was impossible to tell friend from foe. Great confusion reigned and a panic of uncertainty seized both armies. Afraid of killing their own men the Americans beat a hasty retreat.

Later Howe made a feeble assault against the American troops, but it came to nothing and the British general

thought best to go into camp for the winter. Accordingly he settled down comfortably behind his entrenchments.

For his troops Washington sought winter quarters at Valley Forge, a wooded ravine about twenty miles from Philadelphia. But his army was to have none of the comforts enjoyed by the King's troops. The American soldiers were exhausted and discouraged. It took all the courage and resource of their Commander to keep heart in the starving, miserable men.

Congress looked to this army to vindicate the freedom of the United States; yet its members made almost no provision for the welfare of the soldiers. The governing machinery was new and worked clumsily; so the army suffered.

News traveled slowly in 1777 and Congress may not have realized the destitution of the army, for letters followed Washington to Valley Forge remonstrating with him for going into winter quarters when he might have been employed in attacking the enemy. His reply was justly bitter. After stating the miserable situation of the soldiers he said that he could assure the gentlemen of Congress that "it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fire-side, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets."

The experience that Washington had gained when a young man in the forests of Virginia helped him to lessen the sufferings of his men. He taught them how to build huts and thatch them with boughs; he did much for their comfort; but he could neither clothe them nor give them boots, and it was with a heavy heart that he saw the poor fellows forced to sit up all night, huddled round the fires, for fear of freezing if they should lie down to sleep.

Officers mounted guard dressed in old rugs or woolen



bed quilts and kept what remained of their uniforms for the time when they would have to meet the enemy. Months after the worst of suffering of that dreadful winter was over, "a party of aides-de-camp gave a supper at which no one who possessed a whole suit was admitted; and the room was crowded with distinguished guests!"

For days at a time there would be no meat for either officers or men. They kept life in their bodies by eating porridge made of flour paste, or a lump of dough baked in the embers. This diet was varied by "soaked wheat and sugar" or soup thickened with bread. The making of soup without stock was taken as a grim joke by the soldiers. There is a story told of a well-meaning officer who asked a group of men what they were cooking in their kettle. "A stone, Colonel," was the answer; "they say there is some strength in stones if you can get it out."

The horses were worse fed even than their masters, and died by hundreds every week.

That winter was the darkest period of the war for the Revolutionary Army, but it brought to light the courage and endurance of both officers and men and welded them together in sympathy and purpose through their mutual suffering.

Washington lodged at the house of the old Quaker iron-master in Valley Forge. He told that one day he was walking by the creek when he came upon the General's horse tethered to a tree. Looking about he saw the Commander-in-Chief kneeling at prayer in a thicket by the roadside, with the tears running down his cheeks. "I felt," the old Quaker told his wife, "that I was upon holy ground. If there is any one on earth that the Lord will listen to it is George Washington."

In February, before the worst period of misery was over, Mrs. Washington joined her husband in the stone house at Valley Forge, for she was never kept from his side by



any thought of personal comfort. "During the whole of every week day," it is said that "her little sitting-room was filled with the wives of officers patching garments, knitting socks, and cutting out shirts for the soldiers; and she herself, in intervals of her needle-work, was continually to be seen entering the regimental huts with a basket on her arm, to comfort the sick with wholesome food prepared by her own hands."

As an ideal soldier's wife, Martha Washington's example was invaluable to her country-women. At the beginning of the war some ladies paid Mrs. Washington a visit of ceremony; for even then she was recognized to be "The First Lady in the Land." The callers wore their "best bibs and bands and most elegant silks and ruffles" and so were surprised to see the mistress of Mount Vernon dressed "in a plain brown dress and a check apron." She received her guests very graciously, but when the greetings were over she took up her knitting. From that day onward "no hands were idle; fine clothes disappeared from use; sewing and knitting clubs were organized for the benefit of the army, and the meal bags were always open, and the soup simmering on the fire."

While Howe's section of the British army was gaining the doubtful successes of Brandywine and Germantown, General Burgoyne was faring badly in the north. He had begun his march in June with a force of 6,700 British and Germans, 250 Canadians and about 400 Indians.

Burgoyne was a splendid general. Under ordinary conditions he would have given England cause to be proud of him, but his way led through a country where every man's hand was against him. He had to deal with a people he did not understand and whose methods of fighting were new to him. The character of the country made his progress slow and difficult. At one stage of the advance it took the British fifty days to march seventy miles, so

dense was the wilderness through which they had to pass and so many the rivers that had to be bridged. This delay gave the American farmers time to arm and march against the enemy.

The use of Indians by the British was a mistake that the Americans were quick to resent, for although Burgoyne used every effort to tame the savage spirit of the Red Men it often broke out in acts of barbarity.

At one time two Indians were sent to guide a beautiful lady, Miss Macrea, to the British camp, where she was to be married to an officer. On the way the guides quarreled about the reward they expected to receive for their services and one Indian, determined to cheat his rival of any reward at all, struck the lady dead with a blow from his tomahawk. This incident roused great excitement throughout the country and brought discredit upon the British army.

At Ticonderoga Burgoyne succeeded in capturing the fort, which was held by General St. Clair; he even captured the stores and artillery which St. Clair tried to move. He gained control of Lake Champlain and Lake George and at length reached Fort Edward on the Hudson River; but there success left him.

Everywhere the Americans were rising to protect their homes from the awful savagery of Burgoyne's Indian allies, who were drunk with the taste of war and quite beyond the control of the British general. Friends of Great Britain as well as her enemies poured forth from the woods, mountains, and marches, which in this part were thickly sown with plantations and dotted with villages, to fight the man who had brought this danger upon them.

Burgoyne expected help and cooperation from Sir Henry Clinton, who had been left with a considerable force in New York. Instructions for him to send help to the army in the north had been dispatched; but, the story goes,

the order from England reached New York too late to be of much use, because Lord Germain, to whom the papers were entrusted, put them in a pigeon-hole while he went to a garden-party and then forgot them!



## CHAPTER XXXIV

### THE SURRENDER AT SARATOGA AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

**W**ASHINGTON generously sent some of his troops to strengthen the men who had rallied to crush Burgoyne's enterprise. He did this regardless of the fact that by so doing he weakened his own chance of success against Howe.

General Gates was appointed to command this section of the American army, which, with its numerous volunteers, amounted to thirteen thousand men. Gates was a kindly man but no great general, and the successes that he gained were due rather to the enthusiasm of his soldiers and the ability of some of his officers than to his own personal skill.

To the names of Arnold, Morgan, and Stark stands the credit of Burgoyne's surrender, because detachments led by those officers carried on a series of attacks all along his line of advance and succeeded in demoralizing the British troops and putting the Canadian and Indian allies to flight.

But in spite of severe losses Burgoyne pushed on past the Hudson, hoping every day that the promised help from New York would be sent to his rescue.

On the afternoon of September 19th the British were advancing through a forest. They had just entered a clearing, known as Freeman's Farm, when they were surprised by a furious onslaught of Americans led by General Arnold.

Before Burgoyne could recover from his bewilderment

his attackers had retired to join their main army, which Gates had drawn across the road at Bemis Heights. This was a position of great natural advantage, as it was protected by the hills on one side and by the river on the other. The British advance was effectively cut off and all that Burgoyne could do was to entrench his men and wait.

On the seventh of October a fierce battle took place. The Americans fought their way to the very center of the British line. That night Burgoyne with his army retreated to Saratoga; but he found on reaching the river that the Americans were stationed on the other side. Again he turned; but the American line in his rear spread out and closed up until the British were surrounded.

Burgoyne had only about eight days' rations for his men and he was entirely cut off from reserve supplies. He held a consultation with his officers and decided to make terms and surrender.

General Gates at first demanded that the entire British force ground arms and become prisoners of war; but Burgoyne and his men determined to starve where they were rather than to submit to such indignity; so after some discussion Gates agreed to grant them the honors of war.

On October 17th a convention was signed and the Americans marched into the British lines, their bands playing *Yankee Doodle*, while the British marched out and at a given word from their own officers piled their arms on the river-bank.

The Americans were generous enough to turn away their heads so that they might not witness the humiliation of a brave enemy. "All were mute," we are told, "in astonishment and pity." As soon as the ceremony of surrender was over the Americans hastened to serve bread to the British soldiers while Gates entertained the chief officers of the royal army at a banquet. To be sure, the table was made of bare planks laid across empty barrels,

and only four plates and two drinking glasses could be found by the host for the use of himself and Burgoyne. There was, however, plenty of roast and boiled meat to eat, although there was nothing to drink but rum and water. Upon Burgoyne's being asked to propose a toast, he filled his glass to "General Washington!" and Gates, to equal his guest in courtesy, proposed a toast to "The King!"

News of the surrender at Saratoga was greeted in England with great consternation; while in France it turned the tide of public opinion in American favor.

Before this time the war of the colonists against England had excited sympathy in Europe; already many foreign officers had volunteered to help the Americans in their battle for independence. Some of them were pure adventurers, but others were men of ability and true lovers of freedom. Count Pulaski, Baron de Kalb, and Baron von Steuben were all good officers. But the best known foreign officer and the one who rendered the most important service to the Americans was the young Marquis de Lafayette.

A member of an old French family, Lafayette was born the 6th of September, 1757. He was only nineteen when he set out from his own country to throw in his lot with the Americans. He left a young wife in France, gave up all that great wealth and social position offered him, for the ideal of freedom and justice. Loading a ship with materials of war, he sailed to America and offered his services as a volunteer.

Lafayette was made a major-general, and although so young, he soon had won the approval of Congress and the friendship of Washington. The British scorned him and called him "the little boy"; but on more than one occasion they found him a dangerous check to their plans, and respect for him grew with his years.

Lafayette was always a keen supporter of liberty. He



took part in the French Revolution, but not in the mad extremes of that time. He was for years a prisoner in Austria, in spite of American efforts to free him. Bonaparte's influence finally gained him freedom in 1797.

When Lafayette revisited the United States in 1824, he was welcomed with honor by those whose fathers he had helped in their days of struggle. He made a triumphant tour of the country, rejoicing in its prosperity and he was given by Congress a grant of \$200,000 and a township of land as a mark of esteem and to repay him for his losses and expenses during the Revolution.

But to return to 1777. When the news of Burgoyne's surrender reached France, the French people were yet smarting from the bitterness of their loss of Canada and they hailed the American success with joy, for it gave them an excuse to vex England. On February 5, 1778, a treaty was signed wherein France formally acknowledged "The Independent United States of America." This was the same thing as a declaration of war against England. Spain soon followed the French example, and Holland took a like course; so that as a direct outcome of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, the one-time British colonies stood forth a united and recognized power at war with the mother country and backed by strong allies.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### THE BIRTH OF AN AMERICAN NAVY

**W**HILE most persons were dreaming of a future when America should be independent of England, there was one man, named John Paul Jones, who was dreaming to some purpose. He understood both the British and the American point of view and saw that it was too late for a peaceful Act of Parliament to settle matters. He realized that as the Americans were not content to be entirely subject to the British Crown, they must separate themselves completely from England.

John Paul Jones was born in the Lowlands of Scotland. His father, John Paul, was a hard-working gardener with a large family to support. It was not always easy to make both ends meet in the Paul cottage; so when a distant relative of the family, who was at home from Virginia on a visit, offered to adopt the oldest boy, William, the poor father gladly consented. Thus it happened that little John's brother sailed away to America, where he took the name of his kinsman and was known as William Paul Jones.

When John was twelve years old he was sent to sea as a master's apprentice. His first voyage took him to the American colonies, and as the ship anchored in the Rapahannock River, near the landing-place of the Jones estates, he was allowed to go ashore and visit his brother. William was by that time a man of thirty, managing the business of the plantation for his adopted father. The

old planter took a great liking to John and wished to adopt him also; but the boy preferred to follow the life of the sea, and when his visit was over he sailed away to the West Indies.

John Paul was a born sailor. He advanced so rapidly in seafaring skill that before many years he was the captain of a merchant-ship. Trade often took him to America, where he came to know such men as Washington, Franklin, and Adams, who delighted in his society; for Captain Paul was a scholar as well as a sailor. He had taught himself French and Spanish and had studied the naval history of his time until he was as well educated as any regular officer in the British service.

When Jones, the old Virginia planter, died, he left a will by the terms of which John Paul was to inherit the plantation in the case of William's death, on the condition that he add Jones to his name. Thirteen years later William died and John Paul Jones gave up the roving sailor's life to live on his beautiful estate in Virginia.

He was beloved by his slaves, several of whom he set free. He kept as hospitable a home as any of his neighbors in a colony famous for its hospitality; but his interest was not in the plantation. The management of his affairs he gradually left to a faithful Scottish overseer, while he studied, or made leisurely trips in his sloop from one town to another to enjoy the company of his many friends.

The war cloud was thickening and Paul Jones was deeply in sympathy with the Americans. Love of freedom was as natural to him as his love of the sea; and the first shots had scarcely been fired at Lexington when he began to make plans for an American navy. At once he wrote to several of the colonial leaders, offering his services. "Call upon me," he said, "in any capacity which your knowledge of my seafaring experience and your opinion of my qualifications may dictate."



But at first the Americans had no thought of carrying on hostilities at sea. The fame of the British navy was so much respected in the colonies that the idea of striving against England's sea power was looked upon as madness; but as the Revolution progressed it became necessary to provide ships of war.

Fortunately the early settlers in America had been a seafaring people. Their most important towns were situated on the Atlantic coast or on inland waters having direct communication with the ocean; and this meant that the colonists could manage small craft and take up the tiller and oar as naturally as they could handle the scythe and spade.

You remember that ships were built in Massachusetts very early in the history of New England. For many years little trading vessels had been sent up and down the coast, armed with guns to guard against the treachery of the Indians. Later, as we learned from the story of Captain Kidd, all ships that put to sea had to be ready to defend themselves against pirates; so the sailors had had some practical experience in sea fighting, although no ships of war were constructed.

In October, 1775, when General Washington was in sore need of supplies for the army, he issued commissions to several vessels to cruise in and about Massachusetts Bay in order to intercept British store ships. A great deal of powder, some small arms and a few cannons were captured in this way. But it was not until after the burning of the town of Falmouth by a British sea captain that Congress felt the necessity of organizing a navy.

Thirteen cruisers were then ordered to be got ready and Congress, remembering Paul Jones' offer of help, sent to him for advice. His sound judgment and practical knowledge proved of great service.

Private subscriptions helped to pay for the building of the ships, which varied in force from ten to thirty-two guns. Every American was interested in the project; and in Philadelphia there were many patriots, gentlemen of leisure, shopkeepers, and tradesmen, who reported at the shipyards, eager to help to build the first vessels of the American navy.

When the thirteen ships were ready there was difficulty in deciding who was to command them. Since Paul Jones had done so much in planning and designing the cruisers, it was the wish of some of the members of Congress that he be put in command of the fleet; but Jones was from Virginia and delegates from other colonies thought it unfair that Virginia should furnish the head of the navy as well as the commander-in-chief of the army. The feeling of jealousy was so strong against him that Jones was not even given the rank of captain, but was enrolled as a first lieutenant. The captains were chosen from different seaboard colonies and the command of the fleet was given to Commodore Hopkins, who was described as "a brave and gallant seaman."

It happened, however, that Paul Jones was the first man to receive his commission and in the absence of the captain of the *Alfred* he was put in temporary command of that ship and ordered by Congress "to break her pennant," the naval phrase meaning to put a man-of-war in commission. Obeying the order, he flung out to the wind the first American flag ever shown on a regular man-of-war. This was not the stars and stripes, but a flag carrying the emblem of a rattlesnake and the motto, "Don't tread on me!" It was not a beautiful flag and Jones had no liking for it. "I was always at a loss to know by what queer fancy or by whose notion that device was first adopted," he wrote in one of his journals. "For my own part I could never

see how or why a venomous serpent could be the combatant emblem of a brave and honest folk fighting to be free."

The first cruise of the American fleet proved disastrous. Poor Commodore Hopkins' glory was short-lived, for he was relieved of his command for allowing the *Glasgow*, a British ship, to escape him after she had sailed through his fleet and engaged three of his vessels in action.

Of the captains enrolled in that first Navy List, only one has left a particularly worthy name behind. That was Nicholas Biddle, of Pennsylvania. But his brave life ended almost before his career had begun, by the blowing up of his little frigate, the *Randolph*, in his attempt to take the British ship *Yarmouth*, of exactly twice his force.

In 1776 Congress announced that all American cruisers, both public and private, were authorized to capture any vessel, armed or unarmed, that sailed under the British flag. In reply to this announcement many ships put to sea. They were manned by fishermen, merchants, and all classes of men, who were anxious to profit by the fortunes of war, and were armed with any sort of cannon they could get. These privateers hastened to the highway of Britain's ship trade and their successes were of great value to the American cause.

At one time ten thousand suits of winter uniform on the way to Burgoyne's army were taken at sea and sent to clothe the destitute American soldiers. But during the first two years the Americans won no outstanding victory.

In 1777 Paul Jones was given command of the ship *Ranger*; and with his promotion there began a new chapter in naval history.

At the same time that Congress gave Paul Jones his appointment, this resolution was passed:

"Resolved: That the flag of the thirteen United States



of America be thirteen stripes alternate red and white: That the Union be thirteen stars in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Captain Jones loved the new flag, which was so much more appropriate than the old rattlesnake emblem. "That flag and I are twins," he said; "born the same hour from the same womb of destiny. We cannot be parted in life or death. So long as we can float we shall float together. If we must sink we shall go down as one!"

Flying the beautiful new flag, Captain Jones went to France that same year to take the news of Burgoyne's surrender; and it was during this visit in French waters that the naval Commander at Brest fired the first salute ever given by a foreign nation to the American flag.

The many adventures that brave Captain Jones met with would need a book to themselves; they are like stories from the Arabian Nights. He was one of the best seamen and the most unconquerable fighters that ever sailed the ocean. Not content with attacking English ships at sea, he carried the defiance of the American people into British waters, and his name soon came to be a terror on both sea and land.

In April of 1778 Paul Jones engaged in the first naval battle fought under the stars and stripes when he conquered the English ship *Drake* off Carrickfergus in Ireland. His ship was inferior in force to the British man-of-war and the account of how he beguiled the *Drake* away from harbor and then took her in fair fight is exciting reading.

In September of that year, in the *Bon Homme Richard*, Paul Jones met with the English ship *Serapis*, and when he saw that there was no other hope of victory, he ran alongside the enemy and lashed the two vessels together. After a fierce battle that lasted two hours the British sur-

rendered, but the *Bon Homme Richard* was so badly cut to pieces that Captain Jones had to transfer his crew to the *Serapis* and leave his own ship to sink.

Here is an old ballad that describes the brave daring of Captain Jones during his cruise in the Irish Channel. It has about it such a salt smack of the sea that if he ever heard it himself, the gallant Captain must have approved of it:

### THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR

'Tis of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars,  
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'-west blew through the  
pitch-pine spars;  
With the starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung upon the  
gale,  
On an autumn night we raised the light on the head of old Kinsale.

It was a clear and cloudless night, and the wind blew steady and  
strong,  
As gaily over the sparkling deep our good ship bowled along;  
With the foaming seas beneath her bow the fiery waves she spread,  
And bending low her bosom of snow, she buried her lee cat-head.

There was no talk of short'ning sail by him who walked the poop,  
And under the press of her pond'ring jib, the boom bent like a  
hoop!  
And the groaning water-ways told the strain that held her stout  
main-tack,  
But he only laughed as he glanced aloft at a white and silv'ry  
track.

The mid-tide meets in the channel waves that float from shore to  
shore,  
And the mist hung heavy upon the land from Featherstone to  
Dunmore,  
And that sterling light in Tusker Rock where the old bell tolls  
each hour,

And the beacon light that shone so bright was quenched on Waterford Tower.

The nightly robes our good ship wore were her three topsails set  
Her spanker and her standing jib—the courses being fast;  
“Now lay aloft, my heroes bold! Let not a moment pass!”  
And royals and top-gallant sails were quickly on each mast.

What looms upon our starboard bow? What hangs upon the breeze?

’Tis time our good ship hauled her wind abreast the old Saltee’s,  
For by her ponderous press of sail and by her consorts four  
We saw our morning visitor of a British man-of-war.

Up spake our noble Captain then, as a shot ahead of us passed:  
“Haul snug your flowing courses! Lay your topsail to the mast!”

Those Englishmen gave three hurrahs from the deck of their covered ark,  
And we answered back by a solid broadside from the deck of our patriot bark.

“Out booms! Out booms!” our skipper cried. “Out booms and give her sheet.”

And the swiftest keel that ever was launched shot ahead of the British fleet,

And amidst a thundering shower of shot with stem-sails hoisting away,

Down the old North Channel Paul Jones did steer just at the break of day.

At the time of his death, July, 1792, both France and America claimed John Paul Jones as their hero, for at the close of the American Revolution he continued to fight in the cause of liberty and he was engaged in planning splendid work for France when he died suddenly in Paris.

“I have drawn my sword only from motives of humanity



and in support of the dignity of human rights," Paul Jones once said; and it was a just boast. To-day the whole world recognizes his ability and the disinterestedness of his conduct.

That the great Napoleon held Paul Jones in high esteem we know from the fact that in 1805, while he was musing gloomily over the news from Trafalgar, he asked his Marshal: "How old was Paul Jones when he died?" Berthier replied that he thought he was forty-five years old. "Then," said Napoleon, "he did not fulfil his destiny. Had he lived to this time France might have had an admiral."

For a hundred and thirteen years the body of John Paul Jones, the founder of the American navy, rested in France. But in 1905, through the untiring efforts of Horace Porter (the American Ambassador to France) and the courtesy of the French nation, his body was recovered from an unmarked grave and borne with great honors to the United States. It now rests in the crypt of the chapel at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, where American boys are being trained to carry on the work of a great navy.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### THE LAST YEARS OF WAR IN THE NORTH AND THE TREASON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD

**W**HEN England found herself involved in a war with France and Spain, there was talk among her ministers of conciliating the Americans and winning back their affection. But the time for any such action was long past, even had the King not refused to consider it. The war in America continued, but after Burgoyne's defeat the British policy was one of defense; no attack was made on the people in the northern States.

With the coming of spring, 1778, it was expected that Howe would make some decisive movement against the American forces. He, with his officers, had spent the winter "in sloth and dissipation" in and near Philadelphia, and May found him still unready to attack Washington's army.

Howe complained that his situation was hopeless, that his army was too small for an important undertaking and he begged to be relieved of his command. Sir Henry Clinton was sent to take his place, the British ministers hoping that he might succeed where Howe had failed.

On the 18th of May a farewell celebration was arranged in Howe's honor by his staff officers, who seem to have held him in high esteem. The festival took the form of a sham tournament and was carried out on a most magnificent scale.

The merry-makers embarked on the Delaware River above Philadelphia and, to the music of a hundred and

eight hautboys, rowed two miles downstream, in galleys gay with colors and streamers. Landing to the tune of *God Save the King*, they marched between lines of soldiers to a meadow, where in the presence of their chosen ladies raised on thrones, the officers—who were dressed as knights and squires—engaged in a tournament. Prominent in this “solemn buffoonery” was Major André, who was soon to meet with a tragic fate.

A great feast followed the tournament. Twelve hundred dishes graced the table, where twelve hundred wax candles made a festive glow. The supper was served by negroes in oriental trappings with silver collars and bracelets.

Before the banquet was at an end Howe received word that Lafayette with twenty-five hundred men had crossed the Schuylkill and taken up a position on the range of Barren Hill. The British general decided to capture the party so that his career in America might end in glory. In person he led fifty-seven hundred picked men in an attempt to secure “the little boy,” whom he wished to take as a prisoner to England; but Lafayette was too quick for him. Slipping away into safety with all his following, he robbed Howe of the last chance of retrieving a threadbare reputation.

Clinton’s first move, when he came into authority, was to abandon Philadelphia. He feared an attack from the French, whose warships were reported to be cruising near the American coast, and so decided to make New York his headquarters.

The surrender at Saratoga had roused the Americans to a full sense of their own power. The coming of warm weather had relieved the soldiers of their worst sufferings; so Washington decided to attack the British while they were on the march.

The two armies came together at Monmouth. Charles



Lee, commanding the Americans, lost control of his men and withdrew in disorder, but Washington arrived in time partially to save the situation. Through the day the British held their ground, but when night came they retired. After that they were allowed to resume their march to New York, which they reached without further interruption.

The battle of Monmouth was the last serious engagement in the north, although a brilliant affair took place when Stony Point, on the Hudson, was captured by American light infantry, under General Anthony Wayne.

On the evening of July 15th, 1779, Wayne led his men by mountainous routes to within a mile and a half of the fort. All the dogs along the road were killed, so that their barking might not warn the British of an approach, and at midnight the Americans rushed on the fort and took the garrison prisoners.

A year later the American cause very nearly suffered disaster through the treason of Benedict Arnold, the man whose name will ever be a blot on the page of American history.

Arnold had distinguished himself at Ticonderoga and at Quebec. It was he who led the famous charge at Bemis Heights that resulted in Burgoyne's surrender. But although he was an able fighting man, his sense of honor was as deficient as his vanity was strong.

When Philadelphia was evacuated by the British, Arnold was put in command of the town. Always a spendthrift himself, he married an extravagant wife and soon got very heavily into debt. To extricate himself, it was said that he used money belonging to the public. For this offense he was tried and convicted. He was even publicly reprimanded by Washington.

Embittered and reckless, Arnold brooded on revenge for what he considered an indignity. He opened a cor-

respondence with Sir Henry Clinton, with the intention of betraying his country to the enemy.

In 1780, as to-day, a strong fortress stood upon the rocks two hundred feet above the level of the Hudson River at West Point. This was one of the most important fortresses in the country, for possession of it kept open the route of communication between New Jersey and the colonies north of the Hudson. With diabolical cunning Arnold got himself appointed to the command of West Point so that he might surrender the valuable prize into the hands of the British.

Clinton, who was in New York, sent Major André to arrange terms of surrender with the treacherous Arnold. André was a brave and merry-hearted youth, who thought it would be a fine thing to have the glory of gaining West Point for his King, and he undertook the dangerous enterprise with eagerness.

It was a calm September night, with just the premonition of a haunting autumn sadness in the air, when a boat put off from a British ship of war and rowed with muffled oars toward a secluded part of the river-bank. It was bearing André to meet Arnold.

For long hours the two men discussed the details of Arnold's dishonorable bargain, and when they were finally agreed as to terms the sun was coloring the horizon. It was too late for André to get back to his ship unnoticed. For the day Arnold hid the British officer within the American lines. André completed his arrangements and was given plans of the betrayed fortress. It only remained for him now to get back to the ship whose sails gleamed dully against the sparkling waters of the Hudson. Darkness came again, but with it new difficulties. The river was watched more closely than ever that night, for West Point sheltered an important guest. The Commander-in-Chief had suddenly appeared at the fort.



To escape by water was now impossible, and André's only course was to ride to New York, fifty miles away. He disguised himself as best he could, and Arnold furnished him with a horse and a pass so that he got safely through the American lines. Then, with danger behind him, as he thought, the young man rode forward under the stars.

Suddenly three armed men stepped out from behind some trees and a peremptory hand was laid on his bridle rein. One of the men wore a British uniform and André thought he was among friends. To their challenge he answered that he was a British officer on very special duty and that he must not be detained; but he had made a fatal mistake. The men were Americans and the dress that had deceived him was one that had been supplied to the man who wore it when he was a British prisoner despoiled of his own richer garment.

André was searched and in his boots were found the drawings of the West Point fortress; so his captors knew that he was a spy. In vain he offered them money for his freedom. He was taken to the nearest military station and word of his arrest sent to General Washington.

Arnold heard of André's predicament in time to escape before his own treachery was revealed. He fled to the British army and lived to fight vindictively against America!

André was tried by an American court-martial, sentenced as a spy and hanged. His fate excited deep sympathy, for he was a man of such attractive character and of so many accomplishments that he was loved by friend and foe. Washington felt, however, that it was necessary to make an example of him; so the poor young man paid the extreme penalty.

He died the inglorious death of a spy, but he died a martyr for his country, as Great Britain acknowledged



forty years later when his remains were sent home to England and laid in Westminster Abbey.

Early in the struggle the American army had suffered the loss of a brave soldier whose death resembled André's. This was Captain Nathan Hale, a Connecticut lad, who volunteered to penetrate the British lines and learn something of the plans of the enemy for Washington. He was detected by a sentry, taken to New York, and there hanged. Hale was only twenty-one years of age and the fearless way in which he faced death, regretting nothing except that he had but one life to lose in the cause of liberty, has made his name sacred to every hero-loving heart.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### THE REVOLUTION CARRIED INTO THE SOUTH

**W**AR brings with it great hardship and America had paid a heavy price for every year of her struggle toward freedom. Thousands of her sons had perished in battle or died from disease caused by insanitary conditions. Trade did not exist and fields went unplanted. There was such a scarcity of money in the country that Congress was forced to issue a paper currency to pay the soldiers; but this was of so little value that, as Washington remarked, a wagon-load of money would scarcely buy a wagon-load of provisions.

Terrible bitterness grew up in the hearts of the people against a government whose selfishness had caused all this suffering and the name of England became hateful in America where it had once been loved.

The more far-sighted of the British ministers were beginning to realize that Pitt had spoken as a true prophet when, in his famous protest against the American war, he had said: "I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtue and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibility. *My lords, you cannot conquer America!*"

Sir Henry Clinton, now in command of all the British troops in America, was wise enough to see that it was indeed impossible to conquer the northern and middle States, for the people were not subdued there even when their armies were beaten. But he hoped that in the South, where the population was scattered and largely composed of slaves, he might stand a chance of victory. He be-

lieved, and not without foundation, that in Georgia and in the Carolinas there were yet many loyalists who would welcome the King's troops. He therefore pushed forward preparations for a campaign in the South. His plan was to win a way along the Savannah River and then approach Charleston by land.

Colonel Campbell was sent round by sea with thirty-four hundred men, and General Prevost, the British Governor of East Florida, was ordered to join him with a force of Tories who were eager to have a part in the plundering of the rich plantations of Georgia.

General Robert Howe, the American commander in charge of the defense, trusted too much to the swampy character of the ground for protection against surprise and so failed to guard sufficiently the flank of his army. A crafty negro led a detachment of the British through a rice-swamp so that they were able to fall upon the Americans from the side, while at the same time a fierce onslaught was made in the front. Howe was defeated, his stores confiscated, and the southern bank of the river, for one hundred and fifty miles above Savannah, was claimed by the British.

Campbell, delighted with his success, promised protection to the inhabitants on condition that they would "support the royal government with their arms." Those who refused to do this were crowded on board prison-ships, where most of them died of infection. Some of the people fled to South Carolina rather than join the British standard, but many of the planters preferred to save their lives and property by making professions of loyalty.

In 1779, the Americans, assisted by the French fleet, made an attempt to recapture Savannah, but failed. After this the war degenerated into a series of brutal raids and skirmishes. Some towns and numerous farmhouses



were burned by the English, who were learning to plunder and pillage without mercy.

On the frontier the fighting was particularly ruthless, for there the Indians were persuaded to join the British and they introduced their horrible methods of warfare into the contest. Wyoming, a prosperous settlement on the Pennsylvania frontier, was surprised by a company of these savages. The small force of soldiers who defended the place was overpowered and the inhabitants were massacred. A few months later the Americans avenged this outrage by sending General Sullivan with four thousand men into the Indian territory to burn the villages and drive the Red Men away from the frontier.

Charleston was taken by a British fleet and army in May, 1780. The Americans seemed everywhere to be losing ground. The command of all the troops in the South had been given to General Gates, who, in spite of the reputation he had gained in the North at the time of Burgoyne's surrender, proved utterly incapable. At the battle of Camden, in South Carolina, Gates was beaten and his entire force was put to flight. This left the Americans without any army worthy of the name in the South; but the British found it increasingly difficult to gain any permanent advantage; for there, as in the North, the indomitable spirit of the people was in stern opposition to British methods and British rule.

The struggle brought into prominence several heroic men whose deeds were typical of the popular feeling.

In 1776, when Fort Sullivan in Charleston harbor was being defended, the fort bore a flag with a crescent on it. This was before the Americans had adopted the stars and stripes for their flag and the crescent moon was supposed to be a symbol of the faith of the people that their country would wax stronger as time advanced. In the midst of

the hottest fighting this flag was shot away. Without a moment's hesitation a sergeant, named Jasper, leaped down outside the fort and picked up the flag, fastened it to a staff, which he stuck in the sand, and then returned unharmed to the fort. In 1779 this same man was engaged in the attack on Savannah when the colors of his own regiment were shot away. Jasper tried to replace them on the parapet, and although he was mortally wounded, he succeeded in saving the colors.

Many such instances of devoted bravery on the part of the patriots weakened the self-confidence of the British and tended to make them doubtful of their final success. Two men from South Carolina were held in almost superstitious fear by the enemy. One was General Thomas Sumter, who fought so resolutely and with such skill that he earned for himself the title of "The Game Cock." The other was General Francis Marion, who, because of his cunning strategy, was called "The Swamp Fox."

In the blackest hour of the American cause in South Carolina, General Marion formed what came to be known as "Marion's Brigade." His men were all animated with a spirit as patriotic as their commander's and they seemed capable of facing every kind of hardship. They lived upon potatoes and hominy and slept on the ground without blankets. Their arms were a curious conglomeration of farm implements: sabers hammered out of old saws, pruning-knives—anything they could get; and for bullets they were often forced to melt down pewter mugs and platters.

"Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads,  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds."

With his hardy company Marion could move with wonderful swiftness. He knew every path and track through

the forests and swamp; so that it was impossible to entrap him. He would fall upon a weak point in the enemy's defenses and then be off and away before the British could saddle their horses to follow. It was

"A moment in the British camp—

A moment—and away

Back to the pathless forest,

Before the peep of day."

When he was hard-pressed Marion would disband his men, leaving each one to look after himself. The enemy would next discover his whereabouts by his making a sudden raid, in full force again, on some distant post. He gave the British no peace; yet with all his boldness Marion was famed for his gentleness with his men, his sweet temper, and his forbearance toward his foes. He was stern only in opposing harsh measures against the Tories and in restraining his troops from plundering.

An incident belonging to this period of the war and one which had important consequences was the bold march of General George Rogers Clarke, who led a little band of frontiersmen to the distant posts on the Mississippi River. These he captured, along with Vincennes, a strong fortress beside the Wabash River. The securing of these remote posts gave the people of the United States a great advantage when peace was finally made with England, for since they owned the forts they had a just claim to the vast territory north of the Ohio.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### THE END OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

**T**HE last years of the Revolution were, perhaps, the most interesting of the whole war because the opposing armies were more equally matched than ever before. Soon after his capture of Charleston, Clinton was obliged to return to New York to watch the movements of a large French army that had landed at Newport. He left the British troops in the South to the command of the ablest of all the English generals in America—Lord Cornwallis.

In 1781, General Nathanael Greene was sent to take charge of what was left of the American forces in the South. After General Washington, Greene was the most scientific soldier that the war produced; his skilful recruiting and strict discipline changed the wavering forces into a strong and dependable army.

The great problem which Greene and Cornwallis each had to face was how to make the physical conditions of the country serve the advantage of his army. It was like playing a monstrous game of chess, with South Carolina for the chess-board; for the State is divided by rivers into rough squares of good ground, but with each square fringed by morasses. For troops to cross these bogs, even in small parties, was difficult; and the transport of heavy guns and stores was well-nigh impossible. The stagnant water in the marshes make them hotbeds of disease; but farther inland, where the rivers branch into smaller streams, the soil becomes firmer and the air purer. The

great point in the campaign was for the opponents to push each other eastward and to gain control of the less marshy country.

The strategy of the two generals was about equally matched, and their maneuvers, which were watched with breathless interest, gave rise to the familiar ballad that begins

“Cornwallis led a country dance,  
The like was never seen, Sir,  
Much retrogade and much advance  
And all with General Greene, Sir.”

For a time the advantage would seem to be all with Greene; and then again with Cornwallis. But for every victory the British general gained, he suffered heavy losses, and the territory under his command began to dwindle alarmingly. In the hope of strengthening his forces, Cornwallis marched northward to Virginia. Some British troops were there already and he thought that by combining these with his own men, he would be stronger than any army that the Americans could send against him.

Phillips, the leader of the contingent in Virginia, died before Cornwallis reached him, and the troops he had commanded fell to the leadership of the traitor Benedict Arnold. With him Cornwallis refused to have any dealings, and so Arnold was obliged to return to New York.

In the meantime Washington had sent Lafayette into Virginia with one division of light infantry to capture Arnold. Some skirmishes took place between Lafayette and Cornwallis which used up time but had little other result.

In obedience to orders received from Clinton, Cornwallis finally established his army at Yorktown, which he strongly fortified. Lafayette encamped some miles away,

beside the Pamunkey River, but near enough to the British troops to be able to keep the American commander-in-chief informed of their doings.

This was the state of affairs in September, 1781, when Washington suddenly appeared before Yorktown with twelve thousand men. The great General had been hampered by lack of men and money, but now reinforced by friendly French troops (under General Rochambeau), he was at last able to deliver a decisive blow to British authority in America.

Cornwallis was taken by surprise. He sent to Clinton for help; but it was too late. The French fleet blockaded the British troops at Yorktown while the American and French armies besieged the place. The British fought valiantly to hold out against their assailants; but in a short time the defenses of Yorktown had been battered down by the American artillery. The British guns were silenced and their shipping was in flames. Their ammunition was finished and the only hope for the army lay in escape.

One dark night Cornwallis tried to get his men across the York River, but a violent wind storm arose and scattered his boats. After that there was nothing to do but surrender.

On the 19th of October, 1781, the British army laid down its arms. This surrender robbed the English of their last hope of victory. George III was not ready, even then, to end the war, but Parliament took the matter out of his stubborn hands by declaring that "all who should advise the continuance of the war are enemies to the country."

The King insisted, however, in making one last diplomatic attempt to win back the submission and loyalty of the Americans. He sent his third son, Prince William Henry (afterward King William IV) to New York, in the hope that his gracious presence would shame the pa-



triot into recognition of British authority. The royal youngster was only sixteen years old; he crossed the ocean as a midshipman, accompanied by Admiral Digby. The Tory authorities in New York overwhelmed him with flattery; but the rather pathetic visit of the Prince to the land that had no need of him was not a success. The poor boy's bewilderment is best described in a rhyme called *The Royal Adventure* that was written at the time:

"The tories came with long address;  
With poems groaned the royal press;  
And all in William's praise—  
The youth, astonished, looked about  
To find their vast dominions out,  
Then answered in amaze:

'Where all your vast domain can be,  
Friends, for my soul I cannot see;  
'Tis but an empty name;  
Three wasted islands and a town  
In rubbish buried—half burnt down,  
Is all that we can claim;

I am of royal birth, 'tis true,  
But what, my sons, can princes do,  
No armies to command?  
Cornwallis conquered and distressed—  
Sir Henry Clinton grown a jest—  
I curse—and quit the land!"

The British people were heartily tired of the conflict. Eight years of war had convinced them that the Americans could not be made to yield allegiance to any but the sovereign will of liberty.

Peace was in sight, and the Americans were frantic with joy! One man actually died from excitement when he heard the news of the surrender at Yorktown, and it is

said that others lost their reason. But the more temperate patriots were content with proclaiming a day on which to give thanks publicly to God that the long and bitter struggle was about to close.

Terms of peace were finally agreed upon in Paris, on September 3, 1783. The independence of the United States was fully acknowledged by Great Britain and boundaries were fixed which included the territory, except Florida, south of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River and east of the Mississippi.

The United States of America now stood forth alone, an infant country, ready and eager to make its own future and pay for its own mistakes. Great Britain might have expressed her feelings in regard to the new nation, in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson, written a century later:

“You speak another tongue than mine,  
  Though both were English born;  
I towards the night of time decline;  
  You mount into the morn.

Youth shall grow great and strong and free,  
  But age must still decay;  
Tomorrow for the States—for me,  
  England and Yesterday.”

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### THE UNITED STATES ADOPTS THE CONSTITUTION

**W**HEN peace brought the United States leisure to consider their own affairs, they found them to be in a serious tangle.

The people were exhausted from the strain of the long war, their fields were devastated and their towns lay in ruins. There was scarcely any money in the country, and the national debt amounted to seventy million dollars!

This was a bad state of things, but not so bad as it at first appeared; for America was a storehouse of riches that waited to be unlocked. The forests were full of fine timber, and the ground hoarded treasures of coal and iron, while the fertile earth could be made to yield harvests that, through the magic of trade, were easily convertible into gold.

You may believe that the quick-witted Americans were not long in turning the resources of their wonderful country to account; but they were hampered by the unwieldy nature of their government, which was really thirteen distinct governments held together in the most casual way. Congress had mismanaged affairs during the Revolution, and now proved unequal to the task of making each State pay its proportion toward the war expenses.

There were some years of discomfort and discontent before the people realized that to be free did not mean to be shiftless. But gradually they came to see that they must agree upon a more workable form of government: one that would draw the States into a truer union and compel



obedience to an authority that should stand for the public good.

If you have watched a child learning to walk, you can form some idea of the hesitations and false starts made by the United States in their years of political infancy. Every known form of government was proposed to solve the difficulties of the youthful nation. It was even hinted that the mantle of kingship had fallen from heaven upon the broad shoulders of George Washington, who was expected by some of his admirers to rule (as by right divine) the country that he so faithfully had served. But this idea horrified Washington; for the only kingdom that he craved was that of his home.

At the close of the war the Commander-in-Chief had sheathed his sword and gladly turned his face toward beautiful Mount Vernon. He asked nothing better than to live out his days in the quiet management of his estates.

To-day if you visit Mount Vernon, you will most likely approach the mansion by river, and the tolling of the ship's bell, before you reach the landing-stage, will remind you that the stately house with its pillared porches is but the shrine of sacred memories. But in the days when it was a home, when General Washington and his lady lived there, the entire estate pulsed with life. Song floated up to the "big house" from the white-washed cabins of the negroes, and the busy sounds of industry mingled with the gentle *slap-slapping* of the river against its pleasant banks. An extract from the diary of a visitor to Mount Vernon in 1785 gives some conception of the plantation as it was then:

"I rose early and took a walk about the General's grounds, which are really beautifully laid out. He has about four thousand acres well cultivated, and superintends the whole himself. Indeed his great pride now is to be thought the first farmer in America. . . . It is astonish-

ing what a number of small houses the General has upon his estate for his different workmen and negroes to live in. He has everything within himself—carpenters, bricklayers, brewers, blacksmiths, bakers, and even a well assorted store for the use of his family and servants.”

It took no mean executive ability to superintend such an estate as this, and Washington’s pride in his skill as a farmer was his nearest approach to vainglory.

In 1787, however, when affairs reached such a state of feebleness that it seemed as though the government might bring the country to ruin, General Washington set his personal inclination aside and accepted the presidency of a convention, held in Philadelphia, to decide upon some fundamental principles of agreement that would strengthen the nation. It never occurred to the people to do away with the dividing-lines and make themselves into one state, so strong was the old feeling of separateness that had grown up in the colonies, and it took all of Washington’s diplomacy to persuade the members from the different States to lay aside petty jealousy and form a strong central government.

The discussions in the Convention sometimes grew so heated and the delegates so dissatisfied that they withdrew. It was on one of these occasions that the aged and much loved Franklin rose in his place and proposed that henceforth the sessions should open with prayer. “There is no hope,” he said, “except from Heaven; the wit of man has been exhausted.”

It must have been the prayer that enabled the Convention to weather the worst storms of jealousy so that the delegates at length framed the Constitution as it was finally adopted—the same Constitution that, with a few amendments, governs the United States to-day. Under its decree the machinery of government is divided into three parts, each of which is confined to its own duties.



There is, first, the law-making, or Legislative Department which is called in the Constitution "the Congress." It is divided into two parts: a House of Representatives, chosen by the people, and a Senate chosen by the legislatures of the different States. It was decreed that each State should have its own two houses of legislation and a governor, to deal with such affairs as alone concern the State and are not, therefore, brought before the general government.

Second, there is the department that carries out the laws. It is known as the Executive Department and is made up of the President and those appointed under him. The President of the United States is chosen for four years. During his term of office he is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and he appoints all the executive officers, with the consent of the Senate. A Vice-President also is chosen, so that in case of the President's death or resignation there is some one to take his place.

The third department provided for under the Constitution is the Judicial Department. It consists of the Supreme Court of the United States and such lower courts as Congress may establish. The Judges of the United States Court are appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate.

An important provision in the Constitution gave Congress the right to stop the bringing of slaves into the country after the year 1808. Another pertinent clause provides that Congress shall not interfere with religious freedom, or with the freedom of speech or with the freedom of the press.

Having passed the Constitution, the Convention sent it to Congress, whose members were charged to submit it to the different States for consideration. As soon as nine States ratified it, the new government was to be put into operation.



Nearly a year went by before the States agreed to accept the Constitution; but finally it was ratified, and the next step was to choose a President. This was not a difficult task, for the people were unanimous in their demand for General Washington. It had been arranged that the new government should begin on the first Wednesday in March, 1789, which fell on the 4th. On the evening of the 3rd, a salute was fired from the battery at New York—the solemn farewell to the old form of government, for the Constitution was to replace it. At daybreak, at noon, and at six in the evening of the next day, March 4th, guns again boomed out and all the church bells rang a welcome to the Constitution. The beginning of the new government, however, was delayed for nearly two months.

## CHAPTER XL

### THE INAUGURATION OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT

**W**ASHINGTON had enjoyed only five short years of the quiet life that he loved; but he who had never refused the call of public duty once again put personal inclination aside and took his place as the foremost figure in American affairs, assuming courageously the difficulties of unraveling the tangle of the new Republic. He was elected without a dissenting voice, and John Adams, of Massachusetts, was chosen Vice-President.

It was on the 14th of April, 1789, that Washington received news of his election. On the 16th he left Mount Vernon for New York, where Congress was then in session. There were, of course, no railroads at that time and the General traveled in his own coach. The country roads were sweet with spring, and the singing of a myriad birds made music as the rumbling grandeur of the Mount Vernon equipage rolled on beneath the flowering trees. This journey was an opportunity for the people to do honor to their hero. Everywhere they greeted him with love and confidence, secure in the belief that his wisdom and sagacity were all that the States needed to bring them out of the bondage of their own mistakes.

Fine clothes that had been put away in lavender for many years, again saw the light of day. Gentlemen on horseback escorted Washington from place to place and the people vied with one another in pressing the hospitality of their homes upon the traveler.

When the coach clattered into Philadelphia the joy of

the citizens knew no bounds. Bells rang, cannons were fired, and the civic and military authorities paraded the streets. At Trenton when Washington reached the bridge over which he had led a victorious little army to fight the battle of Princeton, he passed under a triumphal arch put up by the women. It consisted of thirteen pillars upholding a large dome surmounted by a sunflower, with the inscription, "To thee alone." Another legend read, "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters."

Just beyond the bridge the women of Trenton were waiting to receive Washington and as he passed under the dome they began to sing:

"Welcome, Mighty Chief, once more  
Welcome to this grateful shore.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,  
Those thy conquering arms did save,  
Build for thee triumphal bowers—  
Strew ye fair his way with flowers,  
Strew your Hero's way with flowers."

As the last lines were sung a bevy of little girls stepped forward and scattered flowers before the newly elected President. He was deeply touched by this pretty ceremony. He thanked the children in words that they never forgot, and before leaving Trenton the next morning he wrote a few lines to their mothers.

At Elizabethtown, he was met by a deputation from Congress with a splendid barge that had been built to carry him to New York. This barge was manned by thirteen master pilots dressed in white and was escorted by six other barges bearing high officials of the old Confederation.

At the entrance to New York Bay, a crowd of river craft all gay with flags fell into line, until the procession



stretched out for over a mile. In this fashion the pageant swept on toward New York, past the Spanish warship *Galveston*, which fired a salute; past the ship *North Carolina* which echoed the Spaniard's courtesy with the discharge of thirteen guns, and so around the head of Governor's Island and to the landing-place at Murray's Wharf. Here Washington stepped on to a carpeted stair, where he was received by Governor Clinton and a multitude of cheering citizens and escorted by all the troops in the city to a house made ready for his use.

That evening New York was brilliantly illuminated and a display of fireworks took place, while songs and odes written for the occasion were sung or recited in every tavern of the city. The most popular of these was a song sung to the air of *God Save the King*:

"Hail, thou auspicious day!  
For let America  
Thy praise resound.  
Joy to our native land!  
Let ev'ry heart expand,  
For Washington's at hand,  
With glory crowned."

On the 30th of April, a week after his arrival in New York, Washington took a solemn oath to support the Constitution of his beloved country. This ceremony took place on the balcony of Federal Hall. The windows and house-tops of the neighboring buildings were crowded with spectators and a great throng of people filled the street, their eyes all focused on the upright person of their chosen leader, who stood near the balcony railing. Behind him were gathered many of the ablest and most prominent men of America. Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York, administered the oath of office and

when the last words had been uttered he turned to the people and cried out: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

The cry was instantly taken up, and amid the hurrahs of thousands of enthusiastic men and women there sounded the boom of thirteen guns from the battery, announcing that the new government was completely organized.

It was now the President's duty to enter the Senate Chamber and deliver an address to each branch of the national legislature. His speeches were earnest and to the point, but his voice was broken and hoarse with emotion and there was trace of embarrassment in his manner; for the first President was a modest man with no exalted opinion of his own worth. He declared his conviction that the same Great Being who had brought the American people safely through the long struggle for independence, would still watch over their efforts to do right and help them to establish on a firm basis a form of government that would be respected by all the world.

The formalities of the day were closed with a religious service held in St. Paul's church.

That evening bonfires were lighted in the streets, candles were put in the windows of the houses, and paper lanterns swung in bright festoons from door to door. Everywhere there was rejoicing; and when the last flicker of the illumination, which was a symbol of content, had burned down and the tired city went to rest, the calmly glowing stars took up the happy watch and seemingly endorsed the drowsy murmur of the sleeping people: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

"My station," Washington had said to the crowd that saw him take the oath of office, "is new. I walk on untrodden ground." But who so fit as he to be the pioneer President, to set an example for all time? We call him

**"The Father of His Country"; but he is more than that. He is the Sir Galahad of American history—the true Knight whose "strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure."**



## CHAPTER XLI

### THROUGH THE FIRST ADMINISTRATION

**W**ASHINGTON was called "not merely to preside over a nation, to administer a government—but to make a nation—to create a government." He appointed John Jay first Chief Justice of the new republic; Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of Foreign Affairs—later called Secretary of State; and General Henry Knox, Secretary of War; but a more difficult post to fill was that of Secretary of the Treasury.

In spite of all that the old Congress could do, the States had paid little heed to their money obligations. The most urgent question, therefore, that the new government had to deal with was that of finance. The national debt had to be met, the national credit re-established, and the soldiers who had fought in the Revolutionary War and were clamoring for their long deferred pay had to be satisfied. After careful consideration the President appointed Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury.

Hamilton possessed the genius of a great financier. His career had been a remarkable one. Born in the West Indian island of Nevis, he was the son of a Scotch merchant who had married a French girl. His friends saw that he was a boy of unusual ability and he was sent to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, to get a better education than his home provided. In 1774 Hamilton entered King's College (now Columbia University) in New York. While he was there the first open disagreement between Great Britain and the colonies occurred and this student of eighteen wrote a series of papers in defense of colonial

rights which brought him to the notice of the chief American leaders. He fought under Washington in the War of Independence and was for a time the General's aide-de-camp. When peace was declared he left the army with the rank of colonel and, after some years of legal study, became one of the most prominent lawyers in New York.

Hamilton had a great deal to do with the shaping of the Constitution, and his clear grasp of ways and means qualified him to deal with the most pressing questions of the day. He did such able work in the department to which he was appointed that Daniel Webster said of him: "He smote the rock of national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit and it sprung upon its feet."

There were, of course, many people ready to object to Hamilton's methods of raising money. He imposed duties on shipping, on goods imported from abroad, and on spirits manufactured at home. The taxation aroused resistance from those who felt it to be a restriction on their liberty, or who deemed that it might be as inconvenient to pay taxes to a home government as it had been to pay them to the British King. During the second session of the first Congress the people split into two great political parties. Those who supported the Administration and believed in Alexander Hamilton's policy were known as Federalists, while those who feared the power of the Constitution and opposed Hamilton's policy were called Federal Republicans. Thus was the great party strife born in the United States.

In 1790 the capital was removed from New York to Philadelphia; but that was only a temporary arrangement. The Constitution provided that the seat of national government should be situated in a district, of not more than ten square miles, over which it should have complete control. Already the necessary buildings were being erected



on the site chosen beside the Potomac River, where the capital of the United States now stands—a beautiful city, worthy of the proud name it bears, the name of Washington. The “ten square miles” set aside for the capital of the United States was called the District of Columbia. In this way the names of two builders of American history—George Washington and Christopher Columbus—were indissolubly associated.

From the very first the new government inspired confidence, and in spite of party disagreement the country settled down to enjoy a season of comparative peace and of steady growth. Commerce revived, and the stars and stripes became familiar on every sea. There were serious wars with the Indians on the frontier, but these only helped to strengthen the sense of union among the States, for in striving against a common foe the people of the new republic learned to depend on one another in a way that made for mutual understanding.

At the end of the eighteenth century the entire United States was not much larger, geographically, than the present State of Texas. But the border settlers were growing restless; their eyes turned eagerly toward the vast unknown, and their thoughts went before them, subduing the wilderness in the direction of the Great Lakes. The governmental authorities felt little interest in the vast regions toward the northwest; they had no desire to widen their boundaries and so add to their already heavy responsibilities. They felt that the Indians had a just right to this far-away land and they tried to restrain the frontiersmen from pushing beyond the Ohio. But it would have been as well to try to hold back the sea at high tide! The hour for expansion had struck and the United States had to begin its slow conquest of the land that stretched out in the direction of the Rocky Mountains—of which the white men had never heard—and so on across the continent.



At first the way was checkered with defeat. The Indians were loath to give way before the tide of immigration; and the English agents, at work among the savages, encouraged them to resist the Americans and supplied them with munitions of war. The English wished to keep the fur trade for their merchants, and for this reason it was to their advantage to have the Indians lords of the soil.

In the old days the pleasant land south of the Ohio had been a favorite hunting and fighting ground for the Indians. Because of the massacres that had taken place there, they called this land Kentucky, which means "dark and bloody ground." Now once again Kentucky was to be a battle-field. Daniel Boone, a famous American pioneer, had discovered that it was desirable land and the frontier folk were not long in following him into the fertile forests. Many of the Indians united in resenting this invasion and soon the ground was "dark and bloody" on both sides of the Ohio.

Particularly pronounced in this Indian war was the treachery and cunning of the Red Men. It was impossible to tell friend from foe, since the blackest-hearted enemy was loudest in his protestations of friendship. A story is told of a raid made by some twenty-five Wyandot and Delaware Indians upon a little settlement that had sprung up near where Marietta, Ohio, now stands. The settlers had treated the Indians with much kindness and had never wronged any of the red race. For several months the savages had come and gone, accepting the hospitality offered them by the white men with all apparent friendship. But in the twilight of a January evening the Indians crossed the frozen Muskingum and silently approached the unprotected homes of the settlers. When they entered the cabins the women, who were busy frying meat for supper, kindly offered food to their uninvited guests. But once within the houses the Indians dropped

the pretense of friendliness and shot or tomahawked men, women, and children.

Such outrages as this roused the United States authorities into sending General Harmar against the savages. He was no match, however, for the Indian chiefs, Blue Jacket and Little Turtle, who outwitted him and destroyed his troops.

In 1791 General St. Clair was selected to put down the Indian insurrection; but he was old and weak and possessed of none of the qualities—except personal bravery—that make a great general. The troops that he led were mostly untrained men who enlisted for the reward of two dollars a month, which was the usual rate of pay for soldiers in the army! Washington, who never forgot the bitterness of Braddock's defeat, warned St. Clair of the necessity for guarding against surprise; yet that unhappy general led his men into the first trap that the Indians laid for them.

On a dark November morning, when the snow lay thick in the forests, the United States troops were surrounded by an almost invisible foe. The musketry fire of the Indians poured upon the panic-stricken Americans from every side and when the smoke of battle hung like a curtain between the white men and their tormentors, the Indians closed in upon them, shooting down the troops "as hunters slaughter a herd of standing buffalo." No one ever knew the number of the Indians. The white men who survived could only say that they had seen little except smoke; but once or twice the cloud lifted and a glimpse was caught of a terrible figure flitting through the gloom—an Indian streaked with war-paint and smeared with oil and grime, the feathers of a hawk and eagle braided in his coarse hair. This was Chief Little Turtle, who led the Indians to the attack.

The army was completely routed, at least one-half being



killed or wounded. St. Clair was powerless to check the ignominious flight of the remnant of his troops. When Washington heard of this defeat he was very angry. For once his calm dignity forsook him and he burst out in scathing abuse against St. Clair. "‘You know how the Indians fight us. Beware of a *surprise!*’ He went off with that, my last warning, ringing in his ears," said the President. "And yet he has suffered that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against! How can he answer to his country?" But when the excitement of the moment had passed, Washington’s fine sense of justice prevailed and he saw to it that St. Clair was mercifully treated, for although he had failed as a general his honorable character and personal courage were beyond reproach.

General Anthony Wayne, in command of three thousand men, was sent in 1794 to parley with the Indians. Wayne was usually known as "Mad Anthony," so daring had been the courage he had shown during the Revolution. The Indians had their own name for him—"The Chief who Never Sleeps," because his bravery was coupled with a prudence that meant eternal watchfulness. He did not intend to be surprised by the wily enemy.

Wayne’s instructions were to bring about a friendly understanding with the Indians, if such a thing were possible; but they refused to listen to any terms of peace that did not acknowledge the Ohio River as the boundary between them and the United States. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to resort once again to the sword. The Americans attacked and defeated the savages, driving them from their hiding-places near the Maumee River by a famous bayonet-charge which was followed up by the burning of several Indian settlements. These prompt measures left the Red Men so weakened that they were



glad to make terms with Wayne; and a peace was arranged which lasted for eighteen years.

Fighting with the Indians in these bloody wars there had been a white man, named William Wells. When a boy of twelve he had been stolen by the Miamis, and had grown up among them like any other young warrior. His Indian name was Black Snake and he was married to a sister of the Chief Little Turtle. Fighting by the side of his brother-in-law, the great war-chief, he had slain many a United States soldier with his own hand. But suddenly dim memories of his childhood came back to him and he was possessed by a longing to return to his own people. He gave himself up to Wayne, who received him with much favor and made him chief of his scouts. It is said that Wells parted from Little Turtle on friendly terms, and it is certain that when the campaign was over he was joined by his Indian wife and half-breed children.

There were other white men fighting with the Indians who had not the excuse of having grown up with them. Wayne was disgusted to find that there were Canadians fighting on the side of the Red Men in the battle of the Maumee, and when the Americans came generally to know that British subjects were siding with the savages, indignation waxed so strong that a new war with Great Britain was threatened. Already public sentiment had been aroused by the illegal seizure of some American vessels by British cruisers. Washington, however, averted trouble by sending John Jay to England to conclude a treaty which provided that the debts due to British merchants at the opening of the Revolution should be paid by the United States and that Britain should cease to interfere in the affairs of the Indians northwest of the United States frontier and that they should surrender every vestige of claim to the forts north of the Ohio.

"Jay's Treaty" was not popular in America. It was

positively exasperating to the French, who were engaged in war with England and thought that the United States was in honor bound to help them against Great Britain. American citizens had been keenly interested in the progress of the French Revolution and Washington's policy of strict neutrality had turned the feelings of many of his countrymen against him. He was accused of base ingratitude to France for the timely help rendered to the United States in 1781; but Washington was no weathercock to be affected by every wind of public opinion. He knew that to go to war with Great Britain at this period, before the States had had time to recover from the Revolution, might prove fatal to the youthful republic. He therefore wisely kept his country free from alliances with either of the contending nations.

Washington was President of the United States through two terms of office: that is through the first eight years of constitutional government. But he declined to serve a third term and in September, 1796, he issued a farewell address to his countrymen and in the following March retired from office. After a hotly contested election, John Adams was chosen to be the second President of the United States, with Thomas Jefferson for Vice-President.

For three years after his withdrawal from public life, Washington lived quietly at Mount Vernon. There he died, on December 14, 1799. He was mourned by the whole nation, although the service he had rendered to America could hardly be reckoned at that time. It takes a long perspective of history to judge of a man's true greatness, and although the Americans of his own day loved and revered Washington, the present generation is in a better position than they were to appreciate his splendid qualities, both as a man and as a patriot. He it

was, more than any other one man, who helped the United States to strive toward an ideal, so that

“When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.”



## CHAPTER XLII

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, YIELDING PLACE TO THE  
NEW"

**J**OHAN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, was no new figure in the forefront of American affairs. He had been one of the chief agitators against the Stamp Act in 1765. Later he became an important member of the Continental Congress and he was the first to advocate the Declaration of Independence, although it was written by Thomas Jefferson. He was chosen as one of the commissioners to settle the terms of peace with the English, after the Revolutionary War; and he was the first minister to be sent to Great Britain by the United States.

As a president, Adams lacked the dignity that had distinguished Washington. He possessed an irritable temper and in spite of his intense desire for his country's good, he was not above personal bitterness. The opposition that he met with from his old friend Jefferson, now leader of the rival party, made him quarrelsome and seriously aggravated the difficulties of his administration.

At the very beginning of his presidency, Adams was confronted by a grave problem in the relationship between the United States and France. In 1789 the French Revolutionists had succeeded in overthrowing their monarchy and in establishing a new form of government called the Directory. It was the displeasure of this body that Washington had roused by refusing to make war on Great Britain. In consequence of their resentment the French declined to receive a United States minister.

Now Adams, wishing to avoid further unpleasantness,

dispatched three envoys to Paris. Their mission was to establish friendly relations between France and the United States; but they were told by the French foreign minister, Talleyrand, that in order to secure peace the Americans must make a "loan" to the French government and pay secret bribes to the members of the Directory! The envoys stoutly held out against this absurd demand, one of them declaring, with sinister meaning, that the Americans were willing to pay "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

When it was known in America that France had tried to extort money from the United States, a great revulsion of feeling took place. Men who up to this time had worn the tri-colored cockade, as an emblem of sympathy with the French Revolutionists, now turned in anger from the grasping government. It was not likely that the Americans would pay tribute to France, when they had refused it to their own mother country and had very nearly lost their all to uphold their freedom! Like wild-fire a martial spirit spread through the land. Men greeted one another with the famous phrase, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute"; and *Hail, Columbia*, then a new song, was sung from the seaboard towns to the far scattered log houses of the West:

"Immortal patriots rise once more,  
Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
Let no rude foe with impious hand  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies  
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.  
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,  
In heav'n we place a manly trust  
That truth and justice will prevail,  
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail."

Ships were built, an army was raised and the United States made ready for war with France.



In 1789 a desperate fight took place between a French frigate and an American frigate, resulting in the surrender of the French ship; but there was no fighting on land. France had not looked for war; she was startled by the commotion that her attempt to extort money from the United States had raised; so it happened that the Directory gave the American minister at The Hague to understand that any minister sent by the United States to Paris would be received "with the respect due to the representative of a free and independent nation." Later, when Napoleon Bonaparte had overthrown the French Directory and was ruling in its stead, a satisfactory agreement was made between the United States and France, and the shadow of war lifted once again from the fair face of America.

Adams was nominated by the Federalists for a second term of office, but he was not re-elected. His party had done a great work for the country. They had made the national government strong and bound the bankrupt and disorderly States into a firm union; but the time had come when of itself "the old order changeth, yielding place to the new." There was a growing feeling in America that the Federal party followed too closely the English form of government. The people of the young republic wanted something more individual, something more expressive of their faith in the equality of men than the Federal leaders gave them. What was then called the Republican party seemed to be the instrument ready to interpret the will of the people; so the presidential campaign of 1800 became a party battle of great interest. It resulted in the Republican candidate, Thomas Jefferson, being elected President, with Aaron Burr for Vice-President. The name of this party was soon changed to the Democratic party.

Jefferson and Adams had been warm friends, but their



advocacy of different parties set them against each other in a way that was particularly hard for Adams to bear. During the last years of their lives, however, the two men became friendly again and, by a curious coincidence, they both died on the 4th of July, 1826, which chanced to be the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

Like Washington, Jefferson was a Virginian by birth and a gentleman by nature. His mind was one of the boldest and most original of his time and his whole desire was to further the interests of the United States and to uphold the ideals set forth in the Constitution. As a proof of his belief that the President was "one of the people" and in no way a being superior or "divine right," it is said that Thomas Jefferson insisted upon going to the ceremonies of his inauguration on foot, instead of driving through the streets in a coach as his predecessors had done. His policy was broadly stated in the words of his inaugural address: "Equal and exact justice for all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none."

In accordance with his high principles, Jefferson made a great effort to have slavery and slave trade abolished. He was the moving spirit in separating church and state, and in securing permanent religious freedom to the people of the United States. To him was due the change of money from pounds, shillings, and pence to the simple decimal system of dollars, dimes, and cents.

During President Jefferson's administration the United States was at peace with all the great powers, but war was raging in Europe and the sea-trade of England and France suffered severely. In order to prevent capture by enemy vessels, foreign merchants sent their goods in

American ships. This gave a great impetus to the commerce of the United States. The spice of danger that neutral seamen had to accept along with a French or English cargo appealed to the Americans, whose sailors were especially noted for their bravery. A problem that had to be solved by them was how to protect their ships from robbery.

The little Mohammedan states on the southern coast of the Mediterranean looked upon ships from Christian countries as their rightful prey. The nations of northern Europe paid them a yearly tribute for letting their ships alone, but vessels from the United States were not exempt from the attention of the pirates. The Americans were obliged to ransom from slavery some of their sailors captured by the Dey of Algiers, but because they refused to give "presents" to the Pasha of Tripoli that disappointed prince broke into open war.

The daring of the Americans in their war with Tripoli has never been forgotten. In many actions they boarded the pirate ships and fought with swords and bayonets in hand-to-hand encounters. The frigate *Philadelphia* ran on the rocks and was captured by the Tripolitans, and its crew reduced to slavery. But on a dark night Lieutenant Decatur put into the harbor, in a small two-masted coasting vessel, boarded the frigate and set her afire. He then escaped with his men by rowing his little boat through a storm of shell hurled from the enemy's batteries.

It took four years of blockade and war to bring the obstinate ruler of Tripoli to terms. At last, in 1805, he signed a treaty of peace.

Seven years later Algiers openly declared war against the United States, captured American vessels and made slaves of the sailors. But once more Stephen Decatur went to the rescue. This time he entered the Mediter-

anean as commodore of a squadron, captured the chief vessels of the Dey, forced him to release his prisoners and to board an American ship to sign a treaty. After that the United States had no more trouble with the pirate powers.



## CHAPTER XLIII

### CONCERNING DOLLY MADISON

**I**N November, 1800, while Adams was President of the United States, Congress opened its sittings at Washington. The federal city was then very crude. Its houses were often separated by a mile or two of forest, and the roads were sometimes impassable. After seeing the city, Tom Moore, the Irish poet, spoke of it jestingly as

“The famed metropolis where fancy sees  
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees,  
Which traveling fools and gazeteers adorn  
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn.”

The third President, Jefferson, was a widower, and as both his daughters were married and lived far from Washington, he was constrained to turn for help in his entertaining to the wife of his intimate friend, James Madison, whom he had made Secretary of State. Mrs. Madison's influence on the social life of the United States was so great and her charming personality played such an important part during several administrations that it is worth our while to know something about her early life.

She was born on the 20th of May, 1768, while her mother was visiting in North Carolina. But her people were Quakers belonging to Virginia and it was there on her father's plantation, in Hanover County, that she spent her childhood. John Payne and his wife called the child Dorothea, and brought her up in the wholesome Quaker way. The “thee” and “thou” of their speech must have

come very prettily from her baby tongue. From her mother, the little girl inherited dancing eyes, a lovely complexion, and curly dark hair, along with a heart as blithe as a May morning.

Dorothea, or Dolly, as she was usually called, learned her letters at a school near her home, and played at keeping-house with her sisters in the sweet hedge corners of the Virginia lanes. Her little gowns reached down to her toes and were cut after the severe fashion approved by the Quakers. Out of doors she sometimes wore long gloves half-way up her arms, and on her head a wide, shady bonnet. While she was still a child the Revolutionary War broke out in the colonies and her father, in spite of his love of peace, went to be a captain in the Continental Army. It was an anxious time then for young and old. Even the little children seemed to take an interest in the fortunes of the country. The smallest tots played at soldiers, and all the little girls were kept busy making clothing for men in the army.

After the war, in 1783, the Paynes moved to Philadelphia; for the spirit of the South was unfriendly toward Quakers, and John Payne wished to be among people of his own faith, and where his family could have congenial companionship.

Dolly became very popular in Philadelphia; indeed, in a quiet way, she was a belle; but the cost of supporting a large family in the city proved too heavy a burden for her father, who had lost a great deal of property through the war. The failure of a business venture, which he had undertaken to mend his fortunes, had much to do with his early death; but before he died he was happy in seeing his daughter Dolly married to a young Quaker lawyer, James Todd.

This marriage was probably not a matter of much sentiment; although the two years of married life with her

Quaker husband seem to have been very happy ones for Dolly. The wedding was a somber affair and took place in the Friends' Meeting-house. To the bride, who had an innate love of color, the drabness of the ceremony may have been more apparent than was its dignity. She had been born with a liking for harmless display that was, perhaps, inherited from her mother's family.

Dolly Todd was a practical young woman and she made a capable helpmate to her husband, and a loving mother to her little son, John Payne Todd. A second child had just been born to her, when a terrible scourge of yellow fever robbed her of both husband and baby. She herself was stricken with the fever and went down to the gates of death in sorrow and suffering. But her buoyant nature was too sane to be overwhelmed long by the shadow of loss. She got well and with her son went to live in her mother's house. While there she met James Madison.

"The great little Madison," as he has been called, was a serious-minded man of forty-three. Already he had won fame as a member of the Constitutional Convention and of Congress. His early manhood had been burdened with responsibility, so that he had little time for love-making. But the beautiful, laughter-loving Dolly seemed to him, what she was, the very essence of sweetness. Mistress Dolly, on her side, admired Madison's scholarly worth and real greatness; and when he paid her his addresses—as the pretty phrase was then—she consented to marry him.

In September, 1794, the wedding took place at the house of Mrs. Todd's sister, in Harwood, Virginia. This sister was the wife of George Steptoe Washington, a nephew of the President.

Whatever brightness was lacking at Dolly's first wedding was amply made up for now. The marriage ceremony was performed in accordance with the rites of the Church of England, and lavish Virginia hospitality de-



manded a ball and a feast to celebrate the happy occasion. Leaving the guests to finish the dancing and merry-making, the bride and her husband set out on their wedding journey. They traveled in their own coach for a hundred and fifty miles, to Montpelier, the Madison estate in Virginia, and there spent several restful weeks before they were forced to return to take up the season's duties in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, you remember, was the temporary seat of government, and it had taken on quite a cosmopolitan air; for the French Revolution had driven many distinguished foreigners out of their own country, and all who came to the United States gravitated toward the Quaker city. Mrs. Madison thoroughly enjoyed the social life of Philadelphia. The Assemblies and all the important functions were new to this girl, who had been brought up in a Quaker household. The question of what gown to wear to this dance, or to that reception, was an affair of such moment that it vastly amused Mistress Dolly. Her husband, however, often grew weary of so much dancing and feasting, and at one time threatened to withdraw from public life; but tactful Dolly wisely influenced him against a decision that would have spoiled a great career.

When the seat of government was transferred to Washington and President Jefferson reigned in the White House, the Madisons lived not far from the Executive Mansion. "Queen Dolly," as she was laughingly called, soon became a social leader. We are told that "the offer of her snuff-box was a balm to wounded feelings, and her hearty laugh raised a breeze which blew away many a diplomatic awkwardness."

Dress, in Dolly Madison's time, was anything but beautiful, and if you were to study one of her portraits you would come to the conclusion that she must indeed have been a woman of great charm to be so lovely in spite of

the fashions! It was the day of spreading hoopskirts, of very high-heeled shoes, and of hair frizzed into unnatural curls, or piled in fantastic pyramids, or even cut off and replaced by an elaborate wig. Mistress Dolly kept very close to the fashions; yet her delightful personality dominated her dress and left her unspoiled. Perhaps the secret of her success as a hostess and as one of the most lovable women in American history is that whatever Dolly Madison had to do, she did with all her heart. Her social duties were never permitted to encroach upon her home life. She was a splendid housekeeper, and the comfort of her son, John Todd, and of her husband was her first care. A loyal and loving wife, Dolly Madison had her husband's career always at heart, and her influence had almost as much to do with his prominence in national affairs as did his own undoubted ability.

## CHAPTER XLIV

### THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE AND THE TREASON OF AARON BURR

**D**URING the last years of the eighteenth century the old love of discovery still drew men on toward the west, still fed fancy and sharpened imagination until no obstacle was too great to be overcome, no distance too far to be traveled cheerfully by the pathfinders of history.

We already have spoken of the opening up of the region in the vicinity of the Ohio River. After the purchase of the Indian title to this land, people began pouring over the mountains to find homes in the country beyond. Their goods they carried on pack-horses until they came to the river; and there they built large flat boats and floated themselves and their belongings downstream to choose a suitable place for a settlement. When they had landed and unloaded, these brave pioneers broke up their boats and used the planks to build cabins, sure of their ability to wrest a living from the region they had chosen as their own.

The faith of these people was wonderful. There they were, shut off from the rest of the world by distance that is unthinkable to us in our days of express trains and motor cars. They were entirely dependent on their own efforts to tame the savage nature of the land, to make the wilderness "blossom like the rose" and yield them food and raiment. But their faith and thrift were rewarded. Nothing was wasted by the settlers and if necessity was ever "the mother of invention," it was among these care-



ful people, who turned even the husks of Indian corn to various uses, making ropes of them, horse-collars, brooms, and chair bottoms. Sheep were raised for wool, flax was grown so that the women might spin and weave. Spinning-wheels and looms the settlers made for themselves, as they made their chairs and tables, their dressers and their bedsteads; for such heavy things could not be brought over the bridle-paths of the mountains. They tanned their own leather and made their own shoes; they made barrels and beehives by sawing hollow trees into sections. Their ingenuity was endless. One had to be a Jack-of-all-trades if he was to make a good citizen of the great Northwest Territory, for this was the name under which all that expanse of wilderness country had been made known by an Act of the United States Congress.

This Northwest Territory included all the States now enclosed between the Mississippi, the Ohio, Pennsylvania and the Great Lakes. The Act that created it a territory also provided for making three states from it, and wisely forbade that slavery should ever be permitted within its borders. Thus it happened that the Ohio River came to be not only a physical but a political dividing line in America.

So well did the settlers in this new region prosper, that their produce soon came to be too heavy to be packed across the mountains. It could be sold only by floating it thousands of miles down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to the markets of New Orleans in Louisiana.

These long journeys were made in very large flat-boats, which could be rowed skilfully down the river but could not be brought back against the current. The men who handled them were obliged to get back to their starting-point as best they could, usually by taking passage on ships sailing from New Orleans to Virginia or Maryland and then making their way on foot, or horseback, over the

mountains to Pittsburgh, from where the Ohio could be made to carry them to their homes again.

Before long it became necessary to trade upriver as well as down, so the barge and the keel-boat came into use. These were boats with sharpened bows which could be forced upstream by the use of poles, oars, and sails in turn, or else towed by the boat-men walking along the shore. It was a very primitive form of navigation, toilsome and weary; four months was the time taken up by a voyage from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, and the danger from skulking Indians and highwaymen, who infested the banks of the rivers, was a serious consideration. But rough as it was, this river traffic was to be the means of opening a matter of first importance to the United States.

By right of discovery, Louisiana originally belonged to France. In 1762, however, after the English had taken Canada, France ceded Louisiana to Spain. Now the rapid spreading of the United States toward the west made the Spanish uneasy; they feared that their American possessions were in peril of being overrun by the encroaching States. Driven by this fear, Spain showed a most unfriendly spirit toward the United States; and then quite suddenly the authorities at New Orleans refused to the traders of the Northwest Territory the privilege of using the Mississippi as a waterway for their boats. This act roused much consternation in the States, for if Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois could not find some means of getting their produce to the ocean, their trade was at an end.

The people begged the United States Government to drive the Spaniards away from the Mississippi and so end the argument by force; but Jefferson was too wise to use violence, except as a last resource. He sought to make a peaceful arrangement of the difficulty by buying enough of Louisiana to give the United States a way through to the sea. Before any such project could be agreed upon,



Napoleon Bonaparte stepped in and secured Louisiana from Spain in exchange for Tuscany. Napoleon was fast getting control of Europe and he conceived the brilliant idea of rebuilding the power of France in America.

As soon as it was known that Louisiana had changed owners, Jefferson commissioned James Monroe and Robert R. Livingston to open negotiations with Napoleon in regard to a right of way for the United States along the Mississippi. By the time the commissioners reached France, Napoleon had made up his mind that he did not particularly want Louisiana after all. He had been made to understand that Great Britain was all-powerful at sea and he saw that he could not hope to hold possession in far America when he could not defend himself against British sea power in home waters. France was in sore straits for money and the quick mind of the French General seized the opportunity of replenishing his coffers and at the same time of getting rid of a burden that he might not be strong enough to hold. He therefore surprised the American commissioners by offering to sell to the United States the entire territory of Louisiana.

Monroe and Livingston had no authority to make so large a purchase, but the opportunity of adding thus magnificently to the United States was too unique to be allowed to escape. They assumed the responsibility of the purchase and a treaty was made out by which they bought (for fifteen million dollars) territory covering one million square miles; for French Louisiana included in whole or in part the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and Oklahoma. After they had signed the treaty, the commissioners stood up and shook hands. "We have lived long," said Livingston, "but this is the noblest work of



our lives. From this day the United States becomes a first-class power."

When the French who lived in New Orleans and the country round about, heard that they had been transferred to the United States without their consent, they were not pleased. Their mood of grumbling dissatisfaction was such that an excuse was all that was needed to make them break into open rebellion. In the Northwest Territory there also was some murmuring of discontent, for a few restless persons were eager to separate themselves from the Government, which seemed so far away behind the mountains, and establish an independent rule of their own. A third disquieting faction in America at this time was Texas, where the Spanish still held sway and nursed their dislike and fear of the United States. All these disturbing elements taken together offered an opportunity of mischief to an ambitious man, whose name was Aaron Burr.

We have spoken of him before simply as the Vice-President under Jefferson, but his position was peculiar, for he had received the same number of votes as Jefferson himself and at one time there was a question as to whether he or Jefferson had been elected President of the United States. It was believed, however, that Burr had not been honest in his political dealings; certain publications on the subject, supposed to have been written by Alexander Hamilton, appeared in one of the journals of the day and turned the tide of public opinion in Jefferson's favor. Burr accused Hamilton of having slandered him; and because Hamilton would neither accept nor deny the charge, he challenged him to a duel. Hamilton accepted the challenge, met Burr, and was killed.

This event caused a great sensation all through the United States, for Hamilton was well beloved and respected by his countrymen. Unusual honors were paid to

his memory; while the name of Burr was spoken with loathing. Burr fled to South Carolina, where he hid for a time, but as soon as he thought it was safe he returned and completed his term as Vice-President. In Washington he found himself a despised man; for even then, duelling had come to be regarded as murder in the United States and not as a gentlemanly accomplishment. Embittered and vengeful, Burr looked about for some way of creating a new name for himself. He thought he saw his way to becoming a second Napoleon by raising a force to conquer Texas and establishing there a republic which, in time, should embrace the western States and Louisiana.

With this great plot in mind, Burr enlisted soldiers and got munitions of war together; but his purpose was discovered and proclaimed by the President and he was tried for treason. Sufficient evidence could not be collected to convict him, however, so he was allowed to go free. But he presented a sorry figure to the world, a man bankrupt in reputation and shunned by his fellows. He had been endowed with every grace of manner and with unusual opportunities for good, but deliberately he chose dishonor and his history bears pitiful witness to the folly of his choice. Aaron Burr lived out his life despised by his fellows, and when death came to him, he was poor and alone.

## CHAPTER XLV

### WITH LEWIS AND CLARK FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE PACIFIC

“How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies?  
How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains?”

**T**HE *Columbia*, a ship from Boston commanded by Captain Gray, made a leisurely trip to China in 1791. Sailing along the Pacific coast of America, she stopped now and then at an Indian encampment while the captain bought furs from the natives to take to the markets in Canton.

One day Captain Gray espied the mouth of a great river over which the surf broke so violently that he dared not enter it. But by carefully noting the latitude in his log, he was able to return a few months later and run his ship boldly through the breakers into a river whose calm surface had never borne anything larger than an Indian canoe.

For fourteen miles the captain sailed upstream, and when he finally dropped anchor his vessel floated quietly on the bosom of a river wonderful in its extent and beauty. This stately stream Captain Gray named the *Columbia*, in honor of his ship.

The discovery of the *Columbia River* had made thoughtful Americans hope that the *Missouri*, which was known to flow into the *Mississippi* from the west, might somewhere join the *Columbia* and so make a practicable water route for commerce with the Pacific. For twenty years Jeffer-



son had longed for the time when the United States should reach from ocean to ocean. He had tried, in vain, to persuade learned men and societies to organize an expedition to cross the continent. As soon as he was made President he turned to Congress for help; and in 1803 a sum of money was voted for the purpose of sending an exploring party from the mouth of the Missouri to the Pacific.

Two young men from Virginia were put in charge of the expedition. They were Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. Early in May, 1804, they set out from St. Louis, then a frontier town of log cabins, and worked their way up the Missouri to the site of the present city of Bismarck, North Dakota. There they passed the winter in a village of Mandan Indians, learning many helpful secrets of camp life and gaining considerable information in regard to the region they intended to penetrate.

The Red Men told the explorers that after "many days' journey toward the setting sun" they would come to a gorge, "wondrous deep and wide," into which the whole river came plunging with a roar like thunder. They even spoke of a solitary eagle which had built her nest in a dead cottonwood tree among the mists of the cataract.

As soon as the spring sunshine had melted the snow, Captain Lewis sent home all but the strongest and bravest of his men. He and his followers then started on the next stage of their adventure, knowing that danger from hostile Indians might be added to their other trials. As they went on the river grew more and more difficult to navigate. It was no longer "The Big Muddy"—which is the Indian meaning of Missouri—but a stream of narrow windings. Sometimes the canoes had to be dragged slowly along with the aid of tow-lines, or pushed through dangerous rapids with poles.

It was hard work, but toward evening the travelers would halt and build big camp-fires to frighten away the

prowling creatures of the night and to roast the great joints of venison and bear's meat, brought in by the hunters of the party. Over their supper the explorers would discuss the events of the day and make their plans for the morrow; then at dark they would unroll their blankets, stretch themselves on the ground and sleep. At dawn the camp would be astir again and another day of adventure begin.

Lewis and Clark usually walked before the boats to reconnoiter the country. They met no Indians, although they often saw traces of their encampments. Whenever they climbed a hill to gain a wider view, they saw thousands upon thousands of buffalo feeding on the prairies; and on one unforgettable day, the 20th of May, 1805, they saw on the horizon a long line of blue mountains, cloud-wreathed and crowned with snow—the great chain of the Rockies!

On a day in June, Captain Lewis, happening to be alone, saw a thin cloud-like mist rising out of the distant plain, which he at once guessed to be the Great Fall of which the Indians had spoken. A few hours' hard walking beside a long stretch of rapids brought him within sound of the roaring water. A few more hours and he was standing beside the gorge into which the Missouri falls with a headlong plunge, now to disappear into a cañon a thousand feet below, only to break away again from the dark gulf, to sparkle into the light of day and go foaming in a series of cascades.

Lewis was the first white man to see that mighty broil of waters, and for a long time he stood lost in wonder at the sight which, in his journal, he called "sublime." When at last he turned to rejoin his party, he saw standing, half shrouded in the mist, a dead cottonwood tree, bearing in its gaunt branches an eagle's nest just as the Indians had described it.



Beautiful as it was, the Great Fall made difficulties for the boats, which had to be carried eighteen miles overland before they could be launched once more. This was the beginning of the real hardships of the expedition; for the party soon entered the awful cañon, which they named "The Gate of the Rocky Mountains," and after that their boats were of no more use. Horses and guides must be found or the journey come to an abrupt end.

Lewis left his companions in camp and set out alone in search of Indians who could help them on their way. He scaled the mountains on foot and after many weary days reached the highest source of the Missouri, which there, three thousand miles from its mouth, is no more than a tiny brook. Passing on over the watershed, he came upon a trickling stream that ran not toward the Atlantic but toward the Pacific ocean. It was one of the sources of the Columbia River; although Lewis did not know this until later. He followed its tortuous course, however, until at last he came to a village of Shoshones or Snake Indians. At first these people would not believe that the white man had come alone over the mountains, but Lewis persuaded some of them to go back with him to the camp, and when they saw that he told the truth, they consented to furnish horses and act as guides to the exploring party.

Once again the expedition was in motion; but the going was so hard that it took a month to get across the mountains, where there was no supply of food, as there had been on the plains, and the men suffered acutely from hunger.

When the Indians finally brought them to a stream that they called the Kooskooskee (one of the southern tributaries of the Columbia) and told them that they might embark with safety, Lewis and his followers were four hundred miles from the place where they had left their boats. But, undaunted in spirit, in spite of their half-starved and



ragged condition, they built themselves bark canoes and started on the descent of the river.

In three days this stream led into a wider one, which they called the Lewis River. Pushing on, they came to the point where the Columbia falls in a series of mad leaps through the Cascade Mountains. Safely through this dangerous region, the explorers found that the stream was broadening out, and along its banks were camped tribes of fishing Indians—people who lived almost wholly on salmon and so pitched their tents near their food supply. Fortunately these red folk were friendly, and the white men were happy to be again in a land of plenty.

Soon there began to appear signs of their nearness to the coast. Many of the Indians had guns which they had bought from white traders; the great river was affected by the ocean tides; and at last the voyagers saw “the waves like small mountains rolling out in the sea.” They had reached the Pacific Ocean. To be sure, they had found no waterway from the Mississippi to the Pacific; but they had made other discoveries of the first importance, and by their explorations they had strengthened the claim of the United States to the vast region that came to be known as the “Oregon Country.” Oregon was the Indian name for the Columbia River.

The wonders and riches of this marvelous country soon became familiar to trappers and hunters, who were attracted by the stories of big game; and so began the march of civilization toward the Pacific.

The greatest factor in the settling of the West was to be the use of steam as a means of getting from place to place. In 1804 a steam engine had been invented in Wales, although no passenger trains were run in America until 1830. The first successful steamboat was built by Robert Fulton, in the United States in 1807, and in time

it played a mighty part in the development of the country.

The train and the steamship are well known to us; they have a poetry and attraction of their own that is wonderful and full of romance; but theirs is the story of to-day. At almost any moment we can see the fire-breathing monster that feeds on miles and eats up distance, the mammoth engine that is now lord of the plains; we can see the river boats that link up the commerce of the cities, and the great ocean steamers that carry on the business of the world. These things we know; but we like to go back in imagination to stand on a hill-top beside Lewis and Clark and gaze with them off over the west, to see the buffalo feeding on the plains, to watch a far-away cloud of dust that may hide the march of some roving Indians, and to look with delight upon the long line of snow-topped mountains that form the range of the Rockies. Now the buffalo and the Indians have almost disappeared; yet the hills are unchanged. The wonderful West of to-day is not very different from the West that the explorers knew; it is still "God's Country," in its freedom and breadth, in its beauty and splendid promise.

## CHAPTER XLVI

### WAR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

**A**LTHOUGH the United States was several times tempted to take part in the conflict convulsing Europe, the wisdom of her leaders combined to keep the young republic free from war. We have seen that the Americans actually profited by the madness of their neighbors over the sea, for it gave neutral merchant ships an opportunity for trade otherwise they would not have had. But during Jefferson's second term as President a new phase of the European situation upset the peace of the United States.

The old enemies, Great Britain and France, were driven to desperate modes of warfare. In 1806 England announced that all the coasts of France and her allies were in a state of blockade, and that any vessels attempting to trade with the blockaded countries were liable to be seized. It was thought that by cutting off her food supply, France might be starved into submission. Napoleon, who had nearly all the Continent in alliance with France, promptly replied by declaring that he would seize any ships entering or leaving the ports of Great Britain.

The blockade effectually closed Europe to American ships; and this aroused indignation in the United States, where the living of a great many people had come to depend upon foreign trade. The American merchants asked themselves why they should be made to suffer loss because of a war that was not their own. Ruin stared them in the face, and they demanded help from their gov-



ernment. Congress tried to help them by the Embargo Act of 1807, one of the most futile acts of which that wise body has ever been guilty. "Very well," said Congress, in effect, to Europe, "if you won't play fair, we won't play at all," and prohibited all commerce with foreign countries. This was done in the belief that Great Britain and France would repent of their folly and repeal their decrees as soon as they found themselves cut off from the articles with which the United States had supplied them; but Europe existed without American trade and for four years commerce was practically at a standstill.

Weeds grew up on the idle wharves of New York and Philadelphia, tar-barrels were hung over the tops of the masts of idle ships to keep the wood from rotting, and tens of thousands of people were thrown out of work. There was no market for the cotton and tobacco of the South, nor for the grain and timber of the North; so the taste of injustice rankled in the minds of the Americans and made them dream of war. The greatest grievance was against Great Britain because it was chiefly her cruisers that had enforced the blockade, for the British were far more powerful at sea than the French.

A second cause for hostile feeling against Great Britain was her system of impressing sailors from American merchant vessels to serve on her men-of-war. By the English law a man who is born a British subject is always a British subject, no matter where he may choose to live. But Americans consider that a man belongs to the country in which he makes himself a home, provided he swears allegiance to that government. An Englishman who settles in the United States is regarded as an American citizen, if he wishes to become one, and as nothing else. Not having enough sailors to man her ships of war England was forced to compel merchant sailors to serve in her navy. To avoid being pressed into naval service, many sailors deserted and

went to America. The British authorities, therefore, claimed the right to search American vessels for these deserters and for men who, as British subjects by birth, could be made to serve their country.

It was not always easy to tell an Englishman from an American, and perhaps the British captains were more eager to get sailors than they were to examine their papers, for it often happened that mistakes were made. The United States claimed that six thousand men, to whom Great Britain had no right whatever, were carried off to fight under the Union Jack. When one poor fellow was ordered to get his clothes and go on board a British man-of-war, he was so loath to obey that he went below and chopped off his left hand. When he appeared on deck again, holding up the bleeding stump, he was told that he might stay where he was. Sometimes an American ship resisted search and then there was trouble and bloodshed; so that gradually there came to be clamorous cry in the United States for "Free trade and sailors' rights."

This was the state of things in 1808, when James Madison was elected to succeed Jefferson as President. He was not the best man to take charge of American affairs at this critical period; for although he was honest and faithful, he was not strong enough to defy public opinion and take the consequences, as Washington had done and as Jefferson had been capable of doing. But he did his best and was ably helped and abetted by his wife.

Mrs. Madison had now come into her kingdom. At the state ball held on the night of her husband's inauguration, no one was so wonderfully dressed as "Queen Dolly." Her gown was of amber velvet, adorned with pearls, and on her head she wore a satin turban trimmed with a gorgeous plume. She really made a very splendid great lady, and every American was justly proud of her. During her official reign at the White House, Washington life



waxed more brilliant than it had ever been before. The social vortex always had Dolly Madison for its glowing center.

In strange contrast to this polished society of the capital city were the untamed elements of the country.

In 1811 an Indian war broke out that furnished the American people with a culminating grievance against Great Britain, for it was whispered that British agents furnished arms to the Indians and encouraged them to oppose the settlers of the Northwest.

The leaders of this insurrection were two of three brothers born at the same time. They were of the Shawnee tribe. One was named Tecumseh; he was a warrior of no mean skill. The other, who was called "The Prophet," worked upon the superstitions of his fellows by his hocus-pocus with a string of sacred beans, and by falling into trances and pretending to speak by inspiration. These crafty brothers deserted their own people and settled near the Wabash River, where the fame of the Prophet's visions brought them a great following of Indians from various tribes. To these credulous disciples, Tecumseh preached that the whole of America belonged to the Red Men, to all the tribes in common, and that the Indians who had sold land to the white men had done what they had no right to do. His ambition was to form a confederacy of all the Indian tribes, in order to force the United States Government to give up the lands north of the Ohio River. So great was his hold over the Red Men that his conspiracy might have succeeded if he had been left alone; but his fanatical brother was impatient and encouraged the Indians to commit numerous outrages, which brought a speedy judgment upon them.

In October Tecumseh went south to enlist fresh recruits for his enterprise; and while he was away General Harrison, the Governor of Indiana, led nine hundred men



against the Prophet and his followers at Tippecanoe. Some of the principal chiefs met him with protestations of friendship, and it was arranged that a powwow should be held the next morning to discuss terms of peace. Harrison and his men, therefore, encamped for the night; but they suspected treachery and so were not surprised when the Indians attacked them in the small hours before dawn. The frontiersmen who formed Harrison's force were on the alert, their fires were put out, and fighting went forward in the dark. Harrison encouraged his men by quiet example, fighting side by side with them. The Prophet stood at a safe distance on a hill-top and chanted a war song in a harsh voice. Inspired by his incantations the savages fought more openly than was their wont. But soon after daybreak, the troops made a charge which drove the Indians from the field. The battle was followed by the burning of the Prophet's town and the submission of most of the tribes in the neighborhood. When Tecumseh returned he found the town in ruins and his confederacy dissolved.

By June, 1812, the feeling against Great Britain had risen to such a pitch of excitement in the United States that Madison let himself be coerced into making a declaration of war. The reasons that he gave Congress for the necessity of so important a step were: That Great Britain had urged the Indians to attack the whites; that she had ruined American trade; and that she had impressed American seamen to serve on British ships.

These grounds of complaint might have been got over by a little wise diplomacy; but sane judgment seems to have been clouded by bitterness. Certainly the war of 1812 was a most regrettable mistake, for it resulted in three years of fighting with little gain on either side.

From the point of view of Great Britain, this war with the United States was a heavy embarrassment. The crisis

of the European conflict was at hand, and already British strength was taxed to the utmost. Every available ship was needed to maintain the blockade of the French ports; so it was with untold resentment that Great Britain had to prepare for attack from her own kinsmen.

On the other hand the United States could ill afford war. More time was needed to develop American resources and to pay off the debt with which the Revolution had burdened the country; also the United States was ridiculously unprepared for war. Great Britain possessed one thousand ships of war to America's twenty! But all these considerations were as nothing.

The first efforts of the Americans in the war met with disaster. General Hull was sent, with a force of two thousand five hundred men, to invade Canada; but scarcely had he got on to Canadian soil when he was driven back. In Detroit his forces were besieged by an inferior number of British troops and forced to surrender.

In the meantime some Canadians and Indians fell upon and captured Fort Mackinaw, before its commander so much as knew that war had been declared.

These British successes removed the last restraint upon the Indian tribes of the upper country and all the savages of the interior turned against the Americans and threw in their lot with the victors. This Indian alliance did not, however, add greatly to British strength. In the first place, it meant that the British commissaries had to feed about fourteen thousand extra mouths, and the exhaustion of supplies due to this cause more than made up for any help received from the Red Men in war. In the second place, the outrageous methods of fighting that the savages employed reflected much discredit upon their friends. To Tecumseh's credit it is said that he tried to discourage the Indians in their acts of frightful violence. This interesting chief was made a brigadier-general in the British army

and he undoubtedly served Great Britain faithfully and well.

After Mackinaw had fallen, the little garrison at Dearborn, where Chicago now stands, was made to leave the fort; and as the Americans marched out they were set upon by Indians and nearly all murdered. The garrisons at Fort Wayne and at Fort Harrison were besieged by hordes of savages; but they managed to hold on until help reached them.

The American people were terribly disheartened by their inglorious failures. A flurried government tried General Hull by court-martial and sentenced him to death, because of his weakness in giving up Detroit. His honorable services, rendered during the Revolution, were fortunately remembered, however, and he was pardoned. But some one had to be blamed for the disappointing state of things, and there were many people ready to hold President Madison responsible for every disaster. They spoke of "Madison's War," quite ignoring the fact that Madison had been forced into the war by the opinion of his country and against his own judgment. The harassed President was called upon to bear such injustice and heavy anxiety that he must have felt truly how "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" of office.



## CHAPTER XLVII

### SEA POWER IN THE WAR OF 1812

**T**HREE thousand miles of ocean separated the United States from England, and the sea was well known to be the home of the mighty British Navy. To carry enough men across the water to invade the British Isles was an impossibility for the small American fleet. Canada was, therefore, the only portion of British territory where the United States stood any chance of gaining ground, but we have already heard that aggression there failed.

In the thirty years that had elapsed since the War of Independence, the Americans had forgotten most of the fighting knowledge they had gained. To pay off the national debt, economy had been so strictly practised in the War Department that the nation was not properly equipped for any kind of campaign. The haphazard army was commanded by generals who had won their spurs during the Revolution, men too old to learn new methods of fighting and too far removed from the past to profit by former experience.

The disasters that the United States met with in Canada and in the region north of the Ohio were the fruits of the ignorant self-complacency of these generals, and of the entire unfitness of the army. This failure of American plans changed the character of the war from a campaign of aggression to one of defense, for the pressing question was how to keep the British out of the United States. The seacoast towns were in great fear of attack by British

men-of-war and the country was saved from discouragement only by the surprising achievements of the United States navy.

No one had expected much help from the handful of ships that made up the American fleet. The War Party had not thought it worth while to build new ships, so sure were they that American vessels would simply be captured by the enemy. But there were several naval officers who held different views on the subject.

The leaders of the navy happened to be comparatively young. They were scientific seamen and skilled officers and they were filled with that same quality of courageous faith in themselves and their cause that had inspired John Paul Jones at the time of the Revolution. These men—Decatur, Hull, Perry, Macdonough, Morris and others—decided to go out and harass the enemy's ships as much as possible. They knew that they stood no chance in battle with the Power whose "home is on the deep," but they hoped to effect some result by annoying British shipping. To this end the frigates and sloops of war belonging to the United States navy put to sea together. They were well provisioned and were independent of either coal or oil, for in 1812 the motive power which sped the ships was simply the wind; and this impartial element filled American and British sails alike, or left the ships of friend and foe becalmed, according to its own caprice.

The fact that the main strength of the British navy was still at grips with the sea power of Napoleon was greatly in favor of the United States. The force that England could spare to carry on war in American waters was small and compelled to keep together, because if the ships attempted to scatter they were in danger of being captured singly by the United States fleet.

The Americans won their first outstanding success when the frigate *Constitution* was chased by a squadron of

British ships and managed to escape. She was on her way from the Chesapeake to New York when the chase began. The wind was so light at the time that neither pursuer nor pursued could make much headway. They were forced to tow their ships by sending rowboats ahead, or to pull them forward by means of kedge-anchors. The British set most of their boats to towing one frigate, in order to overtake the *Constitution* and cripple her, so that she might be captured. But the officers and crew of the American ship proved that they came of the same Viking stock as their foes. Their Yankee ingenuity served them too, for after three days and nights of continuous toil, and by using every imaginable means for getting ahead at sea, they managed to lose sight of their pursuers, although at one time they had been within range of British cannon.

The *Constitution* was not content with the glory of saving her timbers from a superior enemy, for later she captured the frigate *Guerrière*, one of the British vessels that had chased the *Constitution*, and after a desperate fight succeeded in disabling and capturing her.

News of the taking of the *Guerrière* was greeted with incredulous joy in the United States, where the possibility of such a victory had seemed too much to expect. When, soon after, the sloop of war *Wasp* beat the British sloop *Frolic*, the American people had an even greater pride in their little navy. Still other victories followed, until the interested world began to wonder if Great Britain had at last found a sea power to rival her own greatness.

One of the most picturesque triumphs for the Americans was the capture of the *Macedonian* by the frigate *United States*, under the command of Stephen Decatur.

It is said that a young officer was sent to Washington with an official report of Decatur's victory. The messenger arrived in the capital while a large public assembly was in progress, and was escorted right into the ballroom,



where he laid the ensign of the *Macedonian* at the feet of Dolly Madison. The guests wept and cheered with enthusiasm and the young officer's mother and sister, who happened to be present, proudly embraced him, overjoyed at his safe escape from the famous sea battle.

To aid their gallant little fleet, the United States Government ordered private vessels to be fitted out to scour the seas and plague British ships whenever they had a chance. These privateers, the fastest of which were known as "Baltimore clippers," captured or destroyed about sixteen hundred enemy vessels!

For the *Constitution*, the ship which had won the first sea duel, the Americans felt a particular affection. They fondly christened her *Old Ironsides*, a nickname which the frigate bravely supported by capturing another man-of-war, the *Java*, before the close of the year.

In twelve months the American sailors scored more successes against the British than French seamen had gained in twelve years. Five of their men-of-war had been captured by the United States navy before the British actually realized what was happening. Shocked by the unexpected disgrace that threatened their supremacy, furious sea-captains swore to wipe out the ridiculous little American fleet, and British ships cruised off the American coasts, searching unceasingly for opportunities for proving to the world that Britain's glory was untarnished.

The Americans had been inspired by their victories to invent a new type of frigate which, in strength of frame and general fighting power, far excelled any British ship of the same class. Such a vessel was the *Chesapeake*. She was commanded by Captain Lawrence, a man of brilliant courage who, as captain of the *Hornet* had destroyed the British brig-of-war *Peacock*. His country looked for him to accomplish great things with the *Chesapeake*.

Others than Americans had a keen interest in this new

ship, and in June, 1813, Captain Broke, of the British ship *Shannon*, which lay outside Boston harbor, decided to challenge Captain Lawrence to come out and do battle with him. He sent the American captain a letter, which for blunt honesty and fair dealing was worthy of the best traditions of the British navy. "As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea," he wrote, "I request that you will do me the favor to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship." He then went on to explain the exact armament of the *Shannon*, the number of her crew, the fact that he was short of provisions and water and that he had sent away his second ship so that the terms of the duel might be fair.

Proudly the United States frigate accepted the challenge of so worthy a foe, by sailing gallantly forth to fight. She was a blaze of fluttering colors as she left her moorings and a small fleet of pleasure boats followed in her wake. The citizens of Boston were so confident that the *Chesapeake* would be victorious that they got ready a banquet in honor of Lawrence and his officers for the same evening. But alas for the pride of the Americans, who learned that day that in spite of the dash and daring of their favorite commander, and the superiority of their ship, they were still no match for British seamen trained in the school of Nelson.

The fight between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* lasted just thirteen minutes. It was one of the shortest and bravest duels in naval history. Lawrence and Broke were men of the same high courage and they showed equal bravery, but Captain Lawrence was mortally wounded at the very first of the encounter and lay helpless in the steerage of his ship. His men fought like heroes, but the unexpected fierceness of the *Shannon's* fire mowed them down like grain. Once, twice the *Chesapeake* made response to the *Shannon's* guns, but after that the Americans could do no more. The two ships drifted together and Captain



Broke was able to board the *Chesapeake* and end the struggle with a sharp hand-to-hand fight. The British flag was run up above the Stars and Stripes, although with his last breath Captain Lawrence pleaded with his men not to give up the ship. "Blow her up, blow her up!" he commanded; but there were none left to obey.

The carnage on the two ships was terrible. Two hundred and fifty-two men were killed and scores more wounded. To the spectators crowding the pleasure boats that had followed the *Chesapeake* so confidently the encounter must have seemed like a horrible dream. So quickly was it over that they could hardly realize what had happened when they saw the *Shannon* with the conquered *Chesapeake*, both battle-grimed and blood-stained, bearing away toward Halifax.

The people of the United States were plunged into gloom by the collapse of their newly won naval fame; but with characteristic pluck they seized upon the dying words of Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship!" and used them for a new battle-cry. Alive to their necessity they did their best to increase both army and navy. Other encounters between single ships occurred, in which the Americans were sometimes victorious but, because of the overwhelming British fleet that now was sent over, they more often lost.

The taking of the *Chesapeake* restored the confidence of Great Britain in her naval supremacy and was really the turning-point in the war. The brave exploits of the tiny American navy, however, had their effect upon history, for they helped to secure recognition for American seamen and equal rights for them on the ocean.

The *Chesapeake* was taken over to England and for years it lay berthed beside the *Shannon* in the Medway. Then it was sold for old timber and broken up, and to-day it stands as a flour-mill in Hampshire, peacefully grinding English corn. This is, perhaps, a good omen, a sign that



the world may never be called upon to witness another battle between Great Britain and the United States, countries now bound together not only by ties of blood and speech, but by mutual respect.

When Great Britain and the United States settled their difficulties and declared peace, the sailors greeted the end of hostilities with enthusiasm, and American bards who, a little time before, had been thundering of war and deathless hate, tuned their pipings to notes of peace and assured their brethren across the sea that they did not think so badly of them after all. One song that gained wide popularity, took the form of a toast:

“Then here’s to us both! We’ve fair wind and fair weather.  
Let the star-spangled banner in triumph be furled;  
We will splice the old cross and our bunting together  
And ride every wave and defy all the world.”

## CHAPTER XLVIII

### THE ARMY IN THE WAR OF 1812. PEACE CONCLUDED

**W**E must now go back and see how the army had been employed while the navy was comporting itself so bravely.

After Hull's surrender at Detroit, General Winchester was appointed to take charge of the United States troops. But Winchester was another Revolutionary veteran and the soldiers distrusted his antiquated methods and feared that he would lead them to disaster. The American army in the Northwest was made up chiefly of Kentuckians—men of unusual courage, but with no intention of throwing their lives away simply because their general was incompetent. They boldly declared their right to choose the man they would serve, and selected for their leader William Henry Harrison, who so vigorously had put down the Indians at Tippecanoe. The Government had to yield to the demand of the soldiers; so Harrison assumed control of the army and Winchester was given a command under him.

Poor Winchester was doomed to ill luck. In January, 1813, he moved some troops north from Fort Defiance, to meet Harrison and unite with him in an attack upon the British at Malden, but before he had come up with General Harrison, he was surprised by a party of British and Indians at Frenchtown. His troops were thrown into confusion. Driven across the River Raisin, they were crowded into a narrow lane and there shot at from both sides, until, to save any of his men alive, Winchester was

forced to surrender to the British general, Proctor—a cruel man, who marched away with his unhurt prisoners and left the wounded to be brutally massacred by his Indian allies. This infamy roused the Americans to a new energy of action and made them fight with more fury than they had felt before during this campaign.

When General Proctor, with a large force of British soldiers, and Indians led by Tecumseh, laid siege to Harrison's army at Fort Meigs, the American force was so small that Proctor immediately demanded the surrender of the fort. Harrison staunchly replied: "Tell General Proctor that, if he shall take the fort, it will be under circumstances that will do him more honor than a thousand surrenders." Then reminding one another to "Remember the River Raisin!" the Americans held the fort until reinforcements arrived and the enemy withdrew, giving up the siege.

At Fort Stephenson, a young Kentucky officer named Croghan did some gallant work. He had only one hundred and sixty men and a single six-pound gun to defend his weak stockade against the well equipped hosts of General Proctor. Harrison thought his case so hopeless that he ordered Croghan to abandon the fort; but the hot-headed boy—he was only twenty-one years of age—preferred courage to obedience. He knew the fort was important and he made up his mind to hold it. The British sent him word that he would be wise to surrender at once and so save his garrison from massacre at the hands of the Indians. He replied that when the fort was taken there would not be a man left alive in it for the Indians to torture. As soon as the fight began, Croghan moved his six-pounder about and fired it from different places, so that the enemy should think he had several guns. When the fort was assaulted at its weakest point, the Kentucky riflemen were there to greet the British with a deadly fire.



But the enemy dashed forward and many of them reached the ditch and began to chop down the stockade. Then the American gun spoke again. It had been double-loaded with grape-shot and slugs (roundish lumps of metal) and concealed where it covered the whole ditch; it was suddenly fired and there was hardly a man of the assailing party but fell before it. This so discouraged Proctor that he retreated with his army the next morning. During the night the Americans did not dare to open the gate, but they let down water to the wounded men outside and finally, by means of a trench, they got the sufferers into the fort, dressed their hurts and cared for them generally.

Both British and Americans built ships in the wilderness and launched them upon the Great Lakes, which lie between the United States and Canada. From the first the American operations were in charge of Oliver Hazard Perry, an officer only twenty-seven years of age. He had brought mechanics over the snow in sleighs all the way from Philadelphia to work upon the ships, and late in the summer, 1813, he launched several ships on Lake Erie. The officers and men of the Lake Fleet were inspired by the example of the American ships at sea and determined to rival them in glory. Their first object was to gain control of Lake Erie in order to make possible a successful advance against Canada.

In the battle of Lake Erie, which was fought in September, Commodore Perry hung up on his vessel the dying words of Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship!" His flag-ship was riddled and disabled by the enemy, but he calmly took down his signal, got into a small boat and, standing upright, was rowed to another vessel, while British marksmen tried repeatedly to shoot him. Reaching the ship *Niagara* Perry sailed down the British line, broke it, and compelled the whole fleet to surrender. He then wrote briefly to General Harrison: "We have met

the enemy, and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.”

This victory enabled the American army to move forward. Before setting out toward Canada, General Harrison gave his men some instructions for their behavior that are well worth remembering: “Kentuckians,” he said, “remember the River Raisin! But remember it only while victory is suspended. The revenge of a soldier cannot be gratified upon a fallen enemy.”

Harrison retook Detroit, crossed into Canada and pursued Proctor’s army, which he came upon near the River Thames. The two forces were about equal. The British regulars were protected by the river, and Tecumseh’s Indians were covered by a morass. The main American army, under Harrison, charged Proctor’s troops, while Colonel Johnson led a charge against Tecumseh and the Indians. The attack was so swift and sharp that both lines of the enemy were immediately broken. The British threw down their arms in surrender, and Proctor, fearing that he would be punished for the horrors he had permitted at the River Raisin, escaped in a carriage and hid himself in the woods. The Indians continued to fight desperately until their leader was killed, but then they fled in all directions. With the death of Tecumseh the confederacy of Indian tribes broke up and comparative peace reigned on the frontier.

Harrison had succeeded in invading upper Canada, but it was a more difficult matter to invade Canada to the eastward. In the summer of 1814, however, an invasion was effected. Fort Erie was taken and early in July the battle of Erie was fought and won by the Americans. Perhaps the fiercest contest of the war was that fought at Lundy’s Lane, on the 25th of July. The odds were slightly in favor of the British, as three thousand of Wellington’s veterans were opposed to two thousand, six hundred and



forty-four Americans, under the command of a young Quaker named Jacob Brown. The battle was carried on in the darkness of night and both armies fought with such determined bravery that each side claimed the victory. The fact is that the battle was a tie and counted no gain to either side. The Americans were left in possession of the field, but on the arrival of fresh British troops they retreated and, before winter set in, retired to the United States side of the Niagara.

Affairs in Europe had, meanwhile, been progressing favorably for Great Britain. Napoleon had been overthrown and banished to the Island of Elba, so the British had breathing space in which to pay serious attention to the war in America. Reinforcements were rushed over to Canada, and a fine army, led by Sir George Prevost, marched southward on the line of Lake Champlain. A sharp battle took place between British and American troops at Plattsburg, while at the same time a fight between British and American craft was taking place on the lake. Because of the skill of Commodore Macdonough, the Americans gained control of the water, and this decided the fate of the battle on land, for Prevost was obliged to return hurriedly to Canada.

The invasion by the Chesapeake Bay turned out to be more successful, for British ships sailed up the Potomac and landed troops in Maryland, only about thirty miles from the capital. As the Americans were taken entirely by surprise, and had no equal force to send against the invaders, the British admiral, who had taken an oath that he would see the inside of Mrs. Madison's drawing-room, was enabled to keep his word.

A battle was fought, August 24th, at Bladensburg, Maryland, which resulted in victory for the British.

Mrs. Madison, alone in the White House, was far more composed than her husband. While she waited for news



of the battle she saw that two trunks were packed with state papers and sent into a place of safety. She even went on with the arrangements for a dinner party that she had been expecting to give. Nothing would hurry or frighten her. At last, when the British drew so near that it was unsafe for "Queen Dolly" to remain in the city, she stood upon a chair and cut a valuable picture of George Washington out of its frame, saw that it was properly bestowed, and then got quietly into her carriage and drove out of the capital.

She scarcely had gone when British troops, led by Ross and Cockburn, entered the city. They were flushed with victory. It is said that Cockburn entered the House of Representatives and shouted, "Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned?" and when his followers answered "Aye," the Capitol was set on fire.

When they reached the White House the officers regaled themselves with the feast that was ready for Mrs. Madison's guests. They made merry in the splendid state drawing-room, an apartment gay in yellow satin and hair-cloth furniture! When they had been sufficiently entertained they set fire to the mansion and withdrew.

Other public buildings were soon aflame and "The City of Magnificent Distances," as Washington was called, was close wrapped in a mantle of smoke. The glare of the fire lit up the midnight sky for miles and kindled a hot glow of resentment in the hearts of the American people.

When news reached England of the burning of Washington, Cockburn's act was much regretted. In Parliament it was spoken of as a piece of vandalism and bitterly denounced as "of any enterprise recorded in the annals of war, the one which most exasperated the people and least weakened the government."

When the same force that had taken Washington at-

tacked Baltimore, by land and water, the vigorous defense of the Americans forced the British to retire.

Both British and Americans were growing weary of this stupid war that seemed to be leading nowhere. In the United States affairs were becoming particularly desperate, for there was little hope that the Americans could gain any lasting victory against Great Britain; so all their sufferings were to no purpose. Peace was the one thing wanted by every one; for business was upset, trade at a standstill, and the loss to life and property had been frightful. In August, 1814, according to the desire of the two nations, representatives from Great Britain and the United States met at Ghent in Belgium to discuss terms of peace. On the 24th of December a treaty was concluded which declared the war at an end. The questions that had been the cause of all the trouble were not discussed but, by mutual consent, were left to right themselves.

It is a long way from Belgium to America, and in 1814 there was no telegraph to flash the magic word "Peace" across the world, so it happened that a most bloody battle was fought after the war was nominally at an end.

The southern city of New Orleans was then, as now, a great center for the cotton trade, and important because of its command of the Mississippi River. A British general, Sir Edward Pakenham, headed an expedition to take this city, and about the time when the Commissioners at Ghent were rejoicing over the peace they had made, he was being rowed with his troops through a storm to the shore within a few miles of New Orleans.

It fell to the lot of the American general, Andrew Jackson, to defend New Orleans. He was a dangerous foe; a soldier since his thirteenth year, Jackson was a tried leader who loved war for war's sake and who had won the unbounded respect and confidence of his men. As an of-



ficer of the Tennessee militia, he had led a force into Alabama and put down a rising of the Creek Indians, who had been fired by a half-breed chief, Red Eagle, to make war upon the whites and upon the Indians of their own tribe who were friendly to the United States. When, in April, 1814, Jackson was put in command of the troops in the Southwest, he had a grave situation to face. Florida belonged to Spain, which was at peace with the United States although secretly in sympathy with Great Britain. Pensacola, in Florida, was used as a base of operations for British troops in an advance against Mobile. With extraordinary daring, Jackson marched into Spanish territory, captured Pensacola, and routed the British.

Now, in New Orleans, the American position looked hopeless; for the British host that was advancing upon the city was large and made up of regular soldiers. Jackson had very few troops at his command; but, undaunted, he evolved an army out of the men within his reach. He formed companies out of free colored men and took the convicts out of prison to make soldiers of them. With bales of cotton he built defenses and waited behind them for the coming of the enemy.

Six thousand strong, the British made their attack early in the morning of January 8th, 1815. In brilliant order they tried to take Jackson's works by storm, but his preparations had been so thorough and his position was so difficult to get at that they were thrown back in dreadful confusion, with a loss of over two thousand. Sir Edward Pakenham rode forward, encouraging his men, but he was shot down. Two other generals were killed and the attack on New Orleans was abandoned. The Americans lost only seven men killed and as many wounded! Before the British could rally their forces to assault Jackson again, the news of peace reached America and penetrated into



the remotest parts of the United States. Far and near the people rejoiced to have the war at an end; with glad hearts they set their faces toward the future and the slow work of repairing the ravages made by war.

## CHAPTER XLIX

### THE STEADY GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

#### MORE STARS FOR THE FLAG

**I**N 1814, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, below Baltimore, an American named Francis Scott Key went on board one of the British ships. His errand was to secure the release of a friend who was a prisoner on board the man-of-war, but Key was himself detained during the attack on Baltimore. It was a time of awful suspense for him. All day and all night the British ships bombarded Fort McHenry, while the fort replied with a nearly continuous gun fire. Which side was victorious? Uncertain of the result of the fearful cannonade, Key watched for the dawn with straining eyes to see which flag floated over the fort. When he saw that the American flag was still there, he was overcome with emotion and, taking an old letter from his pocket, he scribbled on the back of it the words of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

“O, say, can you see, by the dawn’s early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro’ the perilous  
fight,  
On the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream-  
ing?  
‘And the rockets’ red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro’ the night that our flag was still there.  
O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave?”

Try to imagine the feelings of the young man, standing there amidst the reek and horror of battle writing out the question that had been torturing him so long, and picture the lift of his heart and head as he wrote the answer to it:

“On the shore dimly seen thro’ the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe’s haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o’er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning’s first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream!  
’Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave  
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave!”

It is not wonderful poetry, but it caught the spirit of relief and thanksgiving that thrilled the heart of every patriotic American, and the song was no sooner printed than it was sung all over the country.

The star-spangled banner of which Key wrote had fifteen stripes and as many stars, for the old flag of thirteen stripes and thirteen stars had been changed after Vermont and Kentucky were added to the United States. In 1818 it was definitely decided to keep thirteen stripes, to represent the original States, but to add a star to the flag whenever a State should be added to the Union.

At the end of the second war with Great Britain, the Americans were in a bad way financially. The revenue of the government depended largely upon duties on goods imported from abroad, and as hardly any goods had been brought into the country for three years, the income of the United States had shrunk alarmingly. But so prompt was the revival of commerce, and so skilful were the President and his Congress in righting matters, that when Madison retired, in 1817, he left affairs in a very satisfactory condition.

One thing the war had done for the United States: it



had lulled to rest much of the bitterness of party strife; so that when James Monroe was elected to succeed Madison, he was chosen with very little opposition.

The fifth President of the United States was born in 1758. He was the fourth chief executive to come from Virginia, the proud State so justly called "The Mother of Presidents." In 1776, after his graduation at William and Mary College, he joined the Revolutionary Army. He was minister to France and to England and was Secretary of State under Madison.

Monroe had almost no party feeling himself; his wish was to serve wisely, and to be just to all. He was very popular, and his administration was called the "Era of Good Feeling." In 1820 he was re-elected without any opposing candidate, for by that time the Federal party was almost extinct and, as yet, no new faction had taken its place.

In the peace that followed the War of 1812, the growth of the United States was marvelously rapid. A fresh stream of immigrants flowed into America from Europe; for the behavior of the Americans in their second war with Great Britain had attracted the respectful attention of the whole world.

All the country east of the Mississippi, except what is now included in Michigan and Wisconsin, was soon portioned into States; and the State of Louisiana, west of the Mississippi, was made out of part of the territory purchased from Napoleon. But for some time the region traversed by the Missouri River, that wonderful country that Lewis and Clark had explored, lay silent and unprofitable, the home only of trappers and shy backwoodsmen. Gradually, however, settlers from the neighboring States were attracted by the wealth and beauty of the Missouri Territory, and hitching their oxen to great hooded emigrant wagons, they followed the blazed trail of the

departing pioneers into the new land of promise. Unfortunately that gracious country was to be a land of bondage too, for slave-holders entered it, taking their living property with them.

The States north of the southern line of Pennsylvania had taken measures to free their slaves, but the States south of that line had much of their wealth in negroes and thought slavery a natural system where black labor was necessary.

Already there was a feeling of distrust between free States and States where slaves were kept, for each division of the Union feared that the other would get control of the country. So far the balance had been kept true by admitting a northern and a southern State at the same time, but in 1818 Missouri wanted to come in alone, and Congress had to decide whether the Territory should be brought into the Union as a free or a slave-holding State.

There were people in the North who thought that slavery should not be permitted in territory acquired at the expense of the nation. Others said that the southern boundary of Missouri, which was practically an extension of the Ohio River line, should be the line separating the Louisiana Purchase into free and slave territories. But already there were slave owners in Missouri—men resolute in upholding what they believed to be their right, and strong in political power. If Missouri should be made a free State, they asked, what was to become of the slaves already there? How could they be set free without loss to their masters, or cost to the nation?

The problem was a difficult one and important, because it marked the first contest between Free and Slave States. For nearly three years the question was debated; but finally, in 1820, it was decided to let Missouri come in as a Slave State, but slavery was "forever" prohibited in the remainder of the territory purchased from France, north of a line drawn eastward and westward from the southern

boundary of the new State. This arrangement was known as the Missouri Compromise and was introduced by Henry Clay, one of the most famous orators and political leaders of his time.

By 1821 the "Old Thirteen" had grown to twenty-four. The blue corner of the flag was becoming white with stars. The wealth and population of the nation was keeping pace with the increase of States, for there were over nine and a half million people in America—almost three times as many people as there were when the Revolutionary War was ended; manufactures and commerce prospered, and everywhere there was comfort and abundance.



## CHAPTER L

### FROM MONROE TO VAN BUREN. THE RISE OF NEW POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

ONE of the important events of Monroe's administration was the purchase of Florida from Spain. At the time the American Government bought Louisiana from France, it was vaguely understood that the purchase included West Florida; but against this, the Spanish Government had protested, and as long as Spain remained an independent nation, the United States did not push their claim. In 1810, however, it seemed likely that Spain would become a dependence of either France or Great Britain and the Americans did not care to have either of these powers occupy West Florida, as they might interfere with the control of the Mississippi by the United States. Madison, consequently, decided to take possession of West Florida. Part of it was occupied in 1810 and the remainder in 1812.

The United States next tried to buy East Florida from Spain, but that monarchy, though too weak to govern the province itself, refused to sell it to the Americans. Smuggling over the boundary line was the cause of much unpleasantness, and the United States authorities had difficulty in keeping the southern Indians in order without following them across the frontier. In 1818 General Jackson pursued a hostile band over the border, only to find that the savages were getting help from the Spanish settlements. Promptly, he captured two of these settlements, much to the disgust of some American statesmen, who

thought his act unwise in view of the fact that they were negotiating for the purchase of Florida. The captured forts were, therefore, handed back to Spain; but Jackson's raid had served a purpose. It had helped Spain to realize that she would best sell what she could not defend, and in 1819 a treaty was signed, by the terms of which, Spain gave up all claim to Florida. In 1821 the purchase was completed and General Jackson was sent to receive the new province from the Spanish governor.

Meanwhile people in the United States had been greatly interested by the struggles of the Spanish colonies in South America to establish themselves as independent republics. Naturally the sympathy of the United States was all with the people who desired to throw off the old yoke of despotism and rule themselves. In March, 1822, President Monroe advised Congress to send Ministers to the South American colonies, as a formal way of recognizing them as independent States.

During the next year the United States took an even firmer stand on the side of the South American republics. It was feared that an alliance of European nations would help Spain to subdue the rebels; so Monroe sent a message to Congress, in which he set forth principles known as "The Monroe Doctrine." This famous doctrine was actually a declaration of independence for the whole of America, and served to immortalize the name of the fifth President. The United States, he said, would "not interfere with the internal concerns" of any European Power; but that in regard to the continents of North and South America, circumstances were different and should any European Power attempt at any future time to extend its political system to any part of the western hemisphere "for the purpose of oppressing" the nations or "controlling in any other manner their destiny" the United States would interfere.

The doctrine further declared that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers."

These courageous principles were heartily approved of, both at home and in Great Britain; for in this matter the English speaking peoples thought alike. Monroe's doctrine stands until this day as a fundamental guide to the policy of the United States and is recognized as the wisest utterance of a wise man.

Monroe was the last President connected with the Revolution. He went out of office in 1825, and the "Era of Good Feeling" went with him. There were four candidates clamoring to fill Monroe's place in 1824: Adams, Clay, Crawford, and Jackson, but none of these men got a sufficient number of electoral votes to make him president and the choice was left to the House of Representatives, which elected John Quincy Adams.

Adams had been Secretary of State in Monroe's Cabinet. He was the son of John Adams, the second President of the United States, and he was an honest, upright statesman; but, like his father, he had not the gift of making friends. His administration was not a success, for he was unjustly accused of bribing his way into office. His cold manner and his disregard for what people said of him made so many enemies that he was not re-elected; but his best public work was done after he quitted the presidency, for he sat in the lower house of Congress for seventeen years and there his great gifts as an orator had free scope. He came to be spoken of as "The old man eloquent"; and before his death his countrymen learned to understand and to appreciate him.

In 1829 Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, was made the seventh President of the United States. He was a differ-



ent type of man from any of his predecessors; they had all belonged to families of recognized social importance but Jackson rose from the ranks of the common people. He was the posthumous son of a poor immigrant from the north of Ireland. His mother and brother died from the hardships they endured at the time of the Revolutionary War, and the boy was thus left alone to make his own way in the world. We have already heard how he succeeded, for it was he who held New Orleans against the British troops and distinguished himself in Florida.

Jackson was very popular, for he embodied the American ideal of the time. His admirers fondly called him "Old Hickory," he was so unbending and so violently self-willed. He would not tolerate opposition, but turned out of government office men opposed to him and appointed his own friends in their places. This high-handed procedure split the country into two divisions, Jackson men and anti-Jackson men.

Jackson served through two terms of office, and while he was President the relations of the Government to other nations were carried on with such ability that respect for the United States grew with every year. With regard to internal affairs, it is safe to say that as long as Jackson was in office the country never knew a dull moment. He vetoed a great many Acts of Congress, broke down the United States Bank, which up to this time had kept the public money, and refused to pass measures for the building of roads and for like improvements at the expense of the general Government, for he believed it was wrong to tax the people for such purposes.

Jackson's followers claimed to take the place of the old Democratic-Republican party, and so called themselves "Democrats." The men who were opposed to the President borrowed a name formerly used in England to describe the party opposed to the despotic power of the king,

and were called "Whigs." For about twenty years the rivalry between these two parties made the principal interest of American politics. This period of history is sometimes spoken of as the "Compromise Period," and it is remarkable because of the great statesmen who lent it luster.

The Whig leaders were Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, two of the greatest orators that America has ever known. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, was another orator of much ability. He was on the side of the Democrats.

In 1836 Martin Van Buren, of Kinderhook, New York, was elected to be eighth President of the United States. He followed Jackson's policy; but not being such a stormy man, he went to work in a gentler way.

The restless vigor of the political conflict was simply an indication of the times. Everywhere there was that disquiet that leads to progress. A "divine discontent" urged men forward to fresh endeavor and wider aims. The United States throbbed with energy. Innumerable roads were made; and canals were cut to connect the Great Lakes with the Hudson, so that grain which grew in the corn lands of the West, thousands of miles away, could now be brought to New York at the cost of ten dollars a ton where before it had cost a hundred dollars to move it. Millions of acres of fertile land which lay in the direction of the Pacific were thus made profitable to the country.

## CHAPTER LI

### TEXAS IS ANNEXED BY THE UNITED STATES AND WAR WITH MEXICO RESULTS

**V**AN BUREN'S administration was remarkable only because of a financial panic brought about by the President's hostility to the banks. A special session of Congress was able, fortunately, to handle the crisis successfully.

In 1840 the Whigs nominated General William Henry Harrison to oppose Van Buren in the Presidential election of 1841. Never had there been such wild excitement as prevailed during that campaign. Harrison was remembered as the victor at Tippecanoe and was a popular favorite. For Vice-President his party nominated John Tyler, of Virginia, and their battle-cry came to be "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." A spiteful leader of the Democratic party said that if Harrison were given a log cabin and a barrel of cider he would sit down in peace and stop troubling the Democrats. This was meant to be an insult, to indicate that Harrison was a man of low ideals and a commonplace mind; but his followers turned the gibe to account by announcing their man to be the log-cabin cider-drinking candidate. He stood for the interests of the people, they said, for the humble comforts of the workingman's life, while Van Buren "sat in stuffed chairs and ate out of gold spoons" and was a friend only to the aristocrats.

There has been nothing like the campaign that followed; it was a kind of class war, in which the working people triumphed. Log cabins were erected on vacant lots in every city and town of the North, and on every



village green a cabin appeared to do duty as Whig headquarters. It was a picturesque symbol of all that Americans held dear, with its rough floor, its mud-smeared wall, and its latch-string hanging invitingly out. This home of the pioneers called to the people, and a barrel of hard cider close beside the door added to the persuasiveness of the appeal. The voters learned to think of Harrison as the poor man's friend; he was the plain American living in a log cabin, the simple farmer of South Bend. They gave him two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes to only sixty given to Van Buren. "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" were elected amid passionate enthusiasm.

Harrison was inaugurated on March 4th, 1841. He was sixty-eight years of age, a man sincere and honest in his support of true democracy and ready to place himself at the service of all who wished to see him. His friends thronged to Washington, seeking favors of the President. He would deny himself to none of them, and the pressure of work proved too heavy for the old man. He caught cold and died on the 4th of April, just one month after taking office. Then, for the first time in the history of the United States, a Vice-President became President through the death of the chief executive.

Tyler was not in sympathy with the views of the Whigs in regard to the bank question, and he had the hardihood to veto measures passed by Congress; thus he was suspected of bad faith by the party that had elected him. But before his stormy term of office expired an important bill was passed by the Government. It provided for the annexation of Texas.

The Whigs nominated the orator, Henry Clay, for their candidate at the eleventh Presidential campaign. The Democrats won the election, however, for their man, James Knox Polk, of North Carolina. News of Polk's nomination was the first item of public interest ever telegraphed in

the United States, for it happened that the inventor, Morse, completed a telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore just in time to flash the intelligence from one city to the other. Polk strongly approved of annexing Texas and his party nominated him in preference to Van Buren because the latter objected to the new bill.

At the time when the Spanish-American colonies shook off the yoke of Spain and formed themselves into the Republic of Mexico, they invited immigrants to settle in their State of Texas. To tempt people to come into this vast wilderness region, lying between the Mississippi and the Rio Grande, the Mexican Government promised that no taxes need be paid for ten years. Lured by this liberal bait, immigrants poured in from the lower Mississippi Valley (Louisiana) and from the older States. They found the climate delightful and the soil so remarkably fertile that they wanted Texas for the United States. The American Government twice offered to buy it from Mexico, but their offers were refused.

Unfortunately for Mexico the great natural wealth of Texas and its very lax form of government attracted the worst kind of adventurers, as well as the simple honest folk who were intent upon nothing more than making an easy living. Murderers, thieves, and desperadoes of every sort fled to Texas to escape justice; so the name of Texas came to be associated with all that was lawless and uncontrolled. Within a few years the huge State rebelled against the rule of Mexico and after a short and bloody conflict the Texans won their independence by defeating the Mexican army at San Jacinto, a small village near Galveston Bay. This was in April, 1836.

When the revolt took place there were more Americans than people of Spanish blood in Texas and the leader in the revolution was a Virginian named Sam Houston. His ambition was to hold Texas for slave-owners. The Mexi-



cans had abolished slavery and he saw that the only way to gain his end was to sever all connection with Mexico. As soon as he had succeeded in this, he was elected President of the Republic of Texas.

Unable to maintain herself as an independent power, however, Texas soon asked to be taken into the United States. The Southern States favored her admission because her interests were so much like their own. Her soil, climate, and productions were the same, and she would have to be admitted as a Slave State. The North objected to the annexation of Texas for this very reason: as a stronghold of slave owners she would be a powerful factor in the struggle that already was foreshadowed between North and South. "We all see," said Daniel Webster, "that Texas will be a slave-holding country; and I frankly avow my unwillingness to do anything which shall extend the slavery of the African race on this continent or add another slave-holding State to the Union." "The South," declared the Legislature of Mississippi, speaking of slavery, "does not possess a blessing with which the affections of her people are so closely entwined, and whose value is more highly appreciated." Thus the battle of words was fought and the South won, as she usually did at this period of her history, and Texas was received into the Union in December, 1845.

Mexico naturally objected to the annexation of Texas; she disliked losing such a huge stretch of territory, and she felt that her national honor was affronted by the action of the United States. But the Mexicans are slow to act and they might not have gone to war had they not been roused by an immediate cause of hostility that grew out of a discussion over the southern boundary of Texas.

The United States assumed that Texas extended as far as the Rio Grande, while the Mexicans contended that it stopped at the Nueces River. The wedge-shaped tract of



territory between the two rivers was of little use to either party, for it consisted of barren prairie land, but from a military point of view the Rio Grande offered the strongest line of defense and for this reason Texas wanted her boundary fixed on it. To enforce the claim of Texas, the Americans sent General Zachary Taylor to occupy the disputed territory. The Mexicans attacked his troops, and so a war between the United States and Mexico began in 1846.

Taylor's force was not so large as that of the Mexicans, but he fought and won the battle of Palo Alto and then attacked and defeated the enemy at Resaca de la Palma and drove them across the Rio Grande. In May he crossed the river and took possession of the City of Matamoros. The Mexicans showed no signs of wishing to make peace; so Taylor marched forward to Monterey. He had received reinforcements, but even so his men were greatly outnumbered. There were about six thousand Americans and about ten thousand Mexicans. Monterey was strongly fortified, but the Americans boldly stormed the walls and forced General Ampudia, the Mexican commander, to surrender; although they allowed him to withdraw with his troops. The victory was not won without heavy loss on both sides. For some time it was touch-and-go with the United States' troops, in spite of their gallant self-confidence, for they were mainly volunteers and this was their first experience of fighting. When they finally won their way into the city they may well have exulted:

"We were not many—we who stood  
Before the iron sleet that day;  
Yet many a gallant spirit would  
Give half his years if he but could  
Have with us been at Monterey.

. . . . .

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
And there our evening bugles play:  
Where orange-boughs above their grave  
Keep green the memory of the brave  
Who fought and fell at Monterey."

General Taylor now felt that he was strong enough to advance farther into Mexico; but before he had gone very far instructions reached him requesting that he send back a great part of his troops to assist General Scott, who was planning to enter Mexico by way of Vera Cruz. Badly weakened, Taylor was obliged to abandon his campaign and stand on the defensive. He took up a strong position at Buena Vista, where he was attacked by the unscrupulous Mexican commander, Santa Anna, with a force of twenty thousand men.

"On come his solid infantry, line marching after line;  
Lo! their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver  
shine;  
With thousands upon thousands—yea, with more than  
three to one—  
Their forests of bright bayonets fierce-flashing in the  
sun."

All day long the battle raged, but when night came it saw the Mexicans defeated and retreating under the cover of darkness. This stand of the courageous little American army at Buena Vista was the most brilliant victory of the war. It gave General Taylor well deserved fame and later brought about his election to the Presidency.

Popular opinion was divided in the United States in regard to the Mexican War. In the North, thinking men had seen it coming with alarm and many of them held that it was unjust and disgraceful. Among these was a young lawyer from Illinois, a tall, lanky youth with a homely,

purposeful face. This was Abraham Lincoln, the man who was to gain a place in the hearts of his countrymen second only to that held by George Washington. Lincoln entered Congress while the war was in progress and in his first speech condemned the action that the Government had taken in regard to Mexico.

In the South, however, the people did not stop to ask whether the war was worthy of their support. A sister State was in trouble, and they volunteered in multitudes for the fighting. Four States alone were willing to furnish fifty thousand men, and in one district the rush was so great that it was feared there would be too few whites left at home to keep the negroes in order.

The war was a famous training school for many officers whose names came to be familiar in those dark after-years when the cloud of Civil War enveloped the United States. General Lee and General Grant gained their first experience of fighting during the trouble with Mexico. Although it was spoken of as "a little war," it was packed with far-reaching consequences.



## CHAPTER LII

### MORE RICH TERRITORY FOR THE UNITED STATES.

#### PEACE WITH MEXICO

“Blow, boys, blow, for Californio  
For there’s shining gold and  
wealth untold  
On the sunny Sacramento.”

**T**HE Mexican War had been begun for the purpose of securing to Texas the territory between the Rio Grande and the Nueces Rivers, but more important interests soon became involved in the struggle. The United States looked with longing toward the thinly settled northern portion of Mexico and upon romantic California.

The Americans particularly wished to own the port of San Francisco, because the whale-fishery in the Pacific had grown to be a very profitable industry to the United States. It employed about twenty thousand sailors and two hundred thousand tons of shipping, and would have employed more had it not been that most of the ports in the north Pacific were difficult to navigate on account of sand-bars that blocked their mouths; San Francisco alone was open and free.

President Polk was determined to secure California, not only because the United States had immediate use for it, but lest the British should discover that it would be a fine thing to have a Pacific seaport and so demand California from Mexico in payment of money lent to that Government.

The United States offered to buy the coveted region from the Mexicans, but they refused to sell; so shortly after war began Colonel Kearney was sent to conquer New Mexico and California. He took New Mexico without any difficulty, in August, 1846, and a civil government was quietly established there under the control of the United States.

California was taken from Mexico before Colonel Kearney could get there. It happened in this way: There was an uprising of the American settlers, who demanded independence from Mexico and tried to establish a government now known as the "Bear Flag Republic" because a bear was the emblem on their standard. This little revolution was turned to account by Colonel John C. Fremont, who had been sent into the province by the United States as the leader of an exploring expedition. He was aided by American naval officers on the coast, who raised the Stars and Stripes on shore. After some fighting California passed into American hands and was definitely annexed at the close of the Mexican War.

The South wished to bring California into the Union as a Slave State, but a curious accident saved her from that destiny. An old settler, named James Marshall, was helping to build a sawmill on one of the tributaries of the Sacramento River. The saws were to be moved by a water-wheel, but when the wheel was finished and the water turned on, it was found that the trench made to carry off the water was too small. To make it larger, water was rushed through it in such a volume that a great quantity of mud and gravel was washed away. This débris massed at the end of the trench. Marshall stood looking at it one day in January, 1848, when his eyes were suddenly attracted by some glittering particles in the mud. He picked them out and examined them. They were

gold! Gold was everywhere—in the rocks, in the river sands, and in the soil.

Marshall and his employer, Captain Sutter, tried to keep the wonderful discovery secret for a time; but somehow the great news leaked out and spread from the little mountain sawmill to the seacoast and from the seacoast to the four quarters of the world. El Dorado, so long dreamed of, was found at last! The splendid fairy story had come true!

In far distant cities, tired men toiling at office desks heard the wonderful news with shining eyes. They threw down their pens and started for California. Ministers, doctors, day-laborers, men from every walk in life, thought it a shame to be poor when gold was waiting to be picked up; so they all set off to the Pacific Slope to gather in their fortunes. Ships heavily loaded with passengers sailed around Cape Horn. Long trains of emigrants in ox-carts wended their way across the almost unknown region between the Mississippi River and the Far West. Hundreds died by the way, and long after that march for gold the path of the caravans could be traced by the bleached bones of animals and men, and by abandoned wagons.

Before the year was out California had gained an addition of eighty thousand to her population. They came from all countries, from sleepy English villages and from the crowded cities of China, all drawn by the great magnet of fabulous wealth. Society was quite demoralized. In California the natives were as intent as the rest of the world on the one thing—gold; so there were few people to look after the wants of the newcomers and the prices asked for the commonest necessities were absurdly high. But no one grudged paying a dollar each for onions, or a hundred dollars for a shovel when he could pick up five thousand, ten thousand, or fifteen thousand dollars in a few days.



Every miner was earning such sums as he had never seen before. Life in California was a wild romance. The men, for there were no women, lived in hastily put up shanties, or in tents. All restraining influences of society were absent; and yet in that smelting pot of lawlessness and greed there were courageously borne suffering and rough fellowship. In those days of money-getting and discomfort, men learned many things. Some of them realized that wealth is not the greatest thing in the world; many of them would have been glad to exchange all their gold-dust for a sight of their far-away families.

The cosmopolitan population brought together by the gold fever in California saved it from being a Slave State. A purely southern institution could not flourish, nor could there be any question of man owning man, in that land where all men met as equals.

It was to the interest of the Americans to end the Mexican War as speedily as possible after New Mexico and California came under the control of the United States, for they needed peace to develop the vast new territory that they had gained so easily.

General Taylor's victories were brilliant, but not decisive. The Mexicans were not subdued by them; so it was to strike at the very heart of their pride that General Scott's expedition was planned. He landed and took Vera Cruz, as a first step in a carefully thought out scheme for capturing the capital city of Mexico. Marching into the interior, Scott met with Santa Anna, who was fresh from his encounter with Taylor at Buena Vista, and on the 18th of April, 1847, engaged him in the battle of Cerro Gordo. The Mexican army was defeated and made to retreat; but peace still seemed to be a long way off.

The forward movement of the American troops was beset with danger. They were in the country of their enemy and the Mexicans were rallying in great numbers.

But Scott and his ten thousand men pushed on until they arrived in the neighborhood of the capital. On the 20th of August they won the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. Early in September they defeated the Mexicans at Molino del Rey, and a few days later took the fortress of Chapultepec. The city of Mexico was attacked on September 13th, and the following day it was surrendered by the Mexicans and occupied by General Scott.

The taking of the capital brought the war to a close, although the Mexicans were so loath to admit they were beaten that it was not until February, 1848, that an agreement of peace was formally signed. A clear title to Texas as far as the Rio Grande was then granted to the Americans, and their claim to New Mexico and upper California was acknowledged by the Mexicans in return for fifteen million dollars paid them by the United States Government. Later, in 1853, the Americans bought from the Mexicans a strip of land between the Rio Grande and the Colorado River. This, with the other land acquired from Mexico, including Texas, added about eight hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles to the area of the United States.

The new territory was so rich in gold and silver mines as to add enormously to the world's wealth, and so rich in pasture lands as to make cattle-raising an immense interest. The variety of the climate that this western country brought within the bounds of the United States made it possible to grow tropical fruits in great quantities; and, most important of all, the acquisition of California opened American trade with the Pacific, profoundly affecting the commerce of the globe.

During Polk's administration the line marking off the northwestern frontier of the United States from Canada was determined upon. There had been a great dispute

as to whether the British or the Americans had first claim to the Oregon country. This was settled in 1846, when the boundary was definitely fixed at the forty-ninth parallel.



## CHAPTER LIII

### THE MORMONS IN UTAH

ONE of the most romantic tales in connection with American history is that of the Mormons or Latter-Day Saints, as they called themselves, and of how they journeyed to the west in search of a Land of Promise.

In 1830 a Vermont man, named Joseph Smith, claiming direct revelation from God, had founded the Mormon sect. That same year he issued the Book of Mormon, or the Mormon Bible. Smith's teachings were very different from those of any other Christian leader in America, and although he had a small following and succeeded in starting a church in Manchester, New York, he was generally distrusted and looked upon as a false prophet. His authority over his followers was absolute, like that of the Pope; so he determined to take his people away from New York and into some newly settled part of the country, where they would be able to practise their faith uncriticised.

The Mormon disciples followed their leader first to Ohio; but there they found public opinion so much against them that they moved on to Jackson County, Missouri; and from thence to Illinois, where Smith was mobbed and killed.

Like most religious sects, the Mormons seemed to thrive on persecution, for their numbers constantly increased under it. Smith's death was a great blow to them; but an able leader—Brigham Young—was found to replace him. Casting about for some spot of refuge where the Mormons could establish a permanent home, Young heard of the re-

gion around the great Salt Lake. Fremont, who had explored it, was reported to have said that the valley of Bear River, a tributary to the Lake, made "a natural resting place for travelers." Its grazing lands were believed to be extensive, the water excellent, timber sufficient, and the rich soil only waiting to bring forth a variety of grains and grasses. Now the Mormons were farmers and graziers, so Young decided that they could not do better than to form themselves into one great caravan and travel to this wonderful district. Salt Lake was outside the United States, in a portion of the neighboring republic of Mexico (with which the States were still at peace) and the Mormons expected that there they would be left alone to enjoy their religion. The strange lake would furnish an endless supply of salt, and Young felt sure that cattle and horses would thrive where grass and salt were so liberally provided by nature.

With hope in their hearts the Mormons set out for the west, one hundred and forty-seven of them, the men walking and the women and children riding in the great wagons that carried their household goods. There were seventy-three of these wagons and, with the cattle and other livestock, they made an impressive caravan as it wound its slow way through the mountains. In July, 1847, the pilgrims caught the first glimpse of the land they had come to inhabit. Out from the Wasatch Mountains, the exiles saw, as they wended their way down to it, not the pleasant grassy plain of their dreams, but an arid desert with nothing growing on it except a tangled mass of sage bushes.

To people less heroic this disappointment would have proved a frightful discouragement, but the hardy Mormon patriarchs were nothing daunted. They went systematically to work, laid out their city at the foot of the hills beside a river which they called the Jordan, because they imagined it resembled the river of Palestine. Unable to



get timber, they built their houses of adobe (baked mud) and then, taking counsel of their neighbors, the Pueblo Indians, the Mormons decided to raise crops as the Red Men did, by watering them artificially; for rain was not a blessing to be depended upon in this curious region.

So great was the industry of the newcomers that beautiful Salt Lake City, with its gardens and running streams, soon grew out of what had been a barren plain. Horace Greeley, who saw the city in its infancy, described it thus:

"The houses have a neat and quiet look. They are generally small and of one story. The uniform breadth of the streets (eight rods) and the 'magnificent distances' usually preserved by the buildings (each block containing ten acres, divided into eight lots, giving each householder a quarter of an acre for building and an acre for a garden) make up an ensemble seldom equaled. Then the rills of bright, sparkling, leaping water which flow through each street give an air of freshness and coolness which none can fail to enjoy."

The running water which the Mormons had the wit to bring into their city from the mountain brooks and rivers, by means of canals and irrigating ditches, solved for the farmers the problem of cultivation; for when given the proper amount of moisture, the soil proved very productive.

In selecting their new home, the Mormons had been moved by a desire to go outside the limits of their own country; but fate decreed that they should not escape being under the guardianship of the Union, for after the war with Mexico, at the time when California was ceded to the United States, the great Salt Lake district passed out of Mexican possession forever, and in spite of themselves the Latter-Day Saints were once more American citizens. At first they met with little outside interference and their strange colony grew in strength and numbers. Because its doctrines were detested at home the Mormon Church



sent out its missionaries to make converts in foreign lands, and from time to time the population around Salt Lake was recruited from abroad. It is not strange, therefore, that the Mormon settlement had in it less of the spirit of national feeling than any other community and that it grew more and more away from the Union.

The rulers of the Mormon Church—the bishops, chief priests, and elders—came to be the actual rulers of a small republic. They both made the laws and administered them. Each member of the Mormon society gave a tenth of his living to the support of the church. All who did not conform to the Mormon faith were denied any share in civil affairs, and the Mormons strongly discouraged the coming among them of any but their own people. In time this exclusiveness came to be looked upon as an element of danger to the Union. The character of the country about Salt Lake formed a natural stronghold from which the authority of the nation might be set at defiance. This did indeed happen, but the Mormons were dangerous only because of their isolation. As soon as the steady march of emigrants from east to west began, Salt Lake City became a half-way house for traveling multitudes.

Although they profited by the influx of travelers, who bought their cattle, grain, horses and other supplies at high prices, the Mormons held out as long as they could against the interruption of their privacy; but they were a mere handful of people and they could not stay the wheels of progress. Their protests were of no avail. The absolute despotism of Mormon rulers was broken up and the Latter-Day Saints were drawn into the great vortex of American interests and their religious practises were made to conform with the laws of the United States.

Utah, the name taken from an Indian tribe and meaning "those who dwell in the mountains" embraces all that great basin, six hundred miles long and three hundred wide,

which at one time must have been a vast inland sea. By far the best portion of the State is the valley in which the Latter-Day Saints had made their home. To-day a great Mormon temple dominates beautiful Salt Lake City; but in spite of the hundreds of worshipers who throng its portals, this splendid building is rather like a monument to a lost cause, or perhaps it would be more fittingly described as a milestone in the expansion of the United States, for in setting up their home in the heart of the desert, the Mormons accomplished a work as wonderful in its way as that accomplished by the early colonists in New England.

Much bitter dissension, persecution and heroism went to the settling and expansion of the United States, and one is often tempted to wonder what America's fate would have been if no impulse had led men forth to seek regions where they would be unmolested to worship God in a new way.

## CHAPTER LIV

### SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES

**P**RESIDENT Jefferson once said, in speaking of slavery, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just."

It seems to us strange that people in the United States could claim to belong to a free country while they kept human beings in bondage. In an earlier chapter we have learned how slavery began in America. It is more difficult to understand why it continued and how men could reconcile slave-owning with their sense of right and justice.

At the time of the Revolutionary War slavery was looked upon, even in the South, as an evil that had been thrust upon the United States by Great Britain. Most persons thought of it as a temporary evil that would die a natural death as soon as the creaking machinery of the new republic began to run smoothly.

As the country grew and prospered, however, slave labor became an ever-increasing source of profit; so that, while men still deplored slavery, they made no definite move to end it.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the Louisiana Purchase came to tighten the bonds of the slave, for a vast tract of the most fertile land in the world was thrown open to the growth of cotton, and cotton demanded negro labor.

In 1792 Eli Whitney had invented the cotton-gin. It was a machine for separating the cotton fiber from the seeds, and the use of it not only saved a tremendous amount of time and labor, but brought wealth within the grasp of



any man who owned a little plantation and a few negroes to run it. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Southern planters reconsidered the question of slavery and decided that an institution which had served their fathers well, should serve them even better. In answer to arguments, they claimed that the negro was quite happy in captivity, happier than he would be if left to himself, and they pointed to the fact that slavery had made good servants out of a savage people.

In many places the slaves were happy. Never having tasted the joy of freedom, they scarcely missed it. Their masters took pride in their welfare, because they were naturally kind and wished to make their slaves comfortable and content. On many of the plantations the negro quarters were clean and attractive; in front of the rows of white-washed cabins hollyhocks and sunflowers nodded gaily and the bondsmen went about their work with cheerful faces. They loved the family at "the big house" and served it with willing devotion.

The less fortunate slave was, however, liable to be sold, torn from the arms of his wife and children and sent where he might never see his dear ones again. The fact that slaves were often looked upon not as persons but as things gives us the key to their suffering.

Sometimes a negro would save up all the money given him, or what he could make in his spare time, until he got enough to buy his freedom. Often, too, it happened that masters would free their slaves; but the life of these freed negroes was far from pleasant. The prejudice of the white population against a free negro was very bitter. The negro shared almost none of the privileges enjoyed by his white neighbors. The hardest lot of all, however, was borne by those wretched slaves who had the ill fortune to be the property of gross and cruel masters. There were a few men of this ugly stamp in the South, men who bul-

lied and swore at their slaves, who beat them until the blood came and behaved generally with brutal wickedness. Their rule meant torture for the negroes, when it did not mean death.

“ . . . weary, sad, and slow  
From the fields at night they go,  
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,  
To their cheerless homes again.”

The poor creatures had no redress for their sufferings. A runaway slave, if caught, might be punished by any means which his owner chose to employ.

In the North, slavery had been looked upon with dislike for some time; but that was because the Northerners feared the political power of the slave-owners; not because they had much sympathy with the negroes. The North shared the gains of slavery, for the cotton planters bought goods in Northern markets and sent cotton to the North for sale; so the Northern merchants were in no hurry to interfere with a system that proved remarkably profitable. In the dispute which ended in the Missouri Compromise the right or wrong of slavery had scarcely been involved; that was simply a struggle between North and South and in which each section tried to gain political domination.

The first real interest in the slave as a human being was roused by a young man named William Lloyd Garrison, who was fired by an enthusiasm of pity to write articles pointing out the injustice endured by the negro. In 1831 he published in Boston the first number of a paper called the *Liberator*. In it he urged that slavery be abolished. Garrison not only acted as author and editor for his paper: he set up the types as well, for he was a journeyman printer by trade.

At first the *Liberator* met with scant attention. To be sure, one enraged slave-owner asked the Mayor of Boston

to have the paper suppressed. The Mayor answered that it was too unimportant to be worthy of his interference. But he was mistaken. Garrison's articles were destined to reach a public ready to consider their teachings. Within a year after the publication of the first number of the *Liberator* an Anti-Slavery Society had been formed in America. Within three years there were two hundred societies working for the freedom of the slave.

An uprising of negroes in Virginia, in the year that Garrison's paper first appeared, was supposed to be his doing, although he really had no hand in it. Southern anger flamed up; for, as one historian puts it, "States are like human beings: they resent being interfered with and preached at."

It was the beginning of a difficult time for the country; for law and order went down in front of popular passion and right and wrong very badly confused.

The Great Southern general, Robert E. Lee, and Alexander Stephens (who became the Vice-President of the Confederacy) were at first quite moderate men. They, like many of the best men in the South, were as convinced of the evils of slavery as were any of their Northern brothers; they would not have lifted a finger to preserve it had they not been driven into taking up its defense as a protest against what they held to be the constitutional and unjustifiable meddling of the North with the sacred States Rights of the South. A little moderation on both sides might have averted a great deal of future suffering; but angry men are seldom moderate.

Feeling had reached the boiling-point during Jackson's presidency; so that in 1835 "Old Hickory," whose sympathy was with the South, recommended Congress to forbid the postal authorities to carry anti-slavery publications into the Southern States. The Georgia Legislature offered a reward of five thousand dollars for Garrison's ar-



rest and conviction, and he had to be locked up in a Boston jail to protect him from rioters.

In Illinois, which although a Free State was under the influence of the slave-owners of Missouri, a young clergyman named Lovejoy published a newspaper against slavery. He was asked to leave the neighborhood, but he refused to go. He protested that he had a right to free speech in a free country; and when a mob sacked his printing-office and flung his press into the river, he bought another press. The arrival of the new machine infuriated the people of the town; they attacked the warehouse where it was stored and some shots were exchanged between them and Lovejoy's friends who were guarding the building. Several of the rioters were killed and the mob, blind with rage, set fire to the building. When Mr. Lovejoy showed himself to the crowd he was fired at and fell pierced by five bullets. This lawless murder brought to the public notice Wendell Phillips, one of the most splendid orators of all time. He was strong in his denouncement of the crime. Phillips was Garrison's valued ally. Always the champion of the oppressed, he upheld the cause of temperance, plead for the rights of the Indians, and demanded justice for women. His lectures and addresses did more for the cause of freedom than can well be estimated.

The growing anti-slavery sentiment in the North had made it hard for Southern owners to reclaim runaway slaves, who escaped in large numbers to the free States. The Southerners complained of this as a violation of the old Fugitive Slave Law, which provided that all such fugitives should be sent back. At the same time many people in the Northern States complained that the buying and selling of slaves in the city of Washington, the capital of a free country, was highly improper. Taking these two grievances together, Henry Clay arranged a compromise. For the benefit of the Southerners he instituted a new

Fugitive Slave Law, demanding the return of runaway slaves; this law was not to be left to the States to carry out, but to be entrusted to United States officers. To appease the Northerners the compromise provided that slaves were no longer to be bought and sold in the District of Columbia, although slavery was not to be utterly abolished there.

These measures, part of the "Compromise of 1850," smoothed the ruffled feelings of the people for a little while, but not for long. In many places the pity of the North was greatly excited by the enforcing of the Fugitive Slave Law. There were many who could have said, with Walt Whitman,

"The runaway slave came to my house and stopt outside,  
I heard his motions crackling the twigs of the woodpile,  
Through the swung half-door of the kitchen I saw him  
limpsy and weak,  
And went where he sat on a log and led him in and as-  
sured him,  
And brought water and fill'd a tub for his sweated body  
and bruise'd feet,  
And gave him a room that entered from my own, and  
gave him some coarse clean clothes."

For in spite of the United States officers who were appointed to see that the slaves were returned to their owners, it often happened that the fugitives were quietly passed in to the Free States, as far away as possible from the scene of their bondage.

In 1852 Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe published her novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It was intended to awaken sympathy for slaves and it met with a remarkable success, three hundred thousand copies of the book being sold within a year. It probably made more converts to the cause of anti-slavery than all the abolitionist orators and

lecturers in the country. It has been called "the most effective political pamphlet on record." The Northern boys who read and wept over the sufferings of Uncle Tom, or who shivered with hate over the brutality of Legree, were the voters of 1860 and the soldiers of 1861-65.

Hope had dawned for the negro at last, but freedom was to be purchased for him at a tremendous cost.



## CHAPTER LV

### STORM CLOUDS GATHER. TROUBLE IN KANSAS

**Z**ACHARY TAYLOR had been elected President of the United States in 1849. As the hero of the victorious Mexican War he was very popular. A downright man, keen and watchful, he did not fail to appreciate the danger threatening the country from a dispute between Free and Slave States. A Southern planter himself, Taylor was yet able to view the question of slavery with an impartial mind; and had he lived his sane judgment might have exercised a restraining influence upon the red-hot leaders of the opposing parties. The President died, however, before the trouble between North and South reached a stage for official action. Taylor's death was announced to the people on July 9th, 1850. He had contracted a violent fever from too long exposure to the heat of the 4th of July sun while attending the public ceremonies of the day. On the 10th of July, Millard Fillmore, Vice-President under Taylor, was quietly sworn into the office of Chief Executive.

President Fillmore wished above all else to preserve, without hatred and without war, peace throughout the length and breadth of the United States. It was with this end in view that he sanctioned the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law; but this law proved so unpopular with a large portion of his party in the North that it lost him its support and left a cloud on the fair fame of his administration.

In spite of this, President Fillmore was an able man. He began the negotiations which ended in the Perry

Treaty, opening the ports of Japan, and he maintained with dignity all relations with foreign powers, exacting justice and respect for the American flag.

Franklin Pierce, a New Hampshire man, was elected by the Democratic party to succeed Fillmore as President. In his inaugural address, delivered March 4th, 1853, he denounced slavery agitation and hoped that "no sectional or ambitious or fanatical excitement might again threaten the durability of the institutions, or obscure the light of our prosperity."

Pierce was a lawyer by profession. Before his election to the Presidency he had served his country as a member of the House of Representatives and as a United States Senator. He was a man of no very great ability, however, and he proved quite unable to stem the tide of bitterness that was steadily rising to menace the land.

In addition to the Whig and Democratic parties, there had arisen a third political body in the United States. It came into being after the close of the Mexican War and was known as the Free Soil party, because it was formed to prevent the coming into the Union of any more Slave States. At first the "Free Soilers" were too weak to cope successfully with the older parties for control in national affairs, but as time went on they grew stronger. Their ranks were filled with men who had been Whigs, but who found that their old party no longer represented the growing feeling against slavery, although it was still led by able statesmen like Daniel Webster.

The Democratic party, being most numerous in the slave-holding States, was more firmly united than ever by the agitation about slavery which one of their great leaders told them could be maintained only by being extended.

Disappointed at not having gained California for slavery, some Southerners had tried to purchase the island of Cuba in order to make new states from it. But Spain

refused to sell Cuba. Strangely enough the vast stretches of land so recently acquired from Mexico had only served to inflame the desire of the American people for more land, and so badly did a few of them want Cuba that they threatened to seize it by force. Secret expeditions were fitted out for the purpose of stirring up the islanders to insurrection, but they amounted to nothing. Separate attempts were also made by mischief-makers to snatch territory from the weak states in Central America. These attempts met with no success, although they were continued until 1860 and caused considerable anxiety to the United States Government. At last, however, the leader of the filibusters was captured by Central American authorities and put to death.

More serious trouble had for some time been agitating the people of the United States. Early in 1854 Stephen A. Douglas, Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Territories, introduced a bill to form two new Territories, Kansas and Nebraska, from the Louisiana Purchase. This bill provided that the inhabitants of Kansas and Nebraska should choose for themselves whether theirs should be free or slave States. The vote of the greater number of people in each of these magnificent provinces was to decide the question once and for all. Now the Missouri Compromise had stipulated that slavery should never reach this region, but the slave-owners had become so strong that they dared to set the old pledge aside.

Of course to each section it was of supreme interest to gain the vote in the new territories and in the rush of each party to be first on the ground the clash between North and South was actively begun. In the contest that followed, Congress and the President stood with the South.

The main avenue of travel into the disputed territory was the Missouri River, the banks of which were already lined with a population holding many slaves. These peo-



ple were easily aroused to bestir themselves by the fear that the planting of a Free State next their border would cause their negroes to run away and so deprive them of their property. The Missourians, therefore, led the way into Kansas. They took possession of the lands and invited their friends from other States to bring their slaves and join them. Few of the Southern planters went. They were not fitted for the work of colonization and they knew it, but they sent a good many people from the class known as "mean whites." The "mean whites," or "poor white trash" as the negroes contemptuously call them, are the lowest type of persons that the South produces. Utterly without education, shiftless and lazy, they live by shooting and fishing and by poaching upon their industrious neighbors' fields. Gangs of these people were hurried over the borders into Kansas. Their vote was depended upon to hold the Territory for the South.

Meanwhile, active steps were being taken for throwing Free-State settlers into Kansas. The focus of anti-slavery thought centered around Boston. It was to the New England States that the rest of the North looked for leadership, and it was from them that the first colonizing parties were sent west. The Emigrant Aid Society was formed and was the forerunner of many similar societies. It worked with great method; formed little colonies which were put under competent leaders, and were furnished with farming tools and even with sawmills for helping in the construction of new settlements. Some colonists took their families with them, but most of the men went alone. Their spirit was not one of thoughtless adventure. They went west as crusaders, bound on a holy mission; for to save Kansas from slavery had become to them not a mere matter of politics, it had "struck a far deeper-toned chord. It had arrested the religious feelings of the country and taken a strong hold on the consciences of men."

We are told of a meeting that was held in a New Haven church to collect money to fit out a company of seventy-nine emigrants who were going to Kansas to battle for freedom. Among the things required for these men were fifty Sharpe's rifles. A well known professor subscribed for one, the minister of the church for another, and finally Henry Ward Beecher, the famous pastor of Plymouth Church, said that if twenty-five were promised, the members of his congregation would give the others. After that "the favorite arms of the Northern emigrants, Sharpe's rifles, were known as 'Beecher's Bibles.'"

Poor Kansas! It was hard that so fair a region should be the bone of contention between the Southerners, with their zeal for slavery, and the Northerners, who were so determined not to countenance slavery. Feeling was tense within the borders of the new Territory and the hostile factions were not content with calling each other names. They resorted to all manner of petty insults and ugly tricks before they used the final argument of fire and sword.

The immigrants from New England, Iowa and Northern Illinois were clearly in the majority; they were practical pioneers, too, while the swashbucklers from the South spent their time in drinking, shooting, scouring the country for prey and frightening helpless women and children. The pro-slavery men saw that if they were to rid Kansas of the abolitionists, they must be up and doing.

Under the lead of "Dave" Atchison, a Senator of the United States, secret societies known as "Blue Lodges" were formed for the purpose of ridding Kansas of those "Hireling immigrants, poured in to extinguish this new hope of the South"; for so Atchison and his friends spoke of their Free State enemies. Steamers bound up the Missouri River, bringing immigrants from the North, were stopped by the "Blue Lodge" men. They swarmed on board, drove off the passengers, put their cattle and goods

ashore and compelled the captains of the steamers to go on and leave the unfortunates behind. These "Blue Lodge" ruffians would dash into Kansas, burn the grain and the cabins of the Free State men, drive off their cattle, and then return into Missouri, where they would be safe until they were ready to make another raid.



## CHAPTER LVI

### THE UNSHEATHING OF THE SWORD OF WAR

**I**N 1853 a new political body came into being which styled itself the "American party." Its members were organized in secret lodges, and to all questions about their doings they answered, "I don't know." So they came to be spoken of commonly as the "Know-Nothings." Know-Nothingism spread rapidly for two or three years. Its object seems to have been to keep foreigners out of office and to make them wait a longer term before becoming citizens. Undoubtedly this party would have made itself more prominent had not the struggle in Kansas come to absorb every one's attention to the exclusion of all else.

While the people were still in a state of great excitement over the situation in the Territory, the Presidential canvass of 1856 drew near. By this time the old party lines were swept away. The Whigs had disappeared and the anti-slavery sympathizers called themselves Republicans. They nominated General Fremont, a well known explorer of the western plains, as their candidate for the Presidency. The Know-Nothings nominated ex-President Fillmore; but the victory fell to the Democratic party and to their representative, James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, who was elected fifteenth President of the United States.

Buchanan was a man of unusual political tact and of unresting industry. As an American ambassador he had settled some very delicate diplomatic questions abroad, and it was hoped that he would be able to find a way out

of the coil that was hampering all possibility of a friendly understanding between North and South.

As a peacemaker Buchanan was a failure simply because his voice was drowned in the clamor about him. His messages constantly recommended conciliatory legislative measures; but Congress paid no attention to his advice. Like an unruly horse, the country was bolting towards civil war, with the bit of Government between its teeth, and it is as well to reproach Buchanan for a want of such vigor as might have averted the catastrophe as to blame the driver of a runaway horse for careless handling of the reins.

Considering the state of the country, President Buchanan fulfilled his obligations very well. His management of foreign relations was excellent and his seeming weakness in conforming to the arbitrary will of Congress shows that he but did his loyal best in following the rules laid down by the Constitution.

Buchanan never married. The death of the lady to whom he was engaged was a deep and lasting sorrow. His household was presided over by his niece, Harriet Lane, who made a very charming mistress of the White House, receiving many guests of distinction, among whom were the Prince of Wales and his suite.

The splitting up of parties over the slavery question caused the Government to fear a division of the Union. Two forms of society so opposed to each other as slavery and freedom could not exist on equal terms. One of them must give way, and in order to determine which party was legally in the right it was decided to make a test case of the matter. Optimistic persons hoped that if once the Supreme Court, from which there is no appeal, passed judgment on the question, everybody would be satisfied to abide by its decision. Slavery and Freedom could not be

brought into court, but a negro named Dred Scott was made to typify the question at issue in the country.

Scott sued for his freedom on the plea that his master had once taken him to live in the Free State of Illinois, and that his residence there made him a free man. The Supreme Court decided that as Scott was an African whose parents had been slaves, he had no rights under the Constitution; that he would always remain a slave, no matter where he lived, unless his master saw fit to give him his freedom. It was also decided that Congress was powerless to forbid slavery in the Territories.

This decision, far from settling anything, roused fresh revolt in the North. If the Constitution of the country was to be used to enforce a monstrous wrong, said the anti-slavery men, the struggle must be even more bitter than they had anticipated; but as for giving up the fight for the emancipation of the negro—they would never do it. The Southerners, on the other hand, now felt themselves justified in their determination to stop at nothing in their fight for their right to judge for themselves whether or not they should have slaves.

The interest roused by the Dred Scott case focused with renewed excitement around the struggle in Kansas. There the men from the Northern States were managing to bring about a hard-won victory. Their industry and their constant reinforcements from the East told greatly in their favor. After a time they were strong enough to adopt a constitution excluding slavery from the Territory, and when Kansas came into the Union, she came as a Free State; but that was not until 1861.

As soon as John Brown saw that the interests of the Free Soil party in Kansas were safe, he determined to carry the crusade against slavery farther afield. His plan was none less than to cause an insurrection of the slaves



throughout the whole South. In 1859, with a party of only twenty-two, including himself and five negroes (three of whom were runaway slaves), he seized the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia (now West Virginia). He was certain that God would uphold his cause; so he did not hesitate because his numbers were small.

Besides his mighty faith, there was only one weapon that the fanatical leader cared to wield. That was a sword supposed to have been given by Frederick the Great, of Prussia, to George Washington. Legend said that engraved upon it were the words, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."

It is supposed that this sword, of which there is no authentic record, descended to the first President's nephew, Bushrod Washington, and from him passed to his brother, who in turn left it to his son, Colonel Lewis William Washington. In 1859 the Colonel treasured this famous sword among a collection of Washington mementoes at his country house, Bel Air, near Harper's Ferry. Americans attached a superstitious value to the weapon and John Brown felt that he would like to use it in his war against evil; so he sent a man to Bel Air to discover secretly where the sword was kept. This emissary was hospitably welcomed and shown the Washington relics and among them the sword around which such an interesting history has been built. It was disappointingly ordinary, for it had no jewels about it, nor any sign of German workmanship. It was ornamented simply with steel beads and looked a rather poor present for a Monarch to have made to a President. Brown was, nevertheless, determined to have it, and he deliberately weakened his fighting force by sending six of his men to fetch it. The delay thus caused to his enterprise cost him dearly.

It was on the night of October 17th that Brown reached Harper's Ferry and seized the arsenal. He hoped that

as soon as the negroes in the vicinity realized that he was there, ready to lead them, with a supply of ammunition for their use, they would rally to his standard and strike a blow for their own freedom; but the negroes refused to rise.

For eighteen hours Brown and his men were busy cutting telegraph wires, providing defenses against attack, and imprisoning citizens. But before they had succeeded in enlisting more than a few blacks on their side, the raiders were besieged in the engine-house by a large number of town-folk and militia, to whom were soon added a force of United States marines, sent from Washington under Colonel Robert E. Lee. The marines battered in the door of the engine-house and captured the insurgents after a brave resistance. Two of Brown's sons, Watson and Oliver, were killed along with eight others of his party. Five, including another son, Owen Brown, escaped. The rest were captured and after trial and conviction were hanged at Charlestown, Virginia (now West Virginia). Brown, who had himself been wounded, was among those condemned to death; but during the five weeks which elapsed between the sentence of death and its execution, he never lost heart.

"I am gaining in health slowly," he wrote to his brother, "and am quite cheerful in view of my approaching end, being fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose." To his visitors this far-seeing man said, "You had better—all you people of the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of this question. . . . You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled—the negro question, I mean." To a Southern clergyman who offered to pray with him just before the end, Brown calmly remarked, "My dear sir, you know nothing about Christianity. Of course, I respect you as a gentle-



man, but it is as a heathen gentleman." He would accept no ministrations from those who approved of slavery.

John Brown was hanged on the 2nd of December, 1859. At first glance he seems to have accomplished little, but the consequences of his raid were far-reaching. The men of the South were roused to fierce anger at the very thought of a slave insurrection; they knew that an uprising of the negroes would mean what it maddened them to think of—arson, massacre and an unspeakable fate for women and children. Brown had come among them, they said, to let loose the spirit of the jungle and, worst of all, he had come to Virginia with arms and means with which he had been supplied by the Northerners. This was true and after this the breach between North and South widened beyond repair.

In the North, Brown was held in proud veneration. He had given his life bravely for truth, as he saw it. His fearless bearing and resigned dignity between the time of his arrest and execution forced Emerson to exclaim: "I wish we might have health enough to know virtue when we see it and not cry with the fools, 'Madman!' when a hero passes." His actions may have been those of a fanatic, but Brown's motives, as the North saw them, were beyond praise, glorious. In the war that followed, Union soldiers were upheld and strengthened by John Brown's example and they marched to fight for the freedom of the negro inspired by the stirring music and words:

"John Brown's body lies a-molding in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on."

It is a curious fact that when war came, some of the Union soldiers were as anxious as ever Brown had been to possess Washington's sword; but they searched for it in vain at Bel Air. Colonel Lewis Washington had en-



trusted it, the story goes, to the care of an old retainer, named Odin, and no one thought of looking for it in the house of this poor man; so there it remained during all the days of the Civil War.

In writing of the sword, Mr. Conway finds it significant that the name of the man who had the custody of the fabulous weapon was Odin—"the god of the sword." "Mythologists," he tells us, "have identified Odin's sword as the lightning; but from it are descended, by mythological lineage, the supernatural swords of Siegfried, Arthur's 'Excalibur,' and the equally mythical sword which Frederick the Great sent to Washington."

These legendary swords all symbolized something higher than mere brute force; they were beautiful because they came into the world to slay evil. It needs no mysterious tale of jeweled hilt and royal gift to make Washington's sword precious in the eyes of his countrymen. The unpretentious blade of American workmanship which he wielded during the Revolution is beautiful in itself, because it stands for the might which upholds right. The same vision of liberty which made Washington strong, inspired Brown and caused the mystic sword of war to be unsheathed again to rid the world of a cruel wrong.

## CHAPTER LVII

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**I**N 1859 Henry W. Longfellow wrote from his quiet study in Cambridge, Massachusetts, "Even now . . . they are leading old John Brown to execution in Virginia, for attempting to rescue slaves! This is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, which will soon come." It came the next year, and the sullen rumble of its coming sounded in the excitement caused by the Presidential election.

Political jealousy had been stimulated by the addition to the Union of two more Free States, Minnesota and Oregon, and both North and South were fuming over the slavery question. They realized that no peaceful settlement of their quarrel could be attained. It must be "war to the knife." Already the great religious denominations were divided by the burning question of slavery; the Whig party had been destroyed; and now the Democratic party was to be divided.

A National Convention of Democrats met in April, 1860, to nominate a successor to James Buchanan; but they could not agree upon their man, so their vote was finally distributed among three candidates, the best known of whom was that Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, the author of the famous Kansas-Nebraska Bill that had caused so much trouble.

The Republicans nominated Abraham Lincoln for President, and he gained an easy victory over his three opponents, because he was supported by the united anti-slavery sentiment of the North.

If God ever raised up a man to succor a nation in its time of need, that man was Abraham Lincoln. The blood of pioneers ran in his veins, the sterling qualities of North and South found union in his dignity of character, and in him Americans have an example of the superb simplicity that may ennoble man.

Lincoln once said that the story of his early life could be described by a single sentence of Gray's *Elegy*, "The short and simple annals of the poor." The son of Thomas Lincoln, he was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, on the 12th of February, 1809. His grandfather had emigrated to Kentucky from Virginia in 1780, at the instigation of his friend, Daniel Boone, the famous explorer of that beautiful region.

The pioneer was an industrious, hardworking man. He took up a claim of four hundred acres, built a log cabin near the military post of Fort Beargrass, the site of the present city of Louisville, and with the help of his sons, set about clearing the land and making it into a workable estate. One day, two years after his settlement in Kentucky, he was working in a field when a marauding Indian, firing from behind a bush, killed him before the eyes of his sons. The murderer then tried to make off with the youngest boy, Thomas, but Mordecai, an older brother, dashed into the cabin, seized his rifle and, crouching in front of one of the loop-holes cut in the logs, he took steady aim and fired at the Indian, who dropped to the ground dead, with the terrified white child unharmed in his arms.

The boy so miraculously saved from being kidnaped grew up to be the father of the future President. Thomas Lincoln never had any education, for there were no schools in the wilds of Kentucky, and his widowed mother could do no more for her children than keep a poor roof over their heads and get them enough food to save them from starvation. As Thomas grew up he learned the necessary lessons



of the wilderness—to shoot straight, to fell forest trees, to break up the soil, and to build the rough log cabins of the time. He was a tall, well-built, muscular fellow, and while he was yet a boy he hired himself out as a laborer, working for others and taking for wages whatever he could get. In 1806 he married a dark slip of a girl named Nancy Hanks.

The young husband took his bride to live in a log cabin that he had built, near Nolin Creek, in what is now Larue County, Kentucky. This region was well covered with timber and rich in possibilities; but Thomas Lincoln was not a man to make the most of his opportunities. He always had what he himself termed “bad luck.” The poor man was incompetent and easily discouraged, but all his misfortunes he blamed to his lack of education. Whatever the cause, his was always a very humble and even poverty-stricken home, although it was brightened by his courageous wife, who did her utmost to help on her husband’s fortunes.

Nancy Lincoln could use a rifle as well as a man. Bears, deer and other wild creatures were plentiful in the forest; so her table seldom lacked meat, and her thrifty fingers were cunning in converting the skins of the wild beasts into garments, moccasins, and caps. She was a hardworking woman, but her soft, mirthful eyes took delight in the beauty of the country round her little home. She would often look up from her household tasks to watch the play of the sun and clouds on the hills that there rise to the dignity of mountains.

One great pleasure that the young wife had was her passionate fondness for reading. She had had a rude schooling in Virginia, and one of the first things she did was to teach her husband to read. Her books must have been very few, but she made the most of them. Years afterward her son said that his earliest recollection of his

mother was of his sitting, with his sister, at her feet while she read or told them stories.

Nancy Lincoln's first child was a daughter, Sarah. This baby girl was two years old when Abraham was born. The mother dreamed great things for her children; and the father, in his slow mind, determined that no child of his should ever be crippled as he had been for lack of knowledge of the commonest rudiments of learning. But the Lincoln home was far from any large settlement and there were no schools, nor even churches, near it.

Abraham, or Abe as he was called, was seven years old before he had any chance of regular lessons, although his mother had taught him the alphabet and he was already thirsting for the great experience of going to school. In 1815, Zachariah Riney drifted into the neighborhood and opened a little log schoolhouse for the children of the backwoods. As Lincoln said in after-years, "No qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three"; and Riney was probably the most primitive of teachers. But little Abe Lincoln greedily absorbed all the "learnin'" that the good man had to give, and when Riney was replaced by a manly young fellow, named Caleb Hazel, the boy had three never-to-be-forgotten months of instruction from him. Altogether, however, Abraham Lincoln never had more than a year's schooling. His father needed him at home, and the family soon moved into even wilder regions than Kentucky, where there was no more opportunity for lessons. But so great was the boy's desire to learn that he made the most of every crumb of knowledge that came his way. He practised by himself the rules of arithmetic that Hazel had taught him; he read over all the books he could find; and he carefully thought out for himself every subject which puzzled him. Even as a child he wrote down his impressions of what he had read and of what he saw about him; and thus his educa-



tion was preparing itself and shaping him for a great destiny.

Lincoln never saw a church until he was a full grown man, but his parents were God-fearing folk and the Bible was one of the few books that he had at his disposal. It was his primer and, throughout his life, his principal book of reference. From time to time during his boyhood, wandering preachers visited the regions in which the Lincolns lived and the sermons preached by these worthy men, under the trees or in one of the cabins of the neighborhood, furnished the boy with much food for thought. It fascinated him to hear these men speaking, apparently without any previous study or preparation, and it is quite likely that alone in the woods the lad often tried his powers of oratory, haranguing the trees and the silence with his boyish eloquence.

Thomas Lincoln tired of his Kentucky home and in 1816 he sold it for "ten barrels of whisky and twenty dollars in cash." In those days whisky was a perfectly lawful substitute for money, for it was an article of daily use even in places where drunkenness was almost unknown. The Lincolns moved to the newly opened country of Indiana and settled in a rich and fertile forest region near Little Pigeon Creek, not far from the Ohio River.

Here real hardship overtook the family. It seemed as though misfortune had tracked them from the time of their setting out from their old home; for the flat-boat which carried the precious barrels of whisky and the heavier articles of household furniture down the Rolling Fork River was upset where the stream joins the waters of the Ohio, and most of the cargo was lost. The Lincolns reached the woods of southern Indiana too late in the autumn to make very comfortable preparations for the winter, and they were obliged to spend those first months of bitter cold in a "half-faced camp"—that is a cabin with one



side left out and the fire built out-of-doors, in front of the open side. When spring came they were able to build a more suitable home, but the cold and privation had told heavily on Nancy Lincoln, who was always overworked and never very strong. When a mysterious disease attacked the settlers in the region, she fell a victim to it and died after a short illness. Her death left her husband and children very helpless and forlorn.

Sarah was only eleven years old, too young to be much of a housekeeper, and Abe was only nine. Thomas Lincoln did the best he could for his motherless children, but he was always a helpless man and the cabin fell into sad disorder. The children did pretty much as they pleased. Little Abe would sit up reading half the night, by the light of a blazing fire or the guttering flame of a "tallow dip." He knew Æsop's *Fables* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* almost by heart before he was ten, as well as a life of Henry Clay that his mother had managed to buy for him. He thought nothing of walking miles to borrow a book from some friendly settler; the story of how Weems' *Life of Washington* came into his possession is well known.

Abe had heard that Mr. Crawford, who lived a day's tramp from the Lincoln cabin, owned the book; so he went to borrow it, and carried it triumphantly home in the bosom of his hunting shirt. The greater part of a joyful night he spent absorbed in its pages, and when sleep at last overcame him he tucked the treasure securely into a chink in the log wall above his bed. While he slept a drenching storm came up and the book was soaked through. When Abe drew it from its hiding-place in the morning, it seemed as if his little heart must burst with sorrow and despair; for not only was the precious volume ruined, but it was a borrowed book and how was he to make up to its owner for the destruction it had suffered in his care? A very miserable little boy, he took the blistered and discolored *Life of*

*Washington* back to its owner. Mr. Crawford frowned at Abraham with mock severity and asked him what he meant to do about it. With a trembling lip the boy answered that he would do anything that Mr. Crawford thought just and fair. It was therefore agreed that he should pull fodder for three days, by way of settlement.

"And will that pay for the book or only for the damage done to it?" the future President asked.

"Wal, I allow," said the kindly Crawford, "that it won't be much account to me or anybody else now, and the bargain is that you pull fodder three days and the book is yours."

In 1819 Thomas Lincoln went away for a month or two and left the children to take care of themselves. When he returned he brought with him a new wife. This step-mother was no stranger to Sarah and Abe, for they had known her in Kentucky as a kindly widow, Mrs. Sally Bush Johnston, and had played with her children, who were near their own age. They were glad to see her again, and gladder still of the new sense of well-being and order that her coming brought into their wilderness home.

The second Mrs. Lincoln was a thrifty, motherly woman of some means. She brought her own children with her to her new home; so the cabin was full to overflowing with young people; but the capable mistress found places for them all, making no difference between her own and her husband's children.

For the next ten years the Lincolns lived a busy, strenuous life on the Indiana farm. Abraham may have dreamed of striking out in the world for himself, but his father needed him at home, so he cheerfully bided his time, laboring diligently, at felling timber, building fences, plowing fields and sowing and reaping the crops. By the time he was nineteen he had gained the great stature of six feet four inches. He was slender for his height and rather



awkwardly fashioned, but he was remarkably muscular and very strong. It was said that he could outrun and outwalk any one in the neighborhood and that he could "strike the hardest blow with ax or maul, jump higher and farther than any of his fellows, and there was no one far or near that could lay him on his back." But strong though he was, his manner was as gentle as a woman's and there was about him a kindness that endeared him to everybody that knew him. He had a great gift of storytelling and a blithe sense of humor that made him a welcome addition to any company.

In spite of his hard work in field and forest, Abe Lincoln's studies were not neglected. He never shirked any duty, however unwelcome, yet he found time to study almost incessantly. One of his boyhood friends wrote of him, "He was always reading, writing, ciphering, and writing poetry." Perhaps the great secret of his success lay in his thoroughness. If he began to study anything he was never satisfied until he "got to the bottom of it."

When he was about eighteen, young Lincoln had his first glimpse of the great world outside the backwoods. With his own hands he built a little boat, loaded it with bacon and garden truck and paddled downstream to the nearest trading-post. A year later he made a more extended voyage, going as far as New Orleans in charge of a flat-boat and a cargo of produce belonging to Mr. Gentry, the owner of a country store in the neighborhood of the Lincoln home. This journey of eighteen hundred miles was a great adventure for the young man. His contemplative gray eyes absorbed and weighed all that he saw. It was on this voyage that he first came face to face with the problem of slavery—the problem that he was to spend his life in solving. He saw slaves at work on the plantations, or bending beneath their tasks on the wharves of the river towns, or (what impressed him more painfully) he



saw slaves herded into pens on the river boats, bound up the Mississippi to be sold at auction! He heard "the wheeze of the slave-coffle as the slaves march on, as the husky gangs pass on by two's and three's, fastened together with wrist-chains and ankle-chains." He never forgot these sights. Years after he said, "I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know his hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me, and I think he has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know that I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God."

In 1830 the Lincolns once more "pulled up stakes" and moved westward. Thomas Lincoln, always restless, was delighted to follow the suggestion of his first wife's relative, Thomas Hanks, who proposed that his Indiana friends follow him into the prosperous region of Illinois, whither he had emigrated the year before. So, loading all their movable belongings on to one huge wagon, drawn by four oxen, the Lincoln family journeyed a weary way across the prairies into "the land of full-grown men," which is the meaning of Illinois in the Indian language.

Arrived near the village of Decatur, Abe brought the great wagon to a standstill in a clearing which Hanks had selected as suitable for a home. Here the stalwart Abe helped to build the cabin that was to shelter the family; and when that work was done he and Thomas Hanks plowed fifteen acres of soil, cut down and split walnut logs from the forest, fashioned them into rails, and with them fenced his father's first Illinois farm.

Abraham Lincoln was now twenty-one years old and able and anxious to make his own living. His father could spare him, so he went to work for himself in the State that, in the future, was to borrow great luster from his name.

For nearly a year he served as a clerk in a small store,

measuring off yards of calico and handing pounds of bacon over the counter. He always had a cheery word for his customers, this young giant, and so absolutely was he trusted that a busy mother would often bring in a baby for Abe Lincoln to "mind" while she finished some household task. It was not an uncommon sight to see the President-that-was-to-be rocking a cradle with his foot, while he bent over an English grammar, or studied the first principles of law; for trade was not so flourishing but that it left him plenty of leisure for study.

When the Indian Chief, Black Hawk, in command of his bands of Sacs and Foxes made war on the whites of Illinois, Lincoln volunteered in a company raised by the settlers in Sangamon County and was at once elected captain. Of his experiences in this war, he made light in after-years: "I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes," he said, "and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry."

Back from the war, young Lincoln bought a small store, giving his note for the whole amount of money involved. This proved an unlucky venture, for he was associated with a rascally partner who left him with a debt which it took him several years to meet; but his scrupulous payment of every penny that he owed and the frugal way in which he lived until he was out of debt, gained for him the nickname of "Honest Abe," which clung to him all through life.

After he gave up the store he devoted himself seriously to the study of law, supporting himself meanwhile by land-surveying. Finally he turned his attention to politics, and in 1834 his public career began when he was elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois.

In 1842 Lincoln married Mary Todd, of Kentucky, whom he met in Springfield, Illinois, where she was visiting a sister. His home from then on was in Springfield, where

for twenty-six years he practised law. During the greater portion of those years he was serving his country in some capacity, either in the Senate or Congress or in the public life of his State. He took part in all the great political controversies of the time, and the debates between him and Senator Douglas, in 1858, over the questions raised by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise made his name famous throughout the country. His honesty, his moderation, and his strong speeches brought him the nomination of President in his fifty-second year; and the remainder of his history is one with that of the United States.



## CHAPTER LVIII

### THE GREAT CIVIL WAR IS BEGUN

**E**ARLY in February, 1861, Lincoln left Springfield for Washington, where he was to be inaugurated in March. Already threats of assassination were breathed against him by the friends of slavery; he was the pivot on which the hopes and fears of the nation turned. How would he act? Not only America, but the whole world asked the question. Bowed down with the sense of his great responsibility, Lincoln, standing on the back platform of the train, took leave of his fellow-townsmen, who had gathered at the railway station to say good-by to him:

“ . . . I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.”

In the four months that had elapsed since Lincoln's election in November, the antagonism between North and South had developed alarmingly. President Buchanan had been helpless as a peacemaker; indeed, it was whispered that he secretly favored the extreme slavery party, which had begun to make preparations for withdrawing

from the Union as soon as it was clear that by remaining loyal to the Government they would have to be subject to a man "whose opinions and purposes were hostile to slavery."

The movement of secession started in South Carolina, where an Ordinance was passed on December 20, 1860, dissolving the Union and declaring the State to be a free and independent republic. High carnival was held in Charleston to celebrate the passing of this Ordinance; bells pealed and the streets of the city echoed to the infectious strains of the *Marseillaise*.

Other "cotton States" hastened to follow the example of South Carolina. Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida loudly asserted their independence and joined themselves into what they were pleased to call the "Confederate States of America." They adopted a constitution of their own and chose Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, to be their President for a term of six years.

Davis held the office of President as long as the Confederacy lasted. He was a Kentuckian by birth and a soldier by profession. A graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, he had served in the Mexican War, where as a colonel in a Mississippi regiment he gained distinction for his courage and coolness in action. For several years he was sent as a United States Senator from Mississippi, and under President Pierce he acted as Secretary of War. He entered the Senate again in 1857, and resigned in 1861 when Mississippi seceded.

In his inaugural address, Davis upheld the right of a discontented State to separate itself from the Union, since the Union had "ceased to answer the ends for which it was established." He was a persuasive speaker. He hoped, he said, that their late associates would "not incur the fearful responsibility" of disturbing them in their pursuit of a separate career. "If they do," he continued, "it only re-

mains to us to appeal to arms, and invoke the blessing of Providence on a just cause."

In the South it was not thought that the Northerners would fight. The common boast was that the North was "too absorbed in money getting to go to war; or, if she did—one Southerner could whip four Yankees!"

It must be remembered that the Southerners were the aristocrats of America. They had intense respect for the "ruling classes" and for "gentle blood." The institution of slavery had helped to stimulate the pride of the slave-owners, for it gave scope to their sense of superiority and fostered their contempt for manual labor. Their faults were the rank fruit of a wrong system, but their virtues were the flowering of instinctive chivalry and inherited idealism. Even their struggle to perpetuate slavery had a flavor of greatness about it, and their bravery and personal courage were absolutely heroic.

The Northerners were a different type. They had learned to appreciate the dignity of labor. They had suffered and overcome in the hard School of Necessity and so could afford to smile at Southern taunts aimed at "petty shopkeepers." They seldom spoke of themselves as gentlemen, they were content with being Americans.

With the passing of the ordinance of secession, the South ranged herself defiantly against the North; it was the Old against the New, and the trouble that resulted was as complex as character, for the boundary line of sentiment was not easily defined. The free population of the seceding States were not unanimous in their desire to break up the Union, nor were the people in the twenty-three States that remained loyal to the Union agreed in their condemnation of slavery. As Lincoln said, it was not a question of two sides only but of "at least four sides: there were those who were for the Union with, but not without slavery; those for it without, but not with; those for it with or with-



out; and those who wished to leave the Union and keep slavery." The maze seemed fairly inextricable.

What Lincoln's policy would be in the handling of the matter was not known. It was recognized, however, that in his anxiety to preserve the Union whole and undivided he would go as far as honor would allow to arrange a peaceful compromise. "If we don't all join now to save the good old ship of the Union this voyage," he had said, in a speech made en route for Washington, "nobody will have a chance to pilot her on another voyage." He drew his simile, perhaps, from a stanza of Longfellow's *Building of the Ship*, of which he was very fond:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

His inaugural address was awaited with grave curiosity; and when it came generosity breathed in every word of it. If the Southerners had expected threats from Lincoln, they were disappointed; but he made a plain statement of their case and of his convictions in regard to it. ". . . No State," he said, "upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; acts of violence within any State, or States, against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary, or revolutionary, according to circumstances." He declared the purpose of the Union constitutionally to defend and maintain itself; but in doing this, he said, "there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none unless it is forced upon the national authority." In another part of the address, appealing directly to the Southerners, he said: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-country, and not in mine, is the momentous issue

of civil war—you have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it.”

As soon as President Lincoln was installed in office the Southern Government sent ambassadors to him as to a foreign power. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State in the new Cabinet, intimated to these gentlemen that the President could not receive them because he could not recognize the new Government at all, and he would not hold official intercourse with its agents. The discomfited ambassadors went home, and the South, more inflamed than ever against the Union, made ready for war.

In accordance with their plan of Confederacy, the rebels tried to seize the posts, arsenals and other public property of the United States that was within their boundaries. Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, under the command of Major Robert Anderson, held out against capture. The plucky little garrison of seventy men refused to surrender, although their supply of provisions had been cut off and they knew that they were being quietly encircled with batteries.

Soon after his inauguration, Lincoln ordered that measures be taken to reinforce and supply the garrison at Fort Sumter. Ships were sent for this purpose; but a storm detained them outside the bar, and the delay gave the Southerners time to act. They at once summoned Major Anderson to surrender. He offered to go in three days, if he was not relieved; but he was told that unless he left in one hour the fort would be bombarded.

At daybreak on the 12th of April, 1861, a Confederate shell burst over Fort Sumter and the great Civil War was begun. The garrison could make only a feeble response. They held out, however, for thirty-six hours, although the woodwork of the fort was many times on fire and the walls were being pounded to pieces. But at last Major Ander-



son was forced to surrender, when his food supply was utterly exhausted.

Strangely enough, no one was killed on either side during the bombardment; but all doubt was at an end—the peace of the country had been battered down, together with the walls of Fort Sumter. Excitement had crystallized into action. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas joined the Confederacy, and so made the cleavage between North and South geographically definite.

On April 15th Lincoln issued a proclamation, of which the following is a part: “The laws of the United States have been for some time past, and now are, opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings. Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth the militia of the several States of the Union to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed.”

The South had thought that the North would not fight; but nearly a hundred thousand men who enlisted in the Northern States in the first three days after Lincoln’s call to arms proved that loyalty to the Union was not dead. Rich men offered money and ships to help the Government; and all the paraphernalia of war was speedily got together.

In the South enthusiasm burned equally high. Young men took up arms in deadly earnest; indeed the fair hands of the Southern women helped to buckle on the swords, the pride of Southern mothers dressed their sons for battle.

In the border States there was a turmoil of divided sympathies. It was touch-and-go for a time, whether Mary-



land, Kentucky and Missouri should stay by the Union or join the Confederacy. On April 19th, the anniversary day of the Battle of Lexington, a rebel mob set upon the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment as it hastened through the streets of Baltimore, on its way to protect the Capitol at Washington. Men on both sides were killed and wounded and so the first blood of one of the saddest contests in history was spilled.

“The despot’s heel is on thy shore,  
 Maryland!  
 His torch is at thy temple door,  
 Maryland!  
 Avenge the patriotic gore  
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
 And be the battle queen of yore,  
 Maryland, my Maryland!”

sang the people of the South.

“I hear the distant thunder-hum,  
 Maryland!  
 The ‘Old Line’s’ bugle, fife, and drum,  
 Maryland!  
 She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;  
 Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum;  
 She breathes! She burns! She’ll come! She’ll come!  
 Maryland, my Maryland!”

But although Maryland was in great danger of being torn in two, in the end she stayed by the Union.

Many of the inhabitants of Missouri were in favor of secession, but the State was prevented from joining the Southern coalition largely through the exertions of General Lyon, who lost his life in the services of the Union. Kentucky also was saved for the North, but not until she had given the administration much anxiety.

Virginia seceded, but in the western part of the State, where the slaves were few, the Union sentiment was so strong that the people there separated themselves from Virginia and, in 1862, formed a new State which took the name of West Virginia and was admitted into the Union the following year. It is not to be supposed that this was accomplished without fighting. Several small battles had to be fought before West Virginia passed into the control of the Federal Government. The most important engagement took place at Rich Mountain, June 11, 1861, when General George B. McClellan was in command of the Union troops. After a battle that lasted not more than an hour and a half, he wrested West Virginia from the Confederacy.

It was a great blow to the South not to secure the border States, for they were rich in Indian corn, which the Confederates had counted on to help to feed their army. When it is remembered that the Southerners were dependent upon the North for nearly everything but bread and meat, their temerity in entering upon this war seems remarkable. Their great hope was that they would be able, in exchange for cotton, to get implements and munitions of war, and the necessities of life from Europe. Four days after the fall of Fort Sumter, however, Lincoln pronounced a blockade on all the Confederate ports. At first he had too few ships to enforce it, but within a very short time this lack was remedied and every Southern port was closed. From then on until the end of the war the Confederates obtained foreign supplies only from vessels which managed to evade the blockading force—a trade so desperate that few sea-captains cared to risk it.

Together with the corn lands, the Southerners lost the Ohio and the Potomac Rivers, a splendid line of defense which they had expected to hold. But their spirit was not easily dashed. The confidence of the Confederate States

in themselves was supreme. These eleven States with their nine million people, three and a half million of whom were slaves, gallantly and without a tremor of fear confronted the twenty-three loyal States of the Union, whose population was twenty-two millions. The proportion was nearly that of five to two; but the Southerners were not dismayed. "Philip of Spain could not subdue Holland," they said; "and did not the Grecians vanquish Xerxes?"

The Southerners were fighting for liberty, for "States' Rights." The North, stern and implacable, was to win; but before the war was over the South earned the unstinted admiration of the world, so great was her courageous bearing in adversity. During the four years of constant and pathetic strife, new bonds of kinship and respect were being forged silently between North and South; so that when peace finally returned to the United States, all signs of triumph in the Northern army were hushed by General Grant's calm words: "The war is over; the rebels are our countrymen again."



## CHAPTER LIX

### THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

"If, for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And, blest by thee, our present pain,  
Be Liberty's eternal gain,  
Thy will be done."

WHITTIER.

**T**HERE had been a good deal of desultory fighting, but the first really important battle of the Civil War was that known as the Battle of Bull Run, which took place at the railroad junction of Manassas, a strategic point between Washington and Richmond, the respective capitals of the Union and the Confederacy.

General P. G. T. Beauregard, who had won fame throughout the South by his conduct at the siege of Fort Sumter, was stationed at Manassas with a force of 23,000 men. His troops were encamped behind the little stream of Bull Run, in a narrow wooded valley, from which the ground rose on either side in steep hills topped with dense woods.

Brigadier-General Irvin McDowell, a Union leader, with a force of about 30,000, proposed to attack the enemy in this position. His object was to get possession of the railroad and to drive the Confederates over the Rappahannock River and back toward Richmond.

To march on the enemy at Manassas, the Union troops set out from their temporary headquarters at the village of Centerville on Sunday morning, July 21st. The day was

very hot and the recruits were already tired when they reached the heights on the north side of Bull Run and opened fire at about ten o'clock on the Confederate line. McDowell sent heavy masses of infantry to ford the stream and attack the Southerners at close quarters. The Confederates fought splendidly, green and unseasoned though they were and in spite of their being outnumbered by the attacking party.

The first charge resulted in the giving of a name to General Thomas J. Jackson that exactly described the man's unyielding courage. Some of the Confederates were in full retreat, but as they ran they looked back and saw his brigade standing in line calmly awaiting the oncoming enemy. His example instantly steadied the panic-stricken host, whose general cried out, "Look at Jackson! There he stands like a stone wall!" And from that day forth the intrepid Southern general was known as "Stone-wall" Jackson.

Hard pressed, the Confederates were forced to draw back into the woods, where the battle raged furiously for some hours. Steadily the Federal soldiers drove the Southerners back, leaving in their wake hundreds of dead and wounded men. By three o'clock it looked as though the victory was easily on the side of the Union. At that very hour, however, a railway train was run into Manassas, bringing a large reinforcement of Southerners, all fresh and eager for the fray. These new troops, under General Joseph E. Johnston, were hurried into action; and the surprised Federals, shaken with fatigue and disappointment could not withstand their attack.

The Northern men who had fought so well all day went temporarily mad with fright. Their retreat became a panic. The road back toward Washington was a choked and tangled mass of baggage-wagons, artillery, soldiers, and civilians, through which cavalry horses plunged and

reared with deadly effect. Nothing could turn or check that desperate welter of fear. The Union army did not come to itself until it was safe behind the fortifications that protected Washington.

The humiliation in the North at the outcome of the battle was equaled only by the rejoicing of the South. The Confederate army was quite disorganized by its success; for many Southerners regarded the war as over, and left the front to take up their usual occupations. From their defeat at Manassas the people of the North learned that the task before them was far more difficult than they had supposed; but their determination to crush the rebellion was in no way lessened. "Having chosen our course," said President Lincoln, "without guile, and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts."

Congress at once voted five hundred million dollars, and called for half a million volunteers to carry on the war. The men of the Union responded splendidly to the call.

"The lawyer leaving his office and arming, the judge leaving the court,

The driver deserting his wagon in the street, jumping down, throwing the reins abruptly down on the horses' backs,

The salesman leaving the store; the boss, bookkeeper, porter, all leaving;

Squads gather everywhere by common consent and arm."

The North realized at last just how serious an undertaking was before her, and she rose grandly to meet the emergency of a great and probably long war. Since General McDowell had led the Northern army to defeat, the confidence of the people in him naturally was shaken. A new leader was needed at once and the Government sent for General George B. McClellan, who had distinguished him-



self at Rich Mountain in West Virginia, to come and take command of the troops around Washington. To the forces under his command this new general gave the name of "The Army of the Potomac."

McClellan was a West Point graduate and he had distinguished himself by his bravery in the Mexican War. He was young and handsome and had a winning personality that at once appealed to public opinion. He was looked upon as the hero of the hour; the newspapers spoke of him as "the young Napoleon"; and the entire North waited in breathless expectation for him to lead them to glorious victory.

At first McClellan seemed to fulfil his country's ideal of him. He proved an excellent organizer; for during the first three months the strength of the forces under him was raised to 134,000 men, and this host he drilled, armed and equipped with a thoroughness of detail that was astonishing. "Never perhaps has a finer body of men in all respects of *physique* been assembled by any power in the world," wrote a correspondent to the *Times*. "And there is no reason why their *morale* should not be improved so as to equal that of the best troops of Europe."

In November General Scott, who had long served as general-in-chief of the United States Army, was at his own request relieved of his heavy duties, as he was old and infirm, and McClellan was put in his place. This gave "the young Napoleon" control of all the forces of the Union, and it was supposed that he would immediately strike a crushing blow at the Confederate army. But the adulation showered upon him had served to make McClellan vainglorious. He was content to think himself a great leader without doing anything to earn that distinction. Month after month went by and still McClellan made no move against the rebels. To Lincoln's remonstrances he gave first one excuse and then another: His men were

not yet ready; the Confederate forces in front of him were equal to his own in strength—let them attack. In reality, he outnumbered the Confederates three to one, and he let slip an opportunity for striking a decisive blow which might have changed the whole current of the war. The Northerners who so lavishly had provided him with men and the means of equipping them grew impatient at his delay. They saw too late that, as Lowell put it, “Our chicken was no eagle after all.” The newspapers changed their praise of McClellan to sarcasm:

“What are you waiting for, George, I pray?  
 To scour your cross-belts with fresh pipe-clay?  
 To burnish your buttons or brighten your guns?  
 Or wait you for May-day and bright spring suns?  
 Are you blowing your fingers because they are cold,  
 Or catching your breath ere you take a hold?  
 Is the mud knee-deep in valley and gorge?  
 What are you waiting for, tardy George?”

And now, for a little, we must leave McClellan and his Army of the Potomac to “drill and cipher and hammer and forge,” while we turn to some other phases of those early months of civil war.

When President Lincoln issued his proclamation announcing the blockade of the southern coast, Jefferson Davis had responded by conferring upon some private vessels letters of marque: that is, he gave them permission to be fitted out with guns so that they might annoy the shipping of the North.

This state of affairs brought out proclamations of neutrality from Great Britain and France; for these countries were anxious not to be implicated in the domestic affairs of the Americans, although they watched the progress of the Civil War with the utmost interest. A breaking up of the Union would not greatly have distressed European



Powers; for a divided America was likely to prove a less formidable rival than an America consolidated and united. The mass of the British nation, however, appreciated the reasons which had prompted the North to go to war, and sympathized with the Union. But the "sporting instincts" of the aristocrats were aroused by the conduct of the South, which, though much the weaker party, was engaged in a brave fight for liberty.

After the Southern victory at the battle of Bull Run, the governing classes in England believed that the Union would never succeed in conquering the Confederacy. "Nothing succeeds like success." That initial triumph of the South turned the tide of British sympathy more fully into favor of the Confederacy, despite the fact that Great Britain had denounced slavery.

Friendly relations between the Union and Great Britain came to be seriously threatened at the close of the year 1861 by the capture of two envoys, James M. Mason and John Slidell, whom the Confederate Government had dispatched to Europe on board a British merchant-ship. This act gave rise to great excitement in England, where the stopping of a ship sailing under the British flag by an American man-of-war, and the seizing of two men under the protection of that flag, was held to be a hostile act. People in the United States were glorying in the capture, and for a time war between Great Britain and the Union seemed imminent. Lincoln's wisdom prevailed, however, and on the demand of the British Government, the United States reluctantly surrendered the ambassadors and admitted that they had been improperly captured. Thus a grave danger was averted; for had the United States been forced into war with Great Britain at this time, the Confederacy and the evil of slavery would undoubtedly have triumphed.



## CHAPTER LX

### LINCOLN AND LEE

**T**HERE is a great sameness about war. Carlyle wrote, in his history, *The French Revolution*: "Battles ever since Homer's time, when they were fighting mobs, have mostly ceased to be worth reading of . . . How many wearisome bloody battles does history strive to represent!" The only thing that makes one battle more interesting than another, that differentiates war from war, is the personality of the leaders.

In the American Civil War, personality played a great and thrilling part. In the North, Lincoln, rugged, virile and sublime, held the center of the stage. He was the chief actor in the great drama; for on him devolved the burden of supplying troops for his generals, ships and sailors to enforce a blockade, and money to finance the enterprise of war. His support was excellent: without Grant, Sherman, and others of his generals, his endeavors could not have culminated in success; but the fact still remains that the President was the colossus of the war. The way in which this ungainly backwoodsman acquired, almost instinctively, skill and knowledge in military strategy, was one of the most surprising features of his leadership. "His letters to generals in the field," says an expert, "are those of a master of strategy."

In the first days after his inauguration, Lincoln was besieged by a crowd of office-seekers unprecedented even in the White House. They thronged the stairs and corridors of the executive mansion and swarmed around the Presi-

dent from morning until night. His patience with these parasitical beings was remarkable. "You will wear yourself out," a friend remonstrated; "let me have these importunate visitors turned out." "They don't want much," Lincoln answered; "they get but little and I must see them." The President was, however, no sentimentalist; he knew a rogue when he saw one, and a hypocrite suffered short shrift at his hands. Colonel Hay once saw Lincoln take an office-seeker by the coat-collar, carry him bodily to the door, and throw him in a helpless heap outside. He showed much tact in his dealings with men. His sense of humor helped him as well as his generous sympathy and sincere humanity. Some one called him "the one great humorist among the rulers of the earth." Certainly this laughter-loving, warm-hearted man knew how to make a joke serve in place of a reprimand, and his canny way of turning a jest to save the feelings of a friend often amused others besides himself. Asked, one time, to pass judgment upon a book submitted to him by an anxious young person, the President said gravely that "for those who like this sort of thing, it is just the sort of thing they like!" and the author went away content.

Life at the White House during the difficult years of Lincoln's presidency, had a character all its own. It was a time, if not of gloom, at least of such seriousness that only the necessary formal entertainments were given. At the state receptions the President was obliged to stand for long hours, shaking hands with thousands of people, murmuring some monotonous greeting as they went past him. Usually his mind was far away on these occasions, his eyes were veiled with thought, but let him recognize a friend and his whole demeanor would change: he would greet the guest with a hearty hand-grasp and a ringing laugh that would make the Blue Room echo with good-will. Most

of the visitors prepared a set phrase to hurl at the President as they went by him, but unless it was very short they were seldom able to deliver it. One night a determined gentleman from Buffalo planted himself in front of Lincoln. "Up our way we believe in God and Abraham Lincoln," he said. "My friend," replied the President as he shoved him gently along the line, "you are more than half right."

Simple and modest though he was, Lincoln was one of the most self-respecting of rulers. Few Presidents have been more careful to protect the honor of their office from encroachment. His native dignity was like an armor; it saved him from anything like presumption or impertinence. His enemies, of course, loaded him with ridicule; but newspaper abuse did not affect him. "I have endured a great deal of ridicule, without much malice," he once wrote to an acquaintance, "and have received a great deal of kindness, not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it."

Lincoln was a fair target for lampoons, and his gigantic stature and rough-hewn features lent themselves to caricature. The cartoonists all over the world revelled in his length of limb and his shock of strong, ungovernable hair. One of the most touching tributes ever paid to him was a poem by Tom Taylor, that appeared in *Punch*, soon after the assassination:

"*You* lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,  
*You*, who with mocking pencil went to trace,  
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,  
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet  
 The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,  
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
 Say, scurril jester, is there room for *you*?



Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,  
To lame my pencil and confute my pen,  
To make me own this hind of princes peer,  
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men."

An unfailing joy to his father and an element of much brightness in the White House was Lincoln's youngest son, Thomas, or "Tad" as he was usually called. He was a merry, lawless little fellow, loved by all who knew him for his kindly ways and good-natured fun. He made the acquaintance of the office-seekers and was the hot champion of some of them. He ran in and out of his father's office as he pleased, interrupting the gravest labors with his bright talk, climbing on to the President's knee or even on to his shoulder, where he would often sit perfectly quiet while a weighty conference was going on.

"Tad" was continually busy about something: fishing for gold-fish in the fountains of the gardens, organizing minstrel shows in the attic of the White House; it is even told of him that he once set up a stand on the august steps of the executive mansion and was doing a thriving business, dispensing lemonade at five cents a glass, when the President appeared and put an end to that particular enterprise. When "Tad" became so obstreperous that punishment was threatened by his mother, he would take refuge beside his father's desk, often spending a whole evening there and dropping to sleep at last on the floor; then the President would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed.

Lincoln was an indefatigable worker. The light in his office burned late into the night and his meals were taken at odd hours because in the press of affairs he would forget to eat. His health must have suffered had it not been for Mrs. Lincoln's care of him. After a long day, when the President had been too busy to go to his meals, and when

the food sent to him was returned to the dining-room untasted, Mrs. Lincoln would, herself, carry a tray into her husband's cabinet, take away his papers and stay with him until he had eaten enough to please her. She was a kind, motherly woman, whose first care was the comfort of those about her. She spent much time in visiting the camps and hospitals of the soldiers near Washington, ministering to the ill and wounded. The war was a heavy sorrow to Mrs. Lincoln. Her family was divided by it; several of her nearest kin were killed in battle, some in the Union, and some in the Confederate army. Personally she was devoted to the National cause, but it was bitter for her to see her husband bowed down under the sufferings of the country.

As time wore on and the war held on its terrible course, none of those who lived through it showed the signs of strain more plainly than did the President. He aged rapidly, and although his eyes never lost their underglint of laughter, those who knew him said that his smile came to be so sad that it moved his friends to tears. The most compassionate of men, he had daily to give orders which cost thousands of lives. The cry of the widow and orphan was always in his ears, yet he never swerved from his duty, even when it almost broke his heart to perform it.

"I believe fully in Lincoln," said Walt Whitman, who was a witness of all the agony of the Civil War: "few know the rocks and quicksands he had to steer through and over."

What Lincoln was to the North, Robert Edward Lee was to the South. The son of General Henry Lee, known during the Revolutionary War as "Light-Horse Harry," Robert E. Lee was born in Virginia on June 19, 1807. His father, who was a close friend of Washington's, was made Governor of Virginia after the Revolution and young Lee was brought up amid the finest society of which the United States could boast. He was sent to West



Point, where he was graduated when he was twenty-two. He served under Scott during the Mexican War, winning great distinction for his courage and coolness. In 1852 he was made superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point and later was appointed colonel of the First United States Cavalry.

Lincoln had great respect for Lee. He saw in him not only a man with a splendid record, but a man capable of unusual leadership. The President was very conscious of his own lack of technical military training, so when the war began he offered Lee the active command of the Union forces. Lee was unwilling, however, to take part in an invasion of the Southern States. The love of the South was a part of him; the bluest blood of Virginia ran in his veins and to be untrue to his State seemed to him like treason. Right or wrong, Virginia was his to fight for and, if necessary, to die for.

Lee was one of those Southerners who, although a slave-owner himself, disliked slavery. He called it "an institution of moral and political evil"; but he did not believe that it was a matter for outsiders to meddle with. He maintained that each State had an undoubted right to make and carry out its own laws, and that the North had no right to dictate to the South; so he gave up his commission in the United States Army, as did many another loyal Southerner, and accepted the generalship of the Virginia forces. Later he became commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies. "His ability and character made him the head and center of the Southern cause," says Professor Rhodes. "When a Southerner had conscientious misgivings he was reassured by the reflection that any cause winning the devotion of Lee must be just and holy."

The Southerners idolized their leader. Lee's soldiers asked nothing better than to follow where he led. His generalship made it possible for the South to continue the



war after all hope of success was over. Always fighting against armies larger and better equipped than his own, Lee yet managed by sheer genius and ability to maneuver his troops in such a way that defeat of the Southern cause was long postponed. When at last he was forced to lay down his arms the unrepining loyalty with which he accepted the ruin of his party reflected honor on the entire South. Friends and foes alike acknowledged the purity of his motives and his greatness as a general.

## CHAPTER LXI

### THE WAR IN THE WEST

**B**Y December 1, 1861, six hundred and forty thousand Northerners had enlisted for the war. The North was ready to make every sacrifice in order to save the Union. She grudged neither energy nor expense in her enterprise. Night and day the foundries worked turning out big guns. In the shipyards, where gunboats were building, the sound of the hammer was never still; and up and down the length and breadth of the loyal States, men were armed and drilled for battle, for they had heard their country's call:

“Lay down the axe, fling up the spade,  
Leave on its track the toiling plow;  
The rifle and the bayonet-blade  
For arms like yours were fitter now;  
And let the hands that ply the pen  
Quit the light task, and learn to wield  
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein  
The charger on the battle-field.”

It is true that under McClellan's dilatory generalship the army in the East hesitated to attack the Confederates; but the army in the West was busily employed; for the Civil War had a continent for its battle-field and campaigns were going on, simultaneously, in several theaters of action.

One of the aims of the Federal Government was to get possession of the Mississippi River. It would be exceed-

ingly valuable to the Union, both as a highway and as a line of defense; and by holding this great river the North would drive a powerful wedge into Confederate territory, for the Mississippi divided Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana from the other States of the Confederacy. The river would serve, too, as a base from which the blockade, so well established on the Atlantic coast, might be perfected.

Early in 1862 Ulysses S. Grant, who later became President, moved against Fort Henry. This was one of a series of important posts that marked the Confederate line of defense that must be broken before the Union army could hope to take the Mississippi. Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, was easily captured, owing to Grant's ability and to the co-operation of a gunboat fleet under Commodore Foote. Twelve miles from Fort Henry, on the Cumberland River, was another Confederate stronghold, Fort Donelson. It also surrendered, and with it fifteen thousand Confederate troops; but this was only after a severe battle had been fought in which the Union, alone, lost twenty-three hundred men. We are told that at Donelson when the Southern General asked Grant for terms, the Northerner replied that his terms were embodied in two words: "Unconditional surrender." U. S. being the initials of his name, the resolute General was known thenceforth as "Unconditional Surrender Grant."

The loss of Fort Donelson was to the South what Bull Run had been to the North; but it was even more bitter, for since their comparatively easy victory at Manassas the Confederates had believed themselves to be invincible, a belief that was strengthened by the inactivity of the Army of the Potomac. During the early days of disillusion in the South, which followed hard upon Grant's successes, the Confederate Congress passed an act requiring of all white men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five three years of military service. It was not until about a



year later that the North was forced to resort to this compulsory method of strengthening its army.

While their double defeat made it necessary for many of the Confederates to fall back from Nashville and other points of vantage, it enabled Grant to push southward in the direction of Corinth, a town in the northern part of Mississippi which the Federal authorities coveted because it was the junction of several railroad lines.

The Union troops under Grant numbered between thirty and forty thousand men. With this host he was resting on Sunday morning, April 6, at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, when he was surprised by a Confederate General, Albert Sidney Johnston, who had secretly collected strong forces for this very attack. Grant's army was taken off its guard, for no one was aware that so powerful an enemy was near at hand. Driven back between the Tennessee River and a creek, the Union soldiers fought gallantly, but the Confederates pressed them so hard that when night came the South seemed in a fair way to win the battle of Pittsburg Landing or, as it is more often called, the battle of Shiloh, taking its name from a little log meeting-house around which centered the most desperate fighting.

The second day, however, proved fatal to the Confederates. General Johnston was killed, and Grant's forces were strengthened by the timely arrival of 24,000 fresh troops under the leadership of General Buell. The Confederates, exhausted and disheartened, retired from the field and withdrew to Corinth. There the Federal army attacked them and forced General Beauregard, who took over the command after Johnston's death, to evacuate the town.

At Shiloh the loss on both sides was very great. The harassed country began to taste to the full the ruthless cruelty of war; but neither side was shaken in its resolution

to fight on. General Grant was severely blamed for having permitted himself to be surprised. Lincoln was even requested to have him removed from his command; but the shrewd President shook his head. "I can't spare that man," he said; "he fights."

In March, 1862, while Grant had been making his way up the Tennessee, another section of the Union army, under General John Pope, had moved against the Confederates who blocked the Mississippi at Island No. 10. This island lies opposite the town of New Madrid, which is on the Missouri side of the river, at a point where the stream makes a double bend. Island No. 10, like the shores on either side of it, was strongly fortified. Pope, with about twenty thousand men, laid such violent siege to New Madrid that the town was speedily evacuated; but in order to capture the island it was necessary to cross below it and cut off its supplies. This was no easy task, because the Confederate batteries commanded the channel; but by digging a canal across the point of land that lay in the bend of the Mississippi, the Union General saw that he would be able to get transport-boats below the island.

The canal was made, but nineteen days went to the digging of it and during all that time the enemy was strengthening its position. When the new waterway was finally ready for use it proved too small for the gunboats, without the protection of which the transports were useless.

Something had to be done at once, and the Commander of the *Carondolet* determined on a bold plan for helping Pope. On the night of April 4th he ran his gunboat bravely past the Confederate batteries. A fearful thunderstorm was raging and the night, pitch dark at one moment, was ablaze with lightning glare the next. What with the howling of the wind and the shrieking of Confederate shells, the daring little gunboat seemed launched into a very inferno; but she scudded right under the lee of



the island, so close to the enemy's guns that their range could not be shortened in time to hit her, and when morning came she was riding safely at anchor below the island.

The next night the *Pittsburgh*, inspired by the daring of the *Carondolet*, followed her example, slipping past the enemy unharmed. With the co-operation of these two gunboats, General Pope succeeded in blocking the approach to Island No. 10 so effectively that the Confederates were obliged to surrender it, together with its garrison of seven thousand men.

This victory, coupled with Grant's achievements, gave into Union possession the Mississippi River as far down as Vicksburg.

In the dark fabric of civil war, the heroism of Southern women glows jewel-like against the somber pattern of history. The women of the North were brave; but their endurance was not put to such a gigantic strain as that imposed upon their Southern sisters, who, daintily reared and used to every luxury, were suddenly plunged into want and suffering. Conscription robbed them of their natural protectors and left them alone to grapple with all the problems of life. There was very little money and only scant supply of food, as almost everything was requisitioned for the army; but with passionate courage, delicate women set themselves to unaccustomed tasks, their pride of race helping them to perform the most menial labor with dignity, giving them a moral superiority that was an incalculable blessing to them in their dealings with the blacks left in their care.

Plantation after plantation was laid waste as the tide of war encroached upon the Confederate States; homes were destroyed; women who had been as queens in their own right were left destitute. But the great-hearted hospitality of the South, which is a tradition of the land, did not fail in those days of poverty. The doors that were left



standing opened wide to the homeless; for a common anxiety and an almost fanatical devotion to the Southern cause made all the South akin in that time of trial.

The most haughty women made gentle nurses. They tended the wounded and dying with utter devotion, even when their own hearts were wrung with anguish. As the war went on, so few white men were left behind the fighting lines that often the very burial of the slain devolved upon the women. The description of the funeral of a young captain, killed during the campaign of 1862, is very touching. A little girl strewed flowers on the grave, while

“ . . . women's voices, with accents soft and low,  
Trembling with pity, touched with pathos, read  
Over his hallowed dust the ritual of the dead.”

Innumerable incidents descriptive of the gallant bearing of both Southern men and women during the Civil War have been told, but it may not be out of place to repeat here just one story typical of the more light-hearted side of the war. To three beautiful cousins had been entrusted the making of the first three battle-flags of the Confederacy. These were bright squares of scarlet crossed with deep blue edged with white, the cross bearing as many stars as there were seceded States. The making of the flags was a pure labor of love for the girls, who put such minute stitches into their work that they were almost invisible without a magnifying-glass. Each flag was edged with heavy gold fringe and then sent by special messenger to generals at the front. One went to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Earl Van Dorn, who was then in command of infantry at Manassas.

The battle-flags were received with great enthusiasm by the soldiers; they were toasted and cheered again and again. “After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee,” wrote Constance Cary Harrison, the maker

of one of the banners, "mine came back to me, tattered and storm-stained from long and honorable service in the field. But it was only a little while after it had been bestowed that there arrived one day at our lodgings in Culpeper a huge, bashful Mississippi scout—one of the most daring in the army—with the frame of a Hercules and the face of a child. He had been bidden to come there by his general, he said, to ask if I would not give him an order to fetch some cherished object from my dear old home—something that would prove to me 'how much they thought of the maker of that flag!' A week later I was the astonished recipient of a lamented bit of finery left 'within the lines,' a wrap, brought to us by Dillon himself with a beaming face. Mounted on a load of fire-wood, he had gone through the Union pickets, and while peddling poultry had presented himself at the house of my uncle, Dr. Fairfax, in Alexandria, whence he carried off his prize in triumph, with a letter in its folds telling us how relatives left behind longed to be sharing the joys and sorrows of those at large in the Confederacy." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This story is taken from *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, "Virginia Scenes in '61," by Constance Cary Harrison.

## CHAPTER LXII

### DARK DAYS FOR THE UNION

**F**OR eight months McClellan was left to drill his superlative army, although his inactivity was viewed with growing impatience. At last, however, the President could stand his procrastination no longer. "If McClellan has no use for the Army of the Potomac," he grimly remarked, "I'd like to borrow it"; and he issued a peremptory order for an immediate movement against the enemy.

The soldiers were overjoyed to hear that they were at last to be of use, for their general's dilatoriness had greatly fretted them. Lincoln desired that a march be made directly on Richmond. McClellan, however, preferred to transport his army, by water, to Fortress Monroe. From there he wished to advance on the Confederate capital by marching along the peninsula that lies between the York and James Rivers, which, running parallel, fall into the Potomac southeast of Richmond. The President consented to this plan, for he was very humble in regard to his own ideas on the subject of military tactics and always forbore to press his views upon an expert.

From the very beginning McClellan's advance was doomed to failure because of his constitutional dislike of attacking the foe and of his proneness to let the crucial moment slip by unmarked. At the outset he was disheartened by the fact that part of the troops promised him were detained in Washington for the defense of the city. Another disconcerting fact was that the Confederates had dis-



covered the Union plans almost as soon as they were made and had ordered their movements accordingly.

The Confederate general, Joseph E. Johnston, who had spent the winter near the battle-field of Bull Run, immediately retired from that position and hastening to the peninsula threw a long line of entrenchments from Yorktown across to a branch of the James; so that when McClellan arrived at Fortress Monroe to lead his army toward Richmond, he found himself brought to a standstill by the complacent enemy. Now the Confederate strength amounted to only about nine thousand three hundred, while McClellan's forces numbered nearly a hundred thousand. It should have been quite a simple matter for the resplendent Union army to have broken through the Confederate lines, but the overcautious McClellan halted and sent back to Washington for reinforcements. "I am of the opinion," he complained, "that I shall have to fight all the available strength of the rebels not far from here."

After a month of dalliance McClellan received a telegram from President Lincoln which said, "I think the time is near at hand when you must either attack Richmond or give up the job." This roused the General to action; but lo! when he was ready to train his guns on the enemy—he found their trenches empty! The Confederates had quietly withdrawn to the nearer neighborhood of Richmond. McClellan started in pursuit; but meanwhile General Stonewall Jackson was at work in the Shenandoah Valley, where he had defeated and frightened several bodies of Union troops and had so alarmed the authorities at Washington, that McDowell, who was in command of some Federal forces at Fredericksburg, was ordered not to join McClellan before Richmond, as he had expected to do, but to remain in the vicinity of the national capital, which seemed in danger of being invaded.

Stonewall Jackson, the Confederate general, was one of

the outstanding personalities of the Civil War. This "Blue-light Elder," as he was affectionately known among his men because of his religious principles, never went into battle without a prayer for guidance. He regularly set aside a tenth part of his income for the use of the poor; yet he believed fervently in the institution of slavery and never hesitated to have his own negroes flogged when he thought that they deserved it.

After one of the battles in the Shenandoah Valley, a poem, stained with blood, was found on the body of a dead soldier. It is called *Stonewall Jackson's Way*, and in some of its uncouth verses it gives a vivid picture of Lee's most famous general:

"Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,  
 Stir up the camp-fire bright!  
 No growling if the canteen fails,  
 We'll make a roaring night.  
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,  
 There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,  
 To swell the brigade's rousing song  
 Of 'Stonewall Jackson's way.'

We see him now—the queer slouched hat  
 Cocked o'er his eye askew;  
 The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat;  
 So calm, so blunt, so true.

. . . . .  
 Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!  
 Old Blue Light's goin' to pray.  
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!  
 Attention! It's his way—  
 Appealing from his native sod,  
 In forma pauperis to God  
 'Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!—  
 Amen! That's 'Stonewall's way.'

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!  
Steady! the whole brigade!  
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win  
His way out, ball and blade!  
What matter if our shoes are torn?  
'Quick step! We're with him before the morn!'  
That's 'Stonewall Jackson's way.' ”

Jackson was a West Point man, and before the war he was a professor in the Virginia Military Institute. He entered the Confederate service at the beginning of hostilities and very soon proved his greatness as a leader. His career was cut short, for he was accidentally shot by his own men at Chancellorsville; but that did not happen until his name had become a terror to the North and a glory to the South.

McClellan, as he was bound to do, moved toward Richmond and on the 31st of May, 1862, the Union and Confederate armies met five miles from the fortifications of the Confederate capital, in the neighborhood of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks. A part of the Union army had been placed in a faulty position, that enabled the enemy to fall upon it in superior strength. A battle of great frightfulness was fought; for to the usual horrors of war were added the danger from a river in flood, and the hardships of fighting in a heavy rain with mud knee-deep on the battle-field. One of the bridges over the Chickahominy River was washed away and the other was barely passable, and thus it was that two of McClellan's army corps, which formed the left wing, were cut off from the main army upon the other shore and left to sustain the attack of the Confederates alone.

The battle undoubtedly would have proved fatal to the Unionists had it not been for the action of General Sumner, who managed to get his corps across the one remaining and partly submerged bridge. His arrival saved the



left wing from complete disaster; but it did not help them to win a victory. There were no decisive results of the battle on either side, although five thousand Federals and six thousand Confederates were lost. General Johnston was seriously wounded, and Robert E. Lee succeeded him in chief command of the Confederate army. He summoned Jackson to his aid, and that general slipped away from the Shenandoah Valley and secretly brought his force down by rail to help Lee in the struggle against McClellan.

Blow upon blow the Confederates now struck against the Union forces. A series of battles known as the Seven Days' Fight (June 26 to July 2, 1862) resulted in the withdrawal of the splendid Army of the Potomac, the men burning with shame and humiliation. They begged to be allowed to stay and "fight it out"; but McClellan, still under the erroneous belief that the Confederate forces were much greater than his own, would not rest until he lay safely sheltered by the gunboats on the James River. It is said that he conducted the retreat with much skill; but that fact was overlooked in the disgust and disappointment felt by the country at this inglorious ending to the campaign. Fifteen thousand men were lost to no purpose; and the Confederates were strengthened in their belief in ultimate victory.

Poor McClellan, shorn of most of his heroic luster, sulked like a school-boy. Altogether the gloom that was felt in the North was greater than that which prevailed after the battle of Bull Run. Charles Darwin's words, "Good God! What will be the end?" found echo in many hearts. Lincoln grew haggard with anxiety; but he only clenched his fist and said: "I expect to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die or am conquered, or my term of office expires, or Congress or the country forsakes me." He called for three hundred thousand more men, to serve for three years, and his determination found response

in the upwelling faith of the people. Somebody wrote a rousing song that helped to raise the spirits of the North:

“We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred  
thousand more,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.”

A new army was made up and John Pope, whose success at Island No. 10 had gained him a reputation, was summoned from the West to command it.

General Halleck, another Western hero, was also ordered to Washington as commander-in-chief; but he proved timid and inefficient, although he was a help to Lincoln as an authority on the technique of war. The truth is that the Northern generals, at this time, were none of them equal to the Southern leaders, and the Confederate army had the great advantage of working in harmony, whereas in the North the army was a hotbed of jealousy and confusion.

Lee had already gained the love and confidence of the South. He was all-powerful in military affairs, and as soon as he was relieved from danger at Richmond he assumed the offensive and with his whole force marched against Pope, who was with the Federal troops near the old battle-field of Bull Run. There, on August 29 and 30, 1862, was fought the second battle of Manassas, which proved a sorry defeat for the Union.

Pope was no more equal to withstanding a Confederate attack than his predecessor had been. Misunderstandings between him and some of his corps-commanders, together with the failure of McClellan to reinforce him at a critical moment, resulted disastrously. The Union troops fought splendidly, but their leaders were out-maneuvered by the enemy and obliged to fall back toward Washington, just as they had been forced to do the year before.

The anger and chagrin felt by the Northern people over

McClellan's failure and Pope's disaster found voice in a poem entitled *Wanted: A Man*, written by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

"Back from the trebly crimsoned field  
 Terrible words are thunder-tossed,  
 Full of the wrath that will not yield,  
 Full of revenge for battles lost!  
 Hark to their echo, as it crossed  
 The Capital, making faces wan:  
 End this murderous holocaust;  
 Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

. . . . .  
 No leader to shirk the boasting foe  
 And to march and countermarch our brave,  
 Till they fall like ghosts in the marshes low,  
 And swamp-grass covers each nameless grave;  
 Nor another, whose fatal banners wave  
 Aye in disaster's shameful van;  
 Nor another to bluster, and lie, and rave—  
 Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

The President was so much impressed with this poem that he read it to his cabinet. But the task of finding "a MAN" was a difficult one; for so many of the tried leaders who had served the United States before the war were now fighting on the Confederate side, and the new men in the Union army had not had time to prove their worth. In desperation Lincoln again turned to McClellan, who, although he had failed utterly as a leader, was known to be a born organizer. "I must have McClellan to reorganize the army and bring it out of chaos," said the President; so McClellan was reinstated, much to the delight of the Army of the Potomac and most of its leaders, with whom the General was popular in spite of his acknowledged faults.



To McClellan's honor be it said, he restored to order and harmony the demoralized army, and by his real genius and resource justified Lincoln's estimate of him.

## CHAPTER LXIII

### THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM. SOME NAVAL INCIDENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR

**G**ENERAL LEE had a great scheme for following up his success at Bull Run by driving the Northerners out of Maryland and adding that border State to the Confederacy. Accordingly he sent Stonewall Jackson with a force against Harper's Ferry, which was captured together with eleven thousand Union soldiers. Lee, with about 41,000 men, then pushed on into Maryland, and on September 16, 1862, he encountered McClellan, with 87,000 troops, on the banks of the Antietam Creek, near Sharpsburg. Here took place one of the fiercest encounters of the war, lasting for two days. The Federal casualties alone amounted to over twelve thousand, while the list of Confederate dead and wounded brought the losses of both sides up to twenty-two thousand! McClellan succeeded, because of his numerically superior army, in driving Lee back across the Potomac, and in bringing the invasion of Maryland to an abrupt end. But, McClellan-like, he stopped when he had done so much. Instead of following up his advantage and ending the war, he hung back and allowed the Confederate army to slip away into safety.

When expostulations reached him from Washington, and when the President urgently "suggested" that he should push forward and take Richmond before the Confederates had time to collect and reorganize their forces, McClellan replied that he had all he could do to reinforce

and reorganize his own army, and to repair the wastages of the campaign.

This seemed a poor excuse to those in authority, who knew that he had 100,000 men ready for duty under his immediate command, and as many more subject to his orders between Sharpsburg and Washington. Once again "Tardy George" lost a great opportunity and bitterly disappointed the Union. His attitude of mind is difficult to understand; for McClellan was no personal coward. At the battle of Antietam he rode backward and forward encouraging his men. He was perfectly cool and collected under fire; and very handsome he looked, mounted on his famous black horse "Daniel Webster," which was known in the army as "that devil Dan." He seemed every inch a general; but the poor man was always haunted by the fear of defeat, and never inspired by the hope of victory. This morbid attitude of mind worked to his own disgrace as well as to the distress of the country; for early in November he was relieved of his command of the Army of the Potomac and Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside was put in his place.

After the Peninsular campaign, when McClellan had been accused of achieving nothing but failure, he complained that he failed because the navy had rendered him no assistance. The fact was that the Union navy had all it could attend to without helping the land forces. There was the blockade to be enforced, the exciting operations on the Mississippi to be carried out and—at the time when McClellan was getting ready to transport his army to the peninsula—a great battle to be fought in the waters of Hampton Roads, near Fortress Monroe.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," the old adage tells us, but during the Civil War the Southerners did something quite as remarkable, for they improvised effective fighting ships out of next to nothing. They



were hard pressed for a navy, having no ships designed for war, and their poverty in all the materials necessary for building fighting ships was almost unbelievable. There was so little iron in the South that an appeal had to be made for old pots and pans to melt down, and we are told that despite the military importance of railroads rails were torn up to make armor for the Confederate ships.

At the very beginning of the war the Southerners had seized the Norfolk Navy Yard; but without great advantage to themselves, for, rather than let good ships fall into Confederate possession, the Union authorities had destroyed them. The *Merrimac*, which had been the pride of the United States Navy, was sunk in the James River. But the undaunted Southerners raised the frigate, cut her down, built on her deck a superstructure which "looked like the roof of a house with the eaves under water," and sheathed her with iron plates. The "roof" they covered with iron rails. Beneath the water-line they fastened to her prow an ironclad projection, which might be used to ram an enemy ship; then arming her with guns of large size they rechristened her the *Virginia* and sent her—with an escort of five small wooden vessels—downstream to meet the Northern fleet that lay guarding the mouth of the James. The battle which ensued was one of the most interesting of the Civil War. It took place on the 8th and 9th of March, 1862.

As she steamed grimly ahead, the *Virginia's* appearance was awe-inspiring, for her like had never been seen afloat. When she drew near the enemy not a man was to be desecrated upon her decks. The Union frigates greeted her with a volley of shot, which bounced harmlessly from her armored sides. Steering straight for the *Cumberland*, the *Virginia* drove her armed prow into the Federal vessel, making a long gash in the *Cumberland's* side. The

wooden timbers of the Federal ship might as well have been egg-shells, so useless were they in resisting the Confederate ram. The frigate filled with water and went down, carrying a hundred men of her gallant crew to their death.

The *Virginia* next trained her guns on the *Congress*, which was aground and able to offer but little resistance. For a time the Union frigate pluckily sustained the rain of Confederate shell, but at last she surrendered, having lost heavily in dead and wounded. Jubilantly the *Virginia* drew away from her scene of triumph, for night was approaching. But the next morning, which chanced to be a Sunday, she reappeared, anxious to finish the destruction of the Union fleet and then to sail up the Potomac and attack the city of Washington. The *Minnesota* was to be the *Virginia's* first victim; but her Federal commander had run her aground, to be out of reach of the stabbing prow. In front of where she wallowed in the mud was a mysterious structure that looked to the astonished Southerners like "a cheese-box on a raft." This proved to be the *Monitor*, a new type of fighting ship (invented by Captain John Ericsson) which had arrived from New York during the night.

The *Monitor's* deck was only just above the water and supported nothing but a revolving iron turret in which were placed two very large guns that could be fired from any direction. This curious little vessel successfully defended the *Minnesota*, hurling enough shot at the *Virginia* to have sunk an entire wooden navy. The Confederate ship responded with a perfect storm of shell, and for four hours the two ironclads battered away at each other without any particular result. In vain the *Virginia* tried to run down her little adversary; she struck her a heavy blow, but the *Monitor* suffered no serious damage. Finally the



two antagonists separated without decisive victory on either side. They had fought the first battle between armored vessels in the world's history.

The *Virginia* retired up the James River. Her plan for demolishing the Union fleet was frustrated and her hope of attacking Washington was foiled, so perhaps the victory was to the Union and to the *Monitor* in particular. But the great importance of the battle lies in its effect on the naval warfare of the world. Men saw that the day of wooden battleships was forever at an end; that the armored ship was the battleship of the future. European governments all set themselves to reconstructing their navies according to this new light; and the United States got seventy-five ironclads ready for service before the end of the next year.

The submarine, another instrument of naval warfare which was destined to be quite as important as the ironclad, was brought to the world's notice during the American Civil War. The great warships belonging to the Union were known as Goliaths, and for defense against these giants, the Confederates built submersible boats which they called Davids. These were double-ended vessels, driven by steam and sunk until the tops were awash and only the funnels showed above the water. Even the funnels could be telescoped so that they were scarcely visible. In a state of perfection these underwater boats would have been a grave menace to the Union navy; but as they were, they proved dangerous chiefly to their own crews, for they had a proneness to dive unexpectedly, which caused the death of many a gallant Southerner. They were apt, also, to be sunk by a heavy wave when their hatches were open; while to close the hatches meant death to their crews from lack of air. On the whole, therefore, the Davids did not seriously annoy their enemy, although their "liveliness" kept the Federal fleet anxiously alert. But to us they



are interesting as the progenitors of the present day submarines, and because some of them carried at the bow a spar having a copper case containing one hundred and thirty-four pounds of gunpowder with a chemical fuse—the forerunner of the modern torpedo.

In the West the Union owed most of its successes to the combined efforts of the navy and the land forces. It was the “web-feet of the nation,” as Lincoln called the gunboats that helped to put the North in control of the upper Mississippi. In April, 1862, a fleet of Federal gunboats bombarded the forts below New Orleans, in the hope of gaining the lower part of the great river for the Union. For five days the firing went on almost continuously; but the Confederates held out. Admiral Farragut, in charge of the Federal fleet, saw that he might hammer away indefinitely without making much impression on the forts. He therefore decided to run his gunboats past them and to attack New Orleans.

To frustrate Farragut’s plan, the Southerners collected a haphazard lot of ships to oppose his advance, but the Admiral’s splendid fleet dealt successfully with them all. He cleverly avoided the fire-rafts and burning steamboats loaded with cotton which were dispatched against his fleet; and before it could do any serious damage, he evaded an ironclad ram named the *Manassas*, which was the pride of the enemy. His progress was a fight every inch of the way, but he finally arrived triumphantly in front of New Orleans.

Having counted upon the forts for protection, the city was undefended and obliged to surrender. Farragut landed a party of marines, who pulled down the Confederate flag and hoisted the Union flag in its stead. Thus quietly New Orleans was taken, and the lower Mississippi, from the sea to Baton Rouge, was brought under the control of the Union Government.

## CHAPTER LXIV

### THE SLAVES ARE DECLARED FREE. SOME CONFEDERATE SUCCESES

"United States! the ages plead  
Present and past in undersong:  
Go put your creed into your deed,  
Nor speak with double tongue.

"For sea and land don't understand,  
Nor skies without a frown  
See rights for which the one hand fights  
By the other cloven down.  
. . . . .

"For He that worketh high and wise  
Nor pauses in His plan,  
Will take the sun out of the skies  
Ere freedom out of man."

EMERSON.

**L**INCOLN once said, "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling."

The President thought it was his first duty to save the Union. "If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it," he said; "if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do it."

When the people of the North clamored for him to take a definite step to abolish slavery, he waited to find out just which was the wisest way to set about it. He saw that nothing must be done which would estrange the Slave States that had remained loyal to the Union, and he saw, too, that if he made any move to free the slaves while the Federal troops were meeting with constant reverses in battle, his action might be misinterpreted as a scheme to get more fighting men for the Union; for the slaves were loyal subjects of the Union and once free they would fight for its cause, which was their cause. Lincoln knew, however, that the time was not far distant when it would become a military necessity to free the negroes, because they were growing the food for the Confederate soldiers and acting as teamsters and laborers in the army service. "We must free the slaves or be ourselves subdued," he said.

Taking advantage, therefore, of the Federal success at Antietam the President issued a declaration calling on the revolted States to return to their allegiance before the following January; otherwise their slaves would be declared free men.

No State returned to the Union and so the threatened Proclamation was issued on January 1, 1863. Lincoln prepared the important document himself, and then read it aloud to the members of his Cabinet, characteristically remarking, "I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter; for that I have determined for myself." He then read: "I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves" (in the States or any part of the States resisting the United States Government) "are and henceforward shall be free . . ." The Proclamation ended with these words: "Upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution upon military neces-



sity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

This Emancipation Proclamation is one of the most important state papers on record; for not only did it give freedom to over three million human beings, but it embodied the triumphant expression of the Northern dislike of slavery. The Proclamation did not apply to the Slave States which had not seceded, so the final blow was not given to slavery throughout the country until 1865, when the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting men to own slaves in any part of the United States, was passed. But the Proclamation of January 1st foretold the day when all men should truly be "free and equal," and as soon as it was made public the bells of the North pealed forth joyfully. In the churches people gave thanks to God for their freedom from the burden of an intolerable shame, for

". . . laws of changeless justice bind  
Oppressor with oppressed."

The great cities of the East and the infant settlements of the West rejoiced together:

"It is done!  
Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel!  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!  
Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of Eternity and time!

English critics who were interested spectators of the conflict in America predicted an immediate insurrection of the slaves as an outcome of the Proclamation; but nothing of the sort took place. Like the feet of the Chinese women, the spirits of the negroes had been bound for generations. It would take years of freedom to make them understand the true meaning of liberty; although they were grateful for just as much as they could understand. They knew that they were not to be bought and sold any longer and in their own way they rejoiced:

“O, praise an’ tanks! De Lord he come  
 To set de people free:  
 An’ Massa tink it day ob doom,  
 An’ we ob jubilee—  
 De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves  
 He jus’ as ’trong as den;  
 He say de word: we las’ night slaves;  
 Today, de Lord’s free men.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
 We’ll hab de rice an’ corn;  
 O, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
 De driver blow his horn.”

To be sure, many of the negroes joined the Federal army, where they knew they were safe from the compulsion of masters who would not admit their freedom. By the end of the year 1863, there were in the United States military service 100,000 men who had been slaves; about one-half of this number actually bore arms in the ranks. But for the most part the negroes remained quietly at work on the plantations. Some very touching stories are told of the older slaves who would not accept their freedom, but clung to their “Massa,” or “Ol’ Miss,” rendering faithful service until the day of their death.

The haughty Southerners deeply resented the Emancipation Proclamation. It undermined their most cherished institution. It humiliated them in their own eyes, by putting their servants on an equality with themselves, and it struck at the roots of their prosperity by depriving them of their "property." Lincoln had foreseen this last complication and he had done all in his power to avert it by offering compensation to the slave-owners. "The people of the South are no more responsible for the original introduction of this property (property in slaves) than are the people of the North," he said; "and when it is remembered how unhesitatingly we all use cotton and sugar and share the profits of dealing in them, it may not be quite safe to say that the South has been more responsible than the North for its continuance. If, then, for a common object, this property is to be sacrificed, is it not just that it be done at a common charge?" But the pride of the Southern people made them refuse the compensation offered them by President Lincoln and his Congress. They considered it an impertinence on the part of the United States to make the suggestion. In their strong belief in "States' Rights," they were unwilling to admit that the Government at Washington had authority to interfere with any of their institutions. They were not fighting merely to retain their slaves; they were willing of their own accord to abolish slavery, if necessary, provided the Confederate States of America be recognized.

A few weeks before the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, General Burnside was put in command of the unfortunate Army of the Potomac. He was a West Point man, but for some years before the war he had devoted himself to civil pursuits. His career was unmarked by any particular military genius, but his training, his handsome personal appearance, and his modest estimate of himself—so at variance with McClellan's vainglory—made



him the hope of the Union. Burnside, however, doubted his own ability. Twice he had refused to accept the responsibility of leadership now thrust upon him in such a way that he could not decline it.

Ordered to attack the Confederates and advance on Richmond, the unhappy General moved his army southward until he reached the banks of the Rappahannock, opposite the little town of Fredericksburg. There he was obliged to wait for twenty days until pontoons arrived with which he could bridge the river. Lee, in the meantime, strengthened his position on the heights behind Fredericksburg; so that when Burnside finally began his attack, the Confederates were snug behind almost impregnable fortifications. The Union soldiers found the crossing of the river to be a difficult undertaking, for they were exposed to the continuous fire of some enemy sharpshooters who were concealed within the houses of Fredericksburg. Once landed, however, the Federalists dashed bravely forward to the assault.

Very debonair they looked, in their smart uniforms with their buttons and buckles gleaming in the sun; a remarkable contrast to the Confederate soldiers in their soiled gray, with their torn slouched hats and their ragged boots—or no boots at all! Yet that lusty tide of Union manhood was borne back time and again by Lee's scarecrow army. It was a wonderful battle, but such valor on both sides meant unspeakable carnage. That dreadful 13th of December might well have made America proud of her splendid fighting sons, had it left her time to spare from her mourning! The Federals were repulsed after they had lost thirteen thousand men. The Confederates lost only four thousand, owing to the shelter provided by their fortifications.

Burnside went nearly mad with grief over the "horror of Fredericksburg." "Oh, those men! Those men over

there!" he moaned as he pointed across the river to where lay the dead and wounded that such a short time before had been the flower of the army. "I am thinking of them all the time." The poor General took upon himself the responsibility and blame for the disaster, while he gave his troops full credit for their great courage and endurance. Perhaps no general placed as Burnside was could have acquitted himself better. He failed because he attempted the impossible. In January he handed his resignation to the President, who accepted it and appointed as his successor General Joseph Hooker.

The Southerners were naturally amused by the frequent changes in Union leadership. Lee, who was a keen judge of men, was able to gage the worth of the generals opposed to him with unerring accuracy; but he complained that he was kept busy "sizing up" new men. "I fear they may continue to make these changes till they find some one I don't understand," he remarked whimsically; and added, "I was sorry to part with McClellan; we always understood each other so well." No one realized better than did General Lee that

"Fortune's greatest gift to man  
Is personality alone."

As yet he had never particularly feared his adversary, because he knew himself to be the superior of any Federal general whom the Union had sent against him.

The last man, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, was no better than his predecessors. He succeeded, however, in getting the army into shape, and with 130,000 men he set out upon the Chancellorsville campaign. Lee met him with 60,000 men; and so cleverly did the Southern general maneuver his troops that the Federalists were overcome by an army of less than half their size and Hooker was forced to re-

treat with a loss of seventeen thousand men. But the Confederates paid a dear price for their victory. They had thirteen thousand casualties, which they could ill afford, and they suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Stonewall Jackson.

Jackson had gone to reconnoiter the enemy's position and was returning toward his own lines with his staff, when a North Carolina regiment mistook the approaching horsemen for Union cavalrymen and fired upon them. Jackson fell from his horse, shot through the left arm and the right hand. His men quickly got him on to a stretcher to carry him to safety; but one of the bearers was shot down and as he fell the wounded general was thrown heavily to the ground. The sound of the firing had turned the attention of the enemy to that part of the field where Jackson lay helpless, and for some time he was left there with cannon playing over him. When his men learned what had happened, they rushed out and carried him through the hailstorm of fire into the shelter of a wood. "If I live," he said, "it will be for the best, and if I die it will be for the best. God knows and directs all things." He died a few days after the battle.



## CHAPTER LXV

### GETTYSBURG

**T**HERE was a man named Charles Blondin who amazed the world by crossing Niagara Falls on a tight rope. During the course of this performance he carried a man on his back, cooked an omelette, and wheeled a barrow. The papers were full of Blondin's exploits, and it is not surprising that Lincoln saw in this man, who kept his balance under most trying circumstances, a parallel to the United States Government during the days of failure and discouragement that followed upon the repeated defeats of the Union army. The President showed remarkable patience in dealing with the "arm-chair critics" who hurried to Washington from all parts of the country to point out the mistakes of the Government. Confronted in the White House, one day, by some excited Westerners, Lincoln listened quietly to what they had to say and then replied:

"Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south'? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government officials are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

But in spite of his faith in ultimate victory, even Lincoln was discouraged after the retreat from Chancellorsville, and it was with a heavy heart that he relieved Hooker from the command of the Army of the Potomac and appointed General George Gordon Meade in his stead. Meade was a quiet, methodical man, who had done good work in the Mexican War. He was every inch a soldier, and from the businesslike way in which he applied himself to the duties of his responsible position, it seemed probable that the Union had at last hit upon a leader whom Lee might have some difficulty in "understanding."

Elated over their continued victories, the Confederates were intent on invading Northern territory. They were quite justified in the belief that their arms were invincible, for had they not time and again overcome forces vastly larger than their own? They hoped that one more decisive battle would end the war, and win recognition of the Confederate States of America; but to make this battle reflect all possible glory on the South, it must be fought in the enemy's country. Lee therefore crossed the Potomac with his veterans, and pushed forward into Pennsylvania, with Harrisburg for his objective point. Meade set out to head him off; and the foremost divisions of the two armies came together, on July 1, 1863, near the little village of Gettysburg.

Behind beautiful Gettysburg there lies a hill shaped like a gigantic fish-hook and known as Cemetery Ridge. Where the point of the hook should be, the ridge ends in Culp's Hill, and the end of the shank is guarded by hills called the Round Tops. Meade drew up his troops on this natural rampart, while Lee established his forces on Seminary Ridge, another of nature's earthworks, that runs opposite and parallel to Cemetery Ridge. Ensconced in these strong positions the combatants began a three days' battle.



At first the Confederates held the advantage. Part of the Federal line was broken and the Confederates managed to get a foothold on the slope of Culp's Hill; so that when the evening of the second day came Lee reviewed events with content. His losses had been small, while the Federals had been seriously weakened. Another day of fighting, he thought, would complete his success and give the South undisputed possession of the richest of the Northern States. But for once Lee had miscalculated: the strength of his opponent was by no means exhausted. To be sure, Meade had lost 20,000 men, or over one-fifth of his army, but his troops still outnumbered Lee's and he had no intention of giving up. He called his corps commanders together for a council of war and they all voted to "stay and fight it out"; because they realized that upon this battle hung the fate, not only of Pennsylvania, but of the Union.

Meade went quietly to work to strengthen the weak points in his defense, and when July 3rd dawned in all the glory of its summer beauty a new determination seemed to pervade the Union lines. Lee, who was as sensitive as an old war horse to the atmosphere of battle, understood that the enemy would fight that day as they had never fought before. A tense silence brooded over the two armies: it was the quiet that foretells a storm. Suddenly there sounded the cough and shriek of a Confederate shell. This was the signal for a hundred and fifty Confederate guns to open fire on the Union lines. They were answered in thunder-tones by the Federal artillery, and for three hours the valley was swept by a crashing cross-fire which had no decisive results, although men were mown down on either side like worthless stubble, and the once peaceful Gettysburg was blackened and disfigured by the ugly scars of battle.

"Mother," wrote Walt Whitman in a letter full of an-



guish and pity, "one's heart grows sick of war, after all, when you see what it really is. . . . It seems to me like a great slaughter-house and the men mutually butchering each other."

Impatient for results, Lee sent fifteen thousand of his soldiers, under the leadership of Pickett, to charge the Union line. Gallantly they marched down the hill and crossed the open valley, nearly a mile wide. Their advance was met by a steady rain of shells from Meade's batteries, which plowed great furrows through their ranks; but with the calm of tried soldiers the Confederates closed up and moved steadily forward to almost certain death. Lee watched them from his post on Seminary Hill with the pride that only a commander knows when he sees his orders being bravely carried out. He saw them move up the opposite height to the low stone wall that sheltered the Federals; for a second the Confederate flag seemed to flutter over the enemy's position, and then a cloud of smoke blotted it out. When the smoke lifted the Confederates were being driven down the hill. Stumbling over their fallen comrades, they still fought desperately; but Meade's men pressed them relentlessly back, until it was plain that they had done their utmost—and had failed. The battle was lost to the South. The Union was victorious.

The next day Lee began his retreat into Virginia. It was a sad day for Southern hopes, for it meant the end of Confederate invasion of the North. The battle-field of Gettysburg was strewn with dead and wounded. Lee's army had lost 20,000 men and Meade's 23,000. The gutters of the little town literally ran with blood, and the sights and the suffering were so awful that it might have been there that the poet Whitman exclaimed, "When I see what well men and sick men and mangled men endure—it seems to me I can be satisfied and happy henceforward if I can get one meal a day." Every house, every barn,

every outbuilding was turned into a hospital, and even the corn-cribs were used to shelter the wounded.

A few months after Gettysburg, part of the battle-field was consecrated as a national cemetery where were buried the brave men who had died in their country's cause. President Lincoln took part in the ceremony of consecration and the speech he made that day ranks as one of the great orations of all time. It is great from a literary point of view, but its peculiar beauty lies in the pure purpose it expresses. In conclusion, Lincoln said:

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining for us, that from these honored dead we may take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Their victory at Gettysburg put fresh heart into the Northern people. The news of Meade's success flashed over the wires on the 4th of July, bringing to the anniversary of Independence Day a new significance and a deeper meaning.

On the outskirts of Richmond, the Confederate capital, there stood a huge, shapeless building which once had been a tobacco factory, but since the beginning of the war it had been known as the Libby prison. At the time of the battle of Gettysburg many hundreds of northern officers were herded together in squalid captivity inside its walls. On the night of July 3rd a report reached these wretched prisoners of another Confederate victory. The sorrow and distress that this report caused can scarcely be imagined; there was very little sleep for any of the inmates of the prison that night; but in the morning an old negro appeared with a true account of the battle. No bearer of

good tidings ever seemed more beautiful in the eyes of glad people than did that old woolly-headed darkey to those half-starved officers. They crowded around him with tears and laughter and then some one began to sing Julia Ward Howe's glorious *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, to which Lincoln could never listen without tears; the hymn was caught up by five hundred voices, and the crazy old walls of that southern prison echoed to a mighty pæan of victory:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are  
stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
His Truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damp;  
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
His Day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel—  
'As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal';  
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,  
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;  
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet,—  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on."



## CHAPTER LXVI

### IN THE WEST. THE FALL OF VICKSBURG

**W**HILE we leave the East rejoicing or grieving over the result at Gettysburg, we must turn our attention to the happenings in the western theater of war. General Grant's successes had forced the Confederates back upon the South, so that as early as the spring of 1862 the frontier line of Confederate territory no longer enclosed Kentucky, and even Tennessee was but loosely held. The battle of Pea Ridge, which resulted in a Federal victory, wrenched from the Southerners their footing in Missouri and Arkansas; so things were looking very hopeful for the Union. But soon after the occupation of Corinth by United States troops General Braxton Bragg took 35,000 Confederate soldiers by train to Mobile, Alabama, and from thence northward into Tennessee, where he seized Chattanooga. From this strongly fortified place he was able to defy the Federal generals, and it was to cost the Union desperate fighting to regain control of Tennessee.

Bragg moved north again from Chattanooga, intent on reaching Louisville, Kentucky; but General Buell, of the Union army, made for the same objective and reached it first. A battle was fought at Perryville, Kentucky, which ended in Bragg's discomfiture and his retreat to Chattanooga.

Meanwhile that part of the Union army which had been left at Corinth was attacked, on the 3rd and 4th of October, 1862, by Confederates under General Van Dorn. The assault was so violent that the Union troops were

forced back in the first charge, and the Confederates actually got into Corinth. They could not hold it, however, for General Rosecrans rallied his Federals to such good purpose that they drove the enemy out of the town and Van Dorn's offensive came to nothing.

Soon after this battle of Corinth, Rosecrans was sent north to help to dislodge Bragg from Tennessee, and so General Grant was left to exercise sole command in Mississippi. He it was who was expected to gain possession of the Mississippi River, or rather of the section of it which was still under Confederate control. Vicksburg was the focus for his attention, for it was there that communication was kept open between the Confederate States on each side of the river. But Vicksburg was so well fortified and so difficult of approach that even Grant's ingenuity was taxed to the utmost before he succeeded in getting near enough to lay siege to the stronghold.

Plan after plan for reaching Vicksburg failed, but finally Grant determined on a course so hazardous that not one general in a thousand would have dared to attempt it. The Confederate fortress was built upon a high bluff, the foot of which was washed by the waters of the Mississippi. To the north Vicksburg was not easy of access because of a great morass through which the Yazoo River wound its sluggish way. Grant was above Vicksburg—that is, to the north of it—and on the same side of the river; but he saw that it was hopeless to attack the stronghold from there, so he crossed the Mississippi and marched to a point below the fortress, on the opposite bank. Contrary to what was supposed to be good generalship, he had now cut himself off from his base of supplies; but he had ordered Admiral Porter to run transports past the batteries of the enemy at night. This had been done successfully and the transports were waiting ready to ferry the troops across the river and land them at Bruinsburg, a place about

sixty miles south of Vicksburg and on the city's weakest side.

The land near the river was low and marshy—

“The Father River fringed with dykes,  
Gray cypresses, palmetto spikes,  
Bayous and swamps and yellowing canes —”

so it was necessary to strike in away from this low ground until some decent roads could be found for the Union army to travel. Grant delayed only long enough to improvise a wagon-train to carry ammunition and then he set out on one of the most remarkable marches of the war. That wagon-train was a motley sight. It was made up, we are told, of “fine carriages loaded nearly to the top with boxes of cartridges, drawn by mules with plow-harness, straw-collars, rope-lines, etc.; long-coupled wagons, with racks for carrying cotton bales, drawn by oxen; and everything that could be found in the way of transportation on a plantation, either for use or for pleasure.”

The Union troops were now in the enemy's country, where “here and there plantations rolled,” and, as one soldier described it,

“ . . . half-deserted towns,  
Devoid of men, where women scowl,  
Avoiding us as lepers foul  
With sidling gait and flouting gowns.”

The soldiers were largely dependent upon this unfriendly country for food, for they were able to carry only very short rations with them; they were constantly meeting hostile troops with whom they had daily skirmishes; yet they forged bravely ahead. “The country in this part of Mississippi,” wrote Grant, “stands on edge, as it were, the roads running along the ridges except where they occa-



sionally pass from one ridge to another. Where there are no clearings, the sides of the hills are covered with a very heavy growth of timber, and the ravines are filled with vines and canebrakes almost impenetrable."

But the determined General made little of the difficulties of the roads. In nineteen days he marched his men a hundred and eighty miles and stopped to fight—and win—five important battles. He took Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, and by a series of movements succeeded in shutting up General Pemberton, the Confederate leader, with his entire army, in the fortifications of Vicksburg. Twice Grant tried to carry these fortifications by assault, but the Confederates held out against him. The Federal troops, therefore, had to be content with taking possession of high, dry ground north of Vicksburg and with securing a base of supplies which had a safe water communication with the North. On the 18th of May, Grant's army settled down in this comfortable position to lay regular siege to the Confederate stronghold. A strict blockade was imposed upon the poorly provisioned city, and from the Union gunboats and from Grant's own lines an almost ceaseless bombardment of Vicksburg was kept up.

Behind Grant's position General Joseph E. Johnston was gathering an army for the relief of the doomed fortress, and for a time it looked as though the Federalists might find themselves in a very awkward position, wedged in between two sections of an army that was numerically stronger than Grant's; but the Union general was not alarmed. He detailed his able subordinate, General Sherman, with thirty thousand men to cope with Johnston, while he attended to the foe in his front.

Never did Southern courage burn brighter than it did in besieged Vicksburg. The people dug caves in the hills where they sheltered from the awful fire of the Union guns. When their food was exhausted they slaughtered their

mules and ate them; and in their daily newspapers, which were printed on wall-paper when the ordinary supply of paper gave out, they made light of their sufferings and spoke derisively of General Grant. But even the supply of mules finally came to an end; and as a people cannot live on courage alone, Vicksburg had to surrender with her garrison of 23,000 men. Grant rode into the fortress on the 4th of July 1863—that same 4th of July which saw the Union rejoicing over the victory at Gettysburg. The first thing that Grant did on entering the city was to distribute rations among the half-famished Confederate soldiers and citizens.

While Grant was occupied in the siege of Vicksburg, General Banks, who had taken an army of the Union troops by sea to New Orleans, was trying to capture Port Hudson, farther down the river. Two assaults were repulsed, but when Vicksburg surrendered, Port Hudson was obliged to yield. This gave possession of the great river wholly into Union hands. In Lincoln's words, the Mississippi now "flowed unvexed to the sea."

After such disaster as the Confederates had suffered at Gettysburg and Vicksburg it would have been only natural if, realizing the hopelessness of their cause, they had sued for peace; but it was not in the nature of Southerners to admit defeat. For two years more the South fought on with grim determination. Her resources grew more restricted every day; and the great problem of how to find food and clothing for her soldiers remained unsolved. Money was painfully scarce in the South and the paper currency issued by the Confederate Government was steadily decreasing in value. At the beginning of the war a Confederate note for one dollar and twenty cents would purchase one gold dollar; but by January, 1863, it took three paper dollars to buy one dollar in gold; which after Gettysburg could not be had for less than twenty dollars



in Government promise-money. Before the end of the rebellion sixty paper dollars were required to obtain the one golden coin!

President Davis was forced to ask the people for gifts of jewelry and silver plate; and the enthusiastic Southern women brought him the fine old silver that had been theirs for generations, and they gave up their cherished jewelry to replenish Confederate coffers, as eagerly as they had given their old pots and pans to melt down for the furnishing of the Ironclad ships of war. The lists of silver spoons and teapots, of rings and bracelets, that were published in the Richmond newspapers make one of the most pathetic comments on the Civil War, for they show to what straits the Southerners were reduced and with what futile heroism they strove against great odds.

After Vicksburg the Confederates had only four hundred thousand men under arms, while the North had a million of men in the field and a sufficiency of everything for the comfort of her soldiers.

It is not necessary for us to follow every careful step of the campaign in the West, where Grant in command of all the forces won one victory after another. He was ably supported by Generals Rosecrans, Thomas and Sherman. The most important battles were those of Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, all of which were fought in September, October, or November of 1863. In March, 1864, General Grant succeeded Halleck as commander-in-chief of the Union army and realizing that his place was in front of Washington, he took up his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac and left General Sherman to command the Western forces.

The elixir of success had put new life into the entire North, which was now athrill with energy and the consciousness that in Grant had been found a leader whose



generalship equaled that of Lee. The country was agog for a meeting between the two great generals. The Union Government, well aware of the failing resources of the South, hoped that one more campaign against Richmond would end the war. In order to strengthen Grant's forces, President Lincoln drafted 500,000 men into the Federal army; and soon a new version of the rallying song of the North was heard:

"If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern  
sky,

Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;  
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,  
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride,  
While bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave  
music pour:

We are coming, Father Abraham, five hundred thousand  
more."

In the South the preparations for the great encounter were necessarily simple. Men tightened their belts and tried to forget that they were hungry by remembering only the glory of the South and what she expected of her sons.

## CHAPTER LXVII

### THE BATTLE IN THE WILDERNESS AND THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG

**U**LYSSES SIMPSON GRANT was one of the strong personalities brought into prominence by the Civil War. Born in Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822, he was of Scottish ancestry, although his family had been American for several generations. His boyhood was spent on his father's farm, where he helped with the work in summer, and in winter attended the village school. When he was seventeen he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy, and the training at West Point shaped young Grant for his life work. He was not a brilliant scholar, although he stood well in most of his studies. In cavalry-drill he proved himself to be the best horseman in his class, as later he was recognized to be one of the best horsemen in the army.

Grant served as a lieutenant during the Mexican War and was conspicuous for his bravery. After the war, however, he resigned from the army and went to farming in Missouri; but he was not a successful farmer, so he moved to Galena, Illinois, where he was employed as a clerk in a leather and hardware store belonging to his father. When the Civil War opened he was made a mustering officer for Illinois, was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment from that State, and so began his important military career.

Like all men who achieve great things, Grant had ene-

mies as well as strong supporters. After the war was over and when the Republicans were intent on making him President of the United States and the Democrats were determined to keep him out of office, Colonel Zell was addressing a meeting of Republicans one evening when a Democrat at the back of the hall called out: "It is easy talkin', Colonel; but we'll show you something next fall." The Democratic watchword was "Anything to beat Grant" and, knowing this, the Colonel turned upon his interrupter with flashing eyes and cried out: "Build a worm-wood fence round a winter supply of summer weather; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; hang out the ocean on a grape-vine to dry; but never, sir, never for a moment delude yourself with the idea that you can beat Grant."

This remarkable piece of eloquence with its amazing metaphors is amusing, but it expresses very well the kind of enthusiasm that Grant could rouse in his followers; and since faith in the leader counts for very much in the winning of battles, General Grant was fortunate in possessing those qualities which inspire confidence.

On the eve of his great campaign, in the early spring of 1864, the Federal forces seemed to have everything their own way. The impoverished state of the South was a strong factor in Union favor, and Grant realized that; but he saw, too, that every soldier in the South had to be reckoned with. No matter how worn and weary they were, in spite of their rags and tatters, Lee's men were of America's best fighting stock and Lee was one of the most scientific generals that ever lived; so Grant's task was not so easy as it looked, although his forces were strong and well equipped. He had to face a people at bay, and a people who fought with that terrible courage that is born of a forlorn hope.

Grant's plan for the campaign was simple. His object



was to exhaust the Southern troops and so put an end to the rebellion. With this purpose in view, he divided all the Union forces into distinct armies, which were to move simultaneously against the Confederate armies. Orders were issued for a general movement to take place on May 4th. Sherman was to march toward Atlanta and to engage the attention of General Johnston and the Confederate forces under him. Bank's army was to operate in Alabama. While General Sigel was to move down the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia, in order to prevent the Confederates from making raids in that quarter. Meade, in direct command of the Army of the Potomac, but with Grant at his elbow, was to bear the brunt of battle by moving against Lee's army on the old line between Washington and Richmond.

The armies under Grant and Lee met in a gloomy region known as "The Wilderness," where stunted trees and tangled underbrush stretched for miles, and there, not far from the fatal field of Chancellorsville, a terrible contest took place. The Union army was about one hundred and twenty thousand strong, while the Confederates numbered only sixty-two thousand.

During the second day of battle, Lee was impressed with the necessity for taking a peculiarly difficult position, and seeing that his men needed encouragement, he seized the colors of a Texas regiment and undertook to lead the perilous assault in person. The troops and their colonel begged the general to go back, and when he would not, the desperate men cried out: "*We'll go forward, but you must go back!*" and they would not move an inch until

"Turning his bridle, Robert Lee  
Rode to the rear . . ."

then—

“ . . . like waves of the sea,  
Bursting the dikes in their overflow  
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.”

They advanced to the charge shouting, “Lee to the Rear!” as a battle-cry and carried the coveted position, but it was only a minor victory.

For sixteen days the fighting was continuous in the Wilderness and about Spottsylvania Court House. The Confederates fought behind entrenchments which Grant could not force, but he made a practise of marching round the enemy’s flank and so obliging Lee to change his position. It was a weary and bloody struggle. The men in both armies toiled all day at the work of slaughter, and if they lay down at night they were so near to one another that they were afraid to sleep. Not since the battles of the great Napoleon had the world known such furious fighting. The Union army alone lost thirty-seven thousand men; so that the roads back toward Washington presented an unending panorama of ambulances, moving at a foot pace, carrying the wounded to hospital; in those awful days the chief city of the Union was a city of hospitals. The Government was doing what lay in its power to heal and comfort the sufferers who, in spite of all, paid their country’s debt in anguish and pain.

One thing the war had done besides developing and improving weapons and munitions: it had evolved new methods and gentler means for dealing with the wounded. Not government officials alone but hundreds of kindly men and women in the North made it their care to supply wagons, nurses, and comforts for the soldiers. The Sanitary Commission of the Civil War, supported entirely by voluntary contributions, was a forerunner of the Red Cross Society and of the other charitable contingents that are so closely associated with the military authorities in modern warfare.

In a poem called *How Are You, Sanitary?* Bret Harte

has shown some of the abashed reverence with which the soldiers of the Civil War regarded the ambulance corps.

“Down the picket-guarded lane  
 Rolled the comfort-laden wain,  
 Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,  
     Soldier-like and merry:  
 Phrases such as camps may teach,  
 Saber-cuts of Saxon speech,  
 Such as ‘Bully!’ ‘Them’s the peach!’  
     ‘Wade in, Sanitary!’

Right and left the caissons drew  
 As the car went lumbering through,  
 Quick succeeding in review  
     Squadrons military;  
 Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,  
 Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these:  
 ‘U. S. San. Com. That’s the cheese!’  
     ‘Pass in, Sanitary!’

In such cheer it struggled on  
 Till the battle front was won;  
 Then the car, its journey done,  
     Lo! was stationary;  
 And where bullets whistling fly  
     Came the sadder, fainter cry;  
 ‘Help us, brothers, ere we die!’  
     Save us, Sanitary!’

Such the work. The phantom flies,  
 Wrapt in battle-clouds that rise;  
 But the brave—whose dying eyes,  
     Veiled and visionary,  
 See the jasper gates swing wide,  
 See the parted throng outside—  
 Hears the voice to those who ride:  
     ‘Pass in, Sanitary!’ ”



General Grant knew that, heavy as were his losses, Lee's were worse, because the gaps in the Confederate ranks could never be filled, for there were no fighting men left in the South who were not already under arms; so, steeling his heart against pity, the Federal general sent word to Lincoln that he would "fight it out on this line, if it should take all summer."

Little by little the belligerent armies were drawing near Richmond; for Grant's flanking movements were continually forcing the Confederates to withdraw from one row of entrenchments to another farther south, but so well matched were the two great generals that there had been no complete victory on either side. It was plain that the Federalists could not yet strike a telling blow against the Confederate capital; so Grant marched past Richmond, crossed the James River, on the 13th of June, and advanced toward Petersburg. His plan was to capture the little town, which was a base of supplies and reinforcements for Richmond. The outer works of Petersburg were carried successfully; but before the Union troops could take the town, the Confederates had hurried to its relief and had stationed their forces so cleverly that all attempt to drive them out by assault failed. Grant, therefore, entrenched himself close to the Confederate lines and there began a stubborn siege of Petersburg that was to last not only all summer but far into the following winter.

Around the little town stretched the earthworks of the combatants. They covered forty miles before the end of the war. The men of both armies lay in rifle-pits or shallow trenches watching for an opportunity to kill. If a man incautiously raised his head, he was picked off by the unerring fire of the enemy, and so close were the outposts of the two armies that the soldiers called jeering remarks, one to the other. The Union troops were fresh and in

good condition; supplies of every nature were sent to Grant from the North. He "had the rebellion by the throat" and, knowing this, he never relaxed his hold. The Confederate troops were worn out with three years' constant fighting, and their supplies were almost exhausted. Grant's army outnumbered them more than two to one; yet they never swerved from their loyalty to Lee and the Confederate cause. Lee himself was as determined as ever in his opposition to Grant, but his heart was heavy, for daily he had to bear the sorrow of knowing that his men were hungry and ill cared for and that he was powerless to alleviate their sufferings. One day he received by mail an anonymous letter from a private soldier. It was accompanied by a very small slice of salt pork which was carefully packed between two chips of wood. In the letter the writer explained that he was sending his day's ration of meat to the General as evidence that it was insufficient to support life, and as his excuse for having been driven by the pangs of hunger to the crime of stealing. Such incidents as this were a sore trial to the kindly General.

Early in the siege of Petersburg, an elaborate mine was dug from the trenches of the Union army under an angle of the Confederate works. Twelve thousand pounds of gunpowder were placed in this mine, and it was hoped that its explosion would leave a gap in the enemy's lines large enough to allow the entrance of Federal forces. We are told that on the night before the mine was fired a division of negro troops, who were with the Army of the Potomac, were informed that they were to lead the charge which was immediately to follow the explosion of the mine. The news that they were to have the honor of striking such an important blow for liberty filled the hearts of the colored men with a kind of solemn joy. Too much overcome

for words, they formed circles round their camp-fires and sat in sober contemplation, until a heavy voice began to sing,

“We-e looks li-ike me-en a-a-marchin’ on,  
We looks li-ike men-er-war.”

The same words were sung over and over again, with variations on the melody, while the others listened. Suddenly they all seemed to understand the singer’s meaning—they were to be men now, slaves no longer, but *men* fit to lead where they had always been driven. Group after group took up the refrain until a thousand voices were singing it as only negroes can sing. They improved upon the melody, wreathing it with strange pathos, putting a volume of thanksgiving into it, until they had made of those two lines a choral of rejoicing. “It was a picturesque scene,” wrote Major-General Thomas, who witnessed it. “Those dark men with their white eyes and teeth and full red lips, crouched over a smoldering camp-fire, in dusky shadows, with only the feeble rays of the lanterns of the first sergeants and the lights of the candles dimly showing through the tents. The sound was as weird as the scene—

“We-e looks li-ike me-en a-a-marchin’ on,  
We looks li-ike men-er-war.”

Early the next morning the mine was fired. A great mass of débris was thrown into the air and the Confederate defense at that point was demolished. Union troops were marched at double-quick time toward the gap in the enemy lines, but by some confusion of orders the attack was mismanaged. The troops were massed in the great pit, thirty feet deep, that their own mine had scooped out of the earth, and before they could be got out of this precarious position, the Confederates had trained their guns upon the pit, where fifteen hundred Federal soldiers soon



lay dead. The much-talked-of mine had failed to advance the Union cause; it had only proved a death-trap for Union soldiers, among whom were many dusky "men-er-war" who showed that they could die like the heroes that they were.

## CHAPTER LXVIII

### THE CLOSE OF THE GREAT REBELLION

**I**N accordance with Grant's plan, General Sherman had marched from Tennessee into Georgia. There he had to face a strong Confederate army on its own ground, where every man's hand was against him and where the very country seemed to offer resistance to the Union advance; but Sherman was one of those leaders to whom each obstacle counts only as an opportunity for overcoming a difficulty. He defeated the enemy in countless skirmishes and pressed forward, by dint of hard-won battles, until on September 2, 1864, he reached and occupied Atlanta, the capital of Georgia. Such a triumph was not won, however, without great cost. The Union lost 30,000 men in the enterprise; but they gained a city which was of vast importance, because it was the Southern factory center, where big guns were made for the Confederacy and where most of the ammunition was turned out. Atlanta had great foundries and machine shops where locomotives were made, and it commanded the railroads by which the Confederates were accustomed to send supplies to their armies; so it was a most satisfactory haul for the Union.

On every side Sherman saw pitiful evidence of the almost exhausted resources of the South, and he planned a bold march through the Confederacy, in order to show the Southerners how useless it was for them to oppose the great strength of the North. His object was to march eastward to the sea, cutting as he went a swath of destitution and destruction sixty miles broad, in order to impress the Con-

federates with the far-reaching power of the Union. He had a splendid army of 60,000 men, all eager for the adventure; so, setting fire to the public buildings of Atlanta and cutting the telegraph wires, Sherman, having obtained Lincoln's consent, started on his famous "March to the Sea."

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"

So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,  
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,  
While we were marching through Georgia."

In the North nothing was heard of Sherman for a month, but in the South he sped like an avenging demon, laying waste the country as he went. He carried off such supplies as he needed for his men and everything he could not use he destroyed. Destruction came to be a military art with him; wherever his army passed, it left behind it a wake of misery and suffering, fire and ruin. Not only were all the provisions destroyed but even the railroads were so thoroughly demolished that they could not be repaired until some time after the war was over.

Sherman's destructive march right through the heart of Georgia had the desired moral effect on friend and foe, because it proved the power of the Union as opposed to the weakness of the Confederacy.

The Federal soldiers were balked by no difficulty of the march. They seemed to find a zest in wading through swamps, and they grew adepts at making "corduroy roads" as they went along. The rail fences were cheerfully torn down to make these primitive highways through the marshes, and the army wagons went bumping and lumbering over them with gay unconcern. Usually above the noise of marching army could be heard the laughter of the men, or their voices singing:



"How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!  
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!  
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,  
While we were marching through Georgia!"

Having met with little resistance, Sherman covered the three hundred miles between Atlanta and the sea. On the 10th of December, with his 60,000 troops, he reached Savannah, which General Hardee held with 15,000 Confederates. Sherman demanded the surrender of the city; but Hardee refused. Then began a ten days' siege, with a little fighting. On December 18th Sherman opened communications with the Union squadron that was blockading Savannah. Hardee, seeing that he could not hold the city against such odds, then withdrew with his troops under cover of darkness on the night of the 20th, and the following day Sherman entered in triumph. He promptly sent a telegram to President Lincoln: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

After resting his men for a month, Sherman led his army northward through the Carolinas to join Grant in Virginia. Now began the worst part of his march, for he encountered pelting rain, overflowed swamps and flooded rivers. Often the army was obliged to flounder along for miles in water two feet deep; and for days together the foragers would bring in nothing but rice to eat, so the soldiers were often hungry; but they were old campaigners, accustomed to take the evil with the good and they bore their hardships with very little grumbling.

A great embarrassment to the marching army was the following of negroes who swarmed in its wake. These poor creatures came from every direction, bringing all their household goods with them. Major-General Slocum tells

the story of how, one day, a large family of slaves came through a field to join the marching column. "The head of the family, a venerable old negro, was mounted on a mule; and safely stowed away behind in pockets or bags attached to the blanket which covered the mule were two little pickaninnies, one on each side. On the next day," continues the narrator, "a mule appeared in column, covered by a blanket with two pockets on each side, each containing a little negro. Very soon old tent-flies or strong canvas was used instead of the blankets, and often ten or fifteen pockets were attached to each side, so that nothing of the mule was visible except the head, tail, and feet, all else being covered by the black woolly heads and bright shining eyes of the little darkies. Occasionally a cow was made to take the place of the mule; this was a decided improvement, as the cow furnished rations as well as transportation for the babies."

As Sherman pushed on northward he had his old foe, General Joseph E. Johnston, to reckon with. But Johnston did not show fight until a little town in North Carolina was reached. There the Confederates were defeated; but at Bentonville one column of Sherman's army came near being wiped out by Johnston. Reinforcements reached it, however, just in the nick of time.

Meanwhile a smaller campaign had been going forward in the Shenandoah Valley. On the 15th of May, 1864, General Sigel was defeated by the Confederates under General Breckinridge at New Market. General Hunter was then put in command of the Union troops. He defeated the Confederates at Piedmont, and with eighteen thousand men pushed south to Lynchburg, which he hoped to take, as it was almost as vital to the Confederates as Petersburg. Hunter failed, however, in his attempt to capture the town; although he wrought considerable damage, destroying railroads and setting fire to stores. When

he tried to return to Union territory, he found his retreat cut off, and in order to save his army from annihilation, he escaped into the Kanawha Valley, in West Virginia. This left the Shenandoah open to the Confederates. Accordingly General Jubal A. Early pressed northward with fifteen thousand men; and he promised to be a real danger to the Union, until Grant sent General Philip H. Sheridan, with forty thousand men, to look after Federal interests in the Valley.

Sheridan met Early at Winchester, and on the 19th of September a hard battle was fought. The Confederates were defeated and fell back to Fisher's Hill, where three days later Sheridan routed them from their trenches and drove them south. To prevent their return, the Union soldiers burned all the barns filled with grain, and carried off all the stock in the valley. No sooner, however, had Sheridan withdrawn in the direction of the Potomac, when Early, with his handful of men, crept after him through the desolated land.

Sheridan, unsuspecting of a lurking foe, left his troops while he went on to Winchester, twenty miles away. There he was roused one morning by the distant sounds of battle, and he realized that his army had been attacked in their general's absence. Springing on his horse he dashed off down the highroad, with a prayer in his heart that he might reach his troops in time to save the day.

“Up from the south, at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,  
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.



And wider still those billows of war  
 Thundered along the horizon's bar;  
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
 Making the blood of the listener cold,  
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
 With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
 A good broad highway leading down:  
 And there, through the flush of morning light,  
 A steed as black as the steeds of night  
 Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;  
 As if he knew the terrible need  
 He stretched away with his utmost speed;  
 Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,  
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs thundering south,  
 The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,  
 Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,  
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.  
 The heart of the steed and the heart of the master  
 Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
 Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;  
 Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,  
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road,  
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed  
 And the landscape sped away behind  
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;  
 And the steed like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
 Swept on with his wild eye full of fire.  
 But now he is nearing his heart's desire;  
 He is snuffing the smoke of the battle fray,  
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups  
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;  
 What was done? What to do? A glance told him both.  
 Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,  
 He dashed down the lines, 'mid a storm of huzzas,  
 And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because  
 The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
 With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;  
 By the flash of his eye and the red nostrils' play,  
 He seemed to the whole great army to say:  
 'I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
 From Winchester down to save the day.'

This (according to Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read) is what happened. At any rate the day was saved, for when their leader galloped among them, the Federal troops seemed to wake from a stupor of surprise. They turned upon the almost triumphant enemy and from that moment they were victorious. Early was defeated with such heavy loss that he was not able to renew the war in the Shenandoah Valley.

By November of this tumultuous year, 1864, the time had come for a Presidential election. There were several candidates for office, but the successes of the Union army made the people feel that they could not do better than to keep in power the man whose untiring service had been mainly responsible for the trend of events. Lincoln was, therefore, reelected by the largest majority of votes ever known. "They concluded," smiled the President, with his kindly humor, "that it is best not to swap horses while crossing the stream." With more seriousness he said, "It is not my nature to triumph over any one; but I give thanks to Almighty God for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

During the winter it came to be more and more clear that the Confederacy was tottering to its fall. Sherman,

by destroying the railroads in the Southern States, had added tenfold to the distress of Lee's army, for neither supplies nor reinforcements could be got through to Richmond without great difficulty. Often a whole day would elapse in which the Confederate army would have absolutely nothing to eat; but if the soldiers suffered, the civilians were in an even worse case—the destitution throughout the whole South was unthinkable. Jefferson Davis came to be looked upon with less confidence by the Southerners; for, justly or unjustly, he was blamed for their sorrows.

Before the roads were fairly open, after the winter's rain, Grant determined on a general movement of all the Union troops around Richmond. His force was more than twice as large as Lee's and he maneuvered it in such a way as to prevent the starving Confederate army from taking flight. Lee struggled valiantly; but every circumstance was against him and he was overcome. On the night of April 2, 1865, he began his retreat from Richmond. The next morning Federal troops entered the Southern capital and hoisted the Union flag over the building that had been the home of the Confederate Congress; thus came to an end the political power of the South as a separate nation.

Among the first troops to enter Richmond, was a regiment of negro soldiers. They went into the city with a song on their lips:

“Say, darkey, hab you seen de massa,  
Wid de muffstash on he face,  
Go long de road some time dis mornin’,  
Like he gwine leabe de place?  
He see de smoke way up de ribber  
Whar de Lincum gunboats lay;  
He took he hat an’ leff berry sudden,



And I s'pose he's runned away.  
 De massa run, ha, ha!  
 De darkey stay, ho, ho!  
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin'  
 An' de yar ob jubilo.

. . . . .  
 De oberseer he makes us trubble  
 An' he dribe us roun' a spell,  
 We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,  
 Wid de key flung in de well—  
 De whip am lost, de han'-cuff broke,  
 But de massa hab his pay;  
 He big an' ole enough to know better  
 Dan to went an' run away.  
 De massa run, ha, ha!  
 De darkey stay, ho, ho!  
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin'  
 An' de yar ob jubilo."

Near Grant's headquarters President Lincoln had been waiting for news. As soon as he heard of the downfall of the Confederate government, he set out for Richmond. There was none of the savage joy of conquest in Lincoln's gentle heart, nor was there any great pomp and circumstance attending his entry into the city. With no escort save the crew of a gunboat near at hand, the President, leading Tad by the hand, walked into Richmond. "He walked as one in a dream," we are told; for this city so long the focus of Northern hopes was in possession of the Federal Government at last, and the Confederate Government that had threatened the most sacred union of the United States was already a thing of the past.

Hundreds of negroes crowded around the President with cries and gestures of devotion. They knelt to him, they danced, they sang. They stretched out their arms to Lincoln, their Liberator, with frantic prayers for bless-

ing, while he stood among them, a tall ungainly figure, with tears streaming down his cheeks. In this the greatest moment of his life, Lincoln, the man of ready wit and splendid eloquence, was dumb. Bowing to right and left the acknowledgment that he could not speak, the President passed on into the interior of the city. On every side he saw evidences of the poverty and great trial through which the Southerners had passed, and when one of his generals asked him what should be done in regard to the conquered people, Lincoln replied that he could give no orders on that subject, but he added, "If I were in your place I'd let 'em up easy, let 'em up easy."

When Lee retreated from Richmond it was his intention to join Johnston's forces at Danville; but he found Union troops across his path. He turned toward Lynchburg, only to be confronted by Sheridan's cavalry. On all sides he was hemmed in, and by great misfortune a supply-train from the South which he had expected to intercept had gone on to Richmond; so the Southern general found himself and his starving army at the mercy of the enemy.

Grant sent a courteous letter asking Lee to surrender. For two days the Confederate general held off, but on the 9th of April, 1865, he wrote to Grant asking for an interview in order to arrange terms. The request was granted and the two greatest generals of the Civil War met at a private dwelling in the little village of Appomattox Court House. Although they were both West Point men and both had fought in the Mexican War, this was the first time that Grant and Lee had spoken to each other.

The meeting was bitter enough for General Lee. When he realized that surrender was inevitable, it is said that he remarked, "There is nothing left for me but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths." Face to face with the ordeal, however, he carried himself with the dignity and courage of a brave

soldier and a gentleman. On his part, Grant was deeply touched by the Southern general's proud but courteous bearing. "I felt like anything rather than rejoicing," he tells us, "at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly."

The conditions of surrender offered Lee were most generous; the Confederate soldiers were simply required to lay down their arms and cease from hostilities. The officers were allowed to retain their swords and private baggage, and Grant even permitted the men who had horses to keep them. "They will need them for the spring plowing," he said. As soon as the terms of surrender had been formally drawn up and signed by both generals, Grant arranged to send a large drove of oxen and a train of provision wagons to the relief of Lee's men, who, their leader informed him, had had nothing to eat for several days except a little parched corn.

At the close of the interview, Grant and Lee parted with mutual respect. The Union general hastened to dispatch a telegram to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War at Washington, while Lee rode off alone to break the news of surrender to his army. A sad, stern figure, mounted on his beautiful gray horse, the General faced his soldiers. "Men," he said simply, "we have fought through the war together, and I have done the best I could for you." He was too deeply moved to say more, and the eyes of those veterans who had looked death smilingly in the face, who had not blanched at starvation, filled with tears as they crowded round the leader whom they loved.

Lee's surrender was followed by the surrender of all the Confederate forces, so that within a few days the "beaten armies of unconquered men" were all disbanded. The war was over and it only remained for peace to heal the hurts of conflict.





"'MEN,' SAID LEE SIMPLY, 'WE HAVE FOUGHT THROUGH THE WAR TOGETHER,  
AND I HAVE DONE THE BEST I COULD FOR YOU'"



## CHAPTER LXIX

### THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

“When lilacs last in the doorway bloomed,  
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in  
the night,  
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning  
spring.  
Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,  
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,  
And thought of him I love.”

WALT WHITMAN.

**W**HERE guns were still warm from the heat of battle, the end of hostilities was hailed with deep thankfulness. Grant had let it be known among his troops that “the best sign of rejoicing after the victory” would be “to abstain from all demonstrations in the field”; so the Union soldiers went quietly about their rejoicing. They let their camp-fires die out, and soberly they hauled down the blood-stained and bullet-riddled flags that had seen such long service and that now, at last, were to be furled in peace.

It was late on the night of Palm Sunday when Lincoln, having just returned to Washington from Richmond, heard of Lee’s surrender. The great news was not made known in the city until the next morning, when the booming of cannon waked the people from their slumbers. Then how heartfelt was the delight! Everybody took a holiday. In the great rotunda of the Treasury Building, Government clerks assembled to sing *Praise God from*



*Whom all blessings flow.* Total strangers shook hands cordially in the streets; and by a common impulse multitudes of laughing, happy people made their way toward the White House. Some excited citizens carted howitzers into the grounds and made a tremendous din with the explosion of gunpowder. Brass bands flared forth the rousing Southern marching song, *Dixie Land*, and hundreds of voices sang the chorus with a right good will:

“Den I wish I was in Dixie! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!  
In Dixie Land, I’ll take my stand, to lib and die in Dixie;  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.”

The President came to the window of the White House, his face transfigured with happiness, and bowed and smiled to the waving, cheering crowd.

Peace was in the air—and with it good-will toward men. The North was ready to remember only that the Confederates were their countrymen again.

In the South, however, the old spirit of bitterness rankled. Defeat is hard to bear gracefully and while Grant’s generosity to the Southern army had a good effect upon the majority, there were those who resented Northern kindness. They had lost so much, these people, it is not surprising that they clung to their pride.

In the days immediately following Lee’s surrender, Lincoln was closely occupied with plans for the alleviation of suffering caused by the war. His whole mind seemed bent on undoing, as far as possible, the anguish caused throughout both North and South by the long years of contest. On the morning of April 14th he held a meeting of his Cabinet, General Grant being present, and after the meeting he took a drive with Mrs. Lincoln, to whom he talked happily of the years to come. In the evening he went with his wife and two or three friends to Ford’s Theater to see “Our American Cousin.”

During the troubled years of his administration, President Lincoln went often to the theater. He used his private box there as a retreat where he was safe from importunities and where he could rest his tired mind from the strain of perplexing thought. Usually he went alone, or accompanied solely by Tad, who was a favorite with the actors and actresses. It was to the theater that Lincoln went to await news of the Baltimore Convention in 1864. "There is a Convention, as I suppose you know," he said to the manager that night, "and I thought I would get away for a little while, lest they make me promise too much." At nine o'clock a messenger from the White House brought him a telegram. "Well," said the President, with his characteristic smile, "they have nominated me again—still, I reckon I'll stay a little while longer and look at the play."

On this fatal night of April, Lincoln went to the theater not for rest, but because he knew that it would please the people to see him there. It was a gala night at Ford's, for Washington was still celebrating Lee's surrender. The President's box was gay with flags and in front of it hung a bunting-draped picture of George Washington. When the party from the White House arrived, there was much good-natured jostling and craning of necks among the audience; for every one was eager to get a glimpse of the beloved President. Soon, however, the excitement died down and the play began. Every sally was greeted with hearty laughter; the people were so willing to be amused now that the long war tension was over! One of the actresses, who took the part of a delicate young lady, talked of wishing to avoid the draft, and her lover provoked a gale of merriment by telling her not to be alarmed, "because there is no more draft."

The President was leaning forward laughing at the jest, and no one noticed a man who stealthily entered the

darkened box, until a pistol-shot rang out, startling the large audience.

Major Rathbone, who was sitting beside Lincoln, sprang to his feet and attempted to seize the assassin; but the man drew a long knife, stabbed Rathbone in the arm, and as the Major involuntarily recoiled he leaped from the box on to the stage ten feet below. A spur that he wore caught and tore the flag in front of the box, and splintered the glass on Washington's picture. With a wild cry, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"—the motto of Virginia, meaning "Ever so to tyrants"—the man strode across the stage. "The South is avenged!" he cried, and vanished behind the scenery; but not before he had been recognized as an actor named John Wilkes Booth who was known to be a fanatical adherent of the fallen Confederacy.

For a moment no one stirred. Horror held the house in an awful grip. Then the spell was broken by some one calling for water. Quickly the stage filled with actors, officers, policemen, citizens. "Is there a surgeon in the house?" a voice asked. The lights were turned up and it was seen that Lincoln sat with his head bowed on his breast. When physicians reached him, they found that he had been shot, the ball entering the brain. He was still alive, but mortally wounded. Tenderly, strong arms lifted him and bore him to a house opposite the theater.

No one in Washington who lived through that spring night of hushed waiting ever forgot its dragging hours. There was no sleep in the Capital; people stood about the streets whispering in low, broken voices, "Can he live? Is there no hope?"

Soon after they had removed Lincoln from the theater, a body of cavalry came dashing down the street to surround the house where he lay. All night they mounted guard with drawn swords; but they were powerless to hold the house against the Angel of Death, who entered



with the early morning. Surrounded by his family and some of the officers of State, the great President died shortly after seven o'clock, never having recovered consciousness.

In the streets of Washington the flags and bunting that had been hung out as a sign of rejoicing were replaced by mournful black. When the President's body was borne to the White House, rain fell with a steady melancholy, as if the very sky wept. The bells of the city tolled sadly and the President's own band played the funeral dirge. Behind Lincoln's inanimate form, which was surrounded by his body-guard, walked a solid phalanx of negro followers; they overflowed on to the walks, gathering in from every side street, until the road to the White House was a solid mass of weeping, wailing humanity mourning for this man, "gentle, plain, just, and resolute," of whom Frederick Douglass—an ex-slave—had said, "In his company I felt as though I was in the presence of a big brother and that there was safety in his atmosphere." No wonder the negroes mourned him. For them he had opened the gates of freedom and lighted the torch of liberty.

The funeral of the martyred President took place from the White House on the 19th of April. He was buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery, near his old home in Springfield, Illinois. The funeral cortège was obliged to travel two thousand miles, and all along that great distance the railway was lined with mourners, who stood with uncovered heads as the funeral train swept by. Neither rain nor darkness broke the continuous chain. At night watch-fires blazed along the route, and by day every device was employed that could help to express a people's sorrow and lend dignity to their mourning. At the large cities the train waited while the coffin was lifted from its car and borne from end to end of the city, attended by great pro-

cessions of citizens. A funeral pageant of such magnificent proportions was unique, but its significance lay in that it expressed the upwelling of a nation's love for a great-hearted man, done to death in the hour of a noble triumph.

One of the most beautiful tributes paid to President Lincoln is the dirge that Whitman sang:

“O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
     But O heart! heart! heart!  
     O the bleeding drops of red,  
     Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
     Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
 Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills,  
 For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores  
     a-crowding,  
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their faces eager turning;  
     Here, Captain! dear father!  
     This arm beneath your head!  
     It is some dream that on the deck,  
     You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;  
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;  
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
     Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!  
     But I with mournful tread,  
     Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
     Fallen cold and dead.”

Not America alone, but half the world, sorrowed because of Lincoln's death. John Bright, the British states-

man, wrote to a friend in the United States: "For fifty years I think no other event has created such a sensation in this country as the crime which robbed you of your President. The whole people positively mourn and it would seem as if again we were one nation with you, so universal the grief and horror at the deed of which Washington has been the scene."

The assassin, Booth, broke his leg in the leap from the President's box; but he somehow managed to mount a horse, that he had in waiting behind the theater, and to make his escape into the country; and it was a week before he was found hiding in a barn south of Fredericksburg. The barn was riddled with bullets and then was set on fire, but Booth refused to surrender. Mercifully, a soldier caught sight of him and shot him down; then he was dragged outside.

At the very hour when the President was murdered, a would-be assassin broke into the house of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, who was sick in bed, and stabbed him almost to death. Fortunately, the ruffian was interrupted before his bloody work was finished, and Mr. Seward lived. The simultaneous attacks—one upon the President and one upon the Secretary of State—looked as though they might be the outcome of some far-reaching Southern plot, but time proved them to be only the work of a few crazy fanatics.

Lincoln's tragic death seemed for a time to overshadow all joy in the long-dreamed-of peace, but the North set itself to "bind up the nation's wounds," to carry out that work which the President had so gladly anticipated. Lincoln, the man, was dead; but his spirit was vitally alive, urging his countrymen "to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace."



## CHAPTER LXX

### AFTER THE WAR

**G**EORGE MEREDITH, an unbiased and careful judge of men and affairs, wrote: "Since their (the Americans') most noble closing of the Civil War, I have looked to them as the hope of our civilization."

Certainly the closing of the war was generously managed. No one was hanged for treason and the defeated South was not made to suffer any humiliating deprivation of land or funds at the hands of the victorious North.

Jefferson Davis, the President of the fallen Confederacy, was the most outstanding of the offenders and consequently very fearful of what would happen to him. When the news of Lee's surrender reached him, he was attending service in St. Paul's Church, in Richmond. He read the message brought into him, crumpled it in his hand, and then, without a word to any one, he quietly left the church. His first thought was of flight; so, ordering a special train, he left Richmond with a few companions and fled South, intending to escape across the Mississippi into Texas. A party of United States cavalry was sent after him, and Davis led his pursuers a weary chase through dreary pine forests and lonely swamps. A report that his wife was ill caused him to double on his track, so that he might visit her in a little town in Georgia. Here the cavalry came upon him, on May 10, 1865, and he was captured and taken back to Virginia, to be imprisoned in Fortress Monroe. He was put in chains, an uncalled-for ignominy, and treated with much harshness,

and for two years he was denied either a trial or bail. By his dignified conduct throughout his imprisonment, coupled with the unnecessarily severe treatment that he received at the hands of his jailers, Jefferson Davis regained his place in the hearts of the Southerners, who now looked upon him as a martyr to the Confederate cause.

The Vice-President of the Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens, returned to the Congress of the United States, and was a respected and efficient member of that august body. General Lee, who lived for only five years after the close of the war, was never really thought of as a traitor. His memory to-day is almost as dear to the North as to the South—the fact that he brought his great genius to bear against the Union is secondary to that Union's pride in him as an American general.

The Civil War cost America about one million men and more than fifteen billions of dollars. This is an enormous expenditure; but when it is compared to the lasting gain effected by the settlement of two vital questions, it is hardly excessive. The first point settled was that of State independence. It was proved conclusively that although individual States have their rights as apart from the general government, they cannot at will withdraw themselves from the union of States. Every State is to the United States what a spoke is to a wheel, in itself a complete unit, but with a nicely calculated relation to a greater whole.

The second point settled for all time was that of slavery. The scope of the Emancipation Proclamation was enlarged by the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution which, adopted at the close of the war, was ratified in December, 1865. This amendment states that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States, nor any place subject to their jurisdiction"; so after many years the letter of American liberty was made law.

That the doctrine which holds that "all men are born free and equal" might become a Constitutional fact, another amendment was proposed by Congress; it provided that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude"; and it was required that every State which had seceded should recognize this amendment and admit the negroes to vote before the representatives of the States should again be admitted to Congress.

This condition was very irksome to the South. The Southerners had stood by, perforce, while the negroes were made free men; but that had not galled their pride as did this demand that they should see the former slaves given the same political privileges as those enjoyed by their late masters. For five long years the most reluctant States withheld their consent from a measure that would insure such a state of affairs. But Northern will never wavered, and as long as they held out against the amendment—just so long were the rebellious States under military rule. Finally, however, the last State capitulated, the amendment was passed, and the Union was completely reestablished.

By Lincoln's death the Vice-President, Andrew Johnson, became President. He did not help on the happy reunion of the States, because a mistaken sense of justice incited him to work against Congress. Johnson had risen from beginnings as humble as Lincoln's own to the highest office in the country, but he had none of Lincoln's greatness; his motive power was ambition. A narrow-minded man, tenacious of his own opinions because they were his own, rather than because they stood for right and the greater good, Johnson soon came into collision with Congress. He held that as the Union had never recognized the Confederacy, the Southern States had never



been out of the Union. "Therefore," he argued, "the rebel States have not lost their right of representation in Congress." This was undoubtedly logical but it was not practical. States that had defied the Union in one of the bloodiest civil wars known to history, could not be treated quite as though they had never rebelled; that would simply mean throwing away the advantages gained by the war, and would leave the questions upon which the strife had turned still unsettled; but Johnson could not be made to see this.

So great were the difference of opinion between the President and Congress on several points in regard to reconstruction that Congress took steps to limit the Chief Executive's power. A law was passed forbidding the President to make removals from office except with the full consent of the Senate. This law Johnson refused to obey; so the House of Representatives voted to impeach him: that is, they wanted to bring him to trial in order to have him removed as unfit to hold his high office. A charge as serious as this has to be made by the House of Representatives, and the Senate is the court which must decide the case. As it happened that less than two thirds of the Senate voted to remove Johnson, he remained in office to the end of his term and the country was spared a public fiasco. It was a bad time, however; Lincoln's strong hand was missed from the helm of public affairs much more than if he had been succeeded by a man of greater political tact.

The next election turned on the dispute of measures for best helping the Southern States. The Democrats nominated Horatio Seymour, of New York, for the Presidency; but the Republican party had a stronger candidate in the person of Ulysses S. Grant, who already had won popular confidence in his capacity as a general. Grant was elected the eighteenth President of the United States

in 1868. It was during his administration, in 1870, that the last of the States which had belonged to the Confederacy complied with the conditions demanded by Congress. This meant that for the first time since 1860, when South Carolina had seceded, all the States of the Union were represented in Congress. The same red letter year, 1870, saw the negroes in every State of the Union invested with the right to vote.

It is not to be supposed that because the chains of slavery were struck away the negro at once stood forth a perfect citizen. Development is a process, not a happening, and it would be as senseless to expect a tree to burst immediately from tight bud into full-grown leaf, as to imagine that a race of people who for centuries had been bound by servitude both of soul and body could be transformed without years of freedom and education. Even to-day—fifty years after the close of the Civil War—although the negro has traveled far along the road of development, he has not reached his majority, and the United States is still confronted by what is vaguely termed a “color problem.” In those early years of reconstruction this problem was very serious. Here was the negro thrown suddenly into conditions of life utterly new to him—the torch of freedom was lighted to his hand, but he was as a child who knew not the meaning of fire. Small wonder that there were numerous conflagrations before he learned that the “red flower” of liberty is a blessing only to him who uses it with discretion.

The ignorance of the negroes laid them open to the degrading influence of white men’s vices. Many of them drank, gambled, and led disreputable lives in the pitiful belief that they were thus demonstrating their new-found freedom. Their illiteracy made them the prey of corrupt politicians; for the South was invaded by a hord of Northern adventurers who were known as “carpetbaggers.”



These unprincipled scoundrels bought the negroes' votes by bribes of office which the black men were utterly unfitted to hold. Life in some of the Southern States, where local government was in the hands of the "carpetbaggers" and their foolish tools, became perfectly intolerable for the whites. It seemed as though the Southern aristocrat was right in declaring that if the negroes were allowed to vote "bedlam would be let loose." In order to counteract the shameful state of affairs the Southern whites—original secessionists and Unionists alike—organized a secret society known as the "Ku Klux Klan," the one object of which was to put an end to "carpetbag" rule.

The workings of this society proved how well the Southerners understood the negro, who was still half-savage in his superstitious fear of the unknown. The members of the Klan rode forth at night, disguised and masked, to wreak swift vengeance on offenders. A negro leader who had lent himself to unscrupulous practises was liable to be hauled from his bed, or caught as he stepped from his door by a group of muffled figures who dealt with him in a silence that was awful to the ghost-ridden mind of the black man. He was threshed within an inch of his life, or his house was burned before his eyes, or perhaps he was smeared with tar and rolled in feathers; but whatever the punishment agreed upon by the silent tribunal of his judges, it was carried out with a swiftness and precision that amounted to an art. Woe to the negro who came home in the dusk to find a "death candle" burning on his doorstep—his crime was held worthy of the great penalty from which there is no appeal; he might throw himself on the mercy of his friends; he might hide; but sooner or later the Ku Klux Klan would take him, and until it did, his life was lived in a horror of suspense. Even some of the white "carpetbaggers" were treated to the summary



justice of Lynch Law—that hateful, swift punishment that waits for no observance of legal forms.

It is interesting to try to trace the origin of this most lawless law. Some historians believe that it is named after Charles Lynch, a Virginia Judge, who is said to have dealt out irregular justice; others say that it took its name from Lynch's Creek, in South Carolina, where offenders were sometimes done to death without legal sanction. A more probable explanation, however, is found in a story from Ireland. A man named Lynch, governor of Galway, had a son who killed a Spanish seaman. Lynch, hearing of the outrage, and not knowing who was the perpetrator of the crime, condemned the murderer to death without trial. Discovering that it was his own son he had convicted, the father, true to his word, had the boy hanged from the middle window of his house. About this old story there is a smack of rude justice that gives an air of glamour to an utterly wrong and inhuman law.

Against the wily "carpetbaggers" and their dangerous opponents the Government tried to legislate in vain, and it finally became necessary for President Grant to send Federal troops into some of the Southern States to suppress disorder and enforce law. For a time the little army was kept busy; wherever it appeared resistance ceased at once, only to break out elsewhere. Eventually, however, the trouble quieted down. The "carpetbaggers," who worked for Republican interests, were put out of office by a strong combination of whites who carried the poles for the Democratic party. The negroes, brought under the authority of men whom they respected, behaved more rationally and the real regeneration of the South began.

The States which had been so greatly exhausted by the war began to revive. The North had supplied food and clothing to tide the Southerners over the first months of

privation and the people themselves had gone speedily to work to restore their broken fortunes. The land was theirs; the demand for cotton was insatiable; and paid negroes worked as well, if not better, than slaves. Cotton-mills sprang up and iron manufactures were developed with great success. In an incredibly short time the South was on the way to financial prosperity, and despite the undoubted difficulties of readjustment the Americans realized that the peace which followed the Civil War found them a more united people than ever before. The Government had gloriously withstood the shock of conflict and had proved itself worthy of the great minds that had conceived it. Buoyant of heart and unfaltering in faith, the people of the United States faced the future and the solution of whatever problems it might bring. Their national hymn rang with a splendid presage of fulfilment:

“Our father’s God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom’s holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!”

## CHAPTER LXXI

THROUGH SIX ADMINISTRATIONS. 1868 TO 1892

PRESIDENT GRANT took with him to the White House that same vigorous energy and quick grasp of affairs which had characterized his generalship. His administration bristled with reform, for he did not hesitate to put out of office men whom he thought unsuitable, nor to appoint others in their stead; and by his fearless disregard for his own popularity, he made many enemies.

In his management of foreign relations Grant was particularly successful. During his administration a question that for some time had obtruded unpleasantly between Great Britain and the United States was finally settled. This was a controversy that had arisen at the time of the Civil War, when ships had been secretly built in England to aid the Confederate Government in its resistance of United States authority. These British-built ships received Confederate commissions and put to sea with the avowed purpose of ruining Northern commerce. The most notorious of them was the *Alabama* and its career seriously interfered with United States interests, for it destroyed about sixty-seven merchant and whaling ships before it was sunk in the English Channel by the Union man-of-war *Kearsarge*. When the war was over the United States claimed damages from the British Government on account of the hurt done to American shipping by the *Alabama* and other English-built Confederate cruisers. For years the "*Alabama* Claims," as they were



called, were the source of bitter discussion; but in 1871 they were submitted to a court of arbitration which sat in Geneva, Switzerland, and it was decided that Great Britain should pay \$15,500,000 as damages to the United States.

When war broke out between France and Germany, President Grant issued a proclamation of neutrality as to the belligerent nations and directed the United States minister to remain in Paris and to extend the protection of the American flag to persons of all nationalities who were without the protection of their own flag. This humane act saved much suffering and loss to individuals.

In 1872 the time had come for a new Presidential election. A party had sprung up composed of men who disapproved of Grant's administration; they called themselves "Liberal Republicans" and nominated Horace Greeley for President. The Democrats also accepted Greeley as their candidate; but in spite of this two-fold opposition, Grant was reelected by a large majority.

His second term of office was not particularly eventful, although it proved a period of steady growth for the nation. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and the President had the felicity of winning many a bloodless battle against unscrupulous office-holders and the like. He retired from the Presidency in 1877 and started on a visit to the countries of the Old World. Abroad he was received with the honors due him, both as a great general and as ex-President of the United States.

In 1876 Rutherford Birchard Hayes was the Republican candidate for the Presidency, while Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, was the nominee of the Democratic party. The election was so closely contested that Congress was left to decide whether Hayes or Tilden should be President, but even here there was a difficulty. The Republicans had a majority in the Senate, while the Democrats

predominated in the House; so the two bodies could not agree. Finally the question was referred to fifteen commissioners, eight of whom voted for Hayes, who became President of the United States in consequence of that one vote in his favor. During his term of office, business prospered. The brotherly feeling between North and South progressed steadily; and so satisfactory to the country was Hayes' benign rule that in 1880 the people felt that they could do no better than to select another Republican for President; consequently General James Abram Garfield was elected to be the twentieth President of the Republic.

Garfield, like Lincoln, rose to his great position at the head of the nation from very humble beginnings. Born and reared in a log cabin, in a lonely part of Ohio, he had early known hard work and real privation. But so ceaselessly, both as boy and man, did he pursue his studies and turn to account the gifts with which nature had endowed him that it was truthfully said of him that "among the public men of his era, none had higher qualities of statesmanship and greater culture than James A. Garfield." During the Civil War he distinguished himself in more than one campaign; and in New York, when the people were in a panic over the news of Lincoln's death, it was Garfield who calmed the excited mob by the famous words spoken from the balcony of the customs-house. "Fellow-citizens," he called in a ringing voice, "clouds and darkness are around him; his pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds; justice and judgment are the established of his throne; mercy and truth shall go before his face! Fellow-citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington lives."

Three months after his inauguration as President, Garfield was passing through a railway station in Washington, when he was shot by a disappointed office-seeker.



Badly wounded, he was carried to the White House, where for ten weeks he lingered between life and death. Then his condition seemed to improve and he was moved to the seaside, in the hope that the stimulating air would help on his recovery; but on September 19th he died. The dastardly crime that had shot him down, in the prime of a splendid manhood, together with the wonderful patience with which Garfield bore his weeks of suffering, greatly impressed the American people. This second martyred President was mourned very deeply, although men tried to remember his words, "God reigns, and the Government at Washington lives."

The Vice-President, Chester Alan Arthur, took up the duties of Chief Executive and successfully filled out Garfield's term of office.

The Presidential election of 1884 was a Democratic triumph. Grover Cleveland, the popular Governor of New York, was elected and the Republican party was defeated for the first time since 1860. This was not accomplished, however, without a severe struggle and recourse to the personalities and bitterness that play such an unworthy part in modern politics. Growth involves the knowledge of good and evil, and a country as large and as precocious as the United States cannot escape its growing-pains. Wrong has a more raucous voice than Right and so it is oftener heard screaming in the market-place; but underneath all the impurities of party strife and the ugly creed of gain, the noble American ideals are alive and vigorous. The clean-living, pure-hearted America in which George Washington and Abraham Lincoln believed is still vital, still surcharged with a love of liberty that neither corrupt political methods nor the greed of a few money-mad citizens can destroy.

President Cleveland was a native of New Jersey. The son of a Presbyterian minister, he studied law and rose to



his prominent position in the country by dint of his own ability. He was a bachelor at the time of his inauguration, and his sister, Rose Cleveland, helped him in his social duties. But in June, 1886, the President married Miss Frances Folsom, the daughter of his one-time law-partner. The wedding took place in the White House, and the charming bride, the youngest mistress of the Executive Mansion since the lovely Dolly Madison, excited great admiration in the hearts of the American people. A talented and beautiful woman, she was well fitted for her position as the First Lady of the Land.

One of the earliest measures with which Cleveland had to deal was that of civil service reform. For years it had been an understood thing that the President should pay his party expenses by giving the minor offices to his adherents. Garfield's death at the hands of a disappointed office-seeker called general attention to this abominable system and gave rise to the Pendleton Act of 1883. This Act provided that the power of the Chief Executive to select office-bearers should be held in check by a board of civil service commissioners instructed to pass judgment upon all appointments recommended by the President. With the Democratic administration came the test. Would Cleveland throw out the Republican office-holders and substitute men of his own party? He did nothing of the kind, but kept so faithfully to the Pendleton Act that for the first time in more than fifty years no general change of office-bearers took place. This broad-mindedness made a very favorable impression upon the country at large; for it had been unpleasant to think of the President in the rôle of a glorified Jack Horner pulling out plums of office for his political friends.

The subject, however, that was of most vital interest during Cleveland's administration, was that of tariff reform. For many years opinion in America had been di-

vided over this important question. Some statesmen held that it was only fair to protect American labor by levying a high duty on articles manufactured abroad, thus constraining people to buy goods made in their own country. But others believed that high protective duties were unjust to American consumers and that they were little, if any, help to the manufacturers. The tariff, they argued, should be used only to raise money to support the Government; and since the treasury was well stocked with funds which excessive revenue had brought in, it was time to reduce the duties on certain articles and put others on the free list. President Cleveland proposed, in a letter to Congress, that the tariff be reduced; and there ensued a heated discussion of the matter. The Democrats strongly upheld Cleveland's views, while the Republicans denounced them, declaring themselves "uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection." On this dispute the election of 1888 turned. The Democrats nominated Cleveland for reelection; but the Republican candidate, Benjamin Harrison, was elected twenty-third President of the United States.

Harrison's election touched the romantic minds of the American people; for not only was he the grandson of General William Henry Harrison, who had been ninth President of the United States, but his genealogy could be traced back to Pocahontas, the Indian maiden who married John Rolfe of Virginia. Born in North Bend, Ohio, Harrison studied law at Miami University and settled in Indianapolis, Indiana. He entered the army at the outbreak of the Civil War, as a second lieutenant and rose to the rank of brigadier-general. When Garfield was made President he offered Harrison a place in his cabinet; but it was refused. In 1881 Harrison entered the United States Senate where he served until 1887. As President he showed himself business-like and dignified. He kept

a firm hand on the management of domestic affairs, and his foreign policy was such as helped forward the prosperity of the people at home and kept peace with all nations. He did not serve for more than the one term, because the Democratic party worked up its strength and succeeded in electing Cleveland again in 1892. In his last message to Congress, President Harrison gave voice to a growing American sentiment when he said: "There is no reason why the national influence, power, and prosperity should not observe the same rate of increase that has characterized the past thirty years. We carry the great impulse and increase of these years into the future. There is no reason why, in many lines of production, we should not surpass all other nations, as we have already done in some. There is no near frontier to our possible development."



## CHAPTER LXXII

### AMERICAN EXPANSION

Then turn, and be not alarmed, O Libertad—turn  
your undying face  
To where the future, greater than all the past,  
Is swiftly, surely preparing for you.

WALT WHITMAN.

**A**CCORDING to the first census, in 1790, there were less than four million inhabitants of the United States. One hundred years later, when the census of 1890 was taken, the population had increased to seventy millions! Already there were more people in the United States than in any European nation except Russia; and the growth of the country's wealth was as astonishing as its gain in population. The steady march of progress had been only temporarily impeded by the Civil War, and it seemed as though the few years of gloom it entailed acted as a dam on the energy of the American people, for as soon as the war was at an end the flood-gates of vigorous activity were opened wide.

It had become evident that in order to get at the magnificent resources of their country the Americans must have railways to span the continent from east to west; so with Herculean labor an iron road was made across the desert and its way blasted through the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. Where the railway went people followed; and the great West, so long a region of vague surmise, was divided off into territories and states. At the beginning of the Civil War there were thirty-four States

in the Union; by 1876 when the Republic celebrated its hundredth birthday there were thirty-eight States. To-day there are forty-eight.

The settlement of the Western States was not an entirely peaceful business; for the fierce Indians of the plains resented the advance of the white people and feared their "fire-eating monsters." Some of the eastern bands of Sioux Indians raided the defenseless settlements of Minnesota and killed nearly five hundred people. A war followed and the Indians were driven out of the State after about forty of them had been captured and hanged because they were convicted of murdering women and children.

In 1868 the Indians became so unruly that the Government had to send General Custer with troops to preserve order in the West. The Indians of the plains were said to be "the best light cavalry in the world." They rode a breed of small ponies that were descended from horses that they had bought, or stolen, years before from the early Spanish conquerors of Mexico. Astride these tough little mounts the warring Red Men would dash in on a lonely settlement, fire the houses, kill the inhabitants, and ride away again before justice could overtake them. Their raids were made in the summer, when there was plenty of grass for their ponies. In the winter they would go into hiding in some high crevice of the mountains where the difficulty of following them made them comparatively safe from attack. It was in November that Custer got on the trail of a war party led by Chief Black Kettle. The first snows of winter had fallen, deadening sound, and the white men were able to follow their unconscious guides to within bowshot of a town beside the Washita River. When night came, and the Indians were peacefully sleeping, Custer and his men stole in upon them. The braves, roused by the barking of their dogs,

rushed out to fight; but they were too late; the surprise had been effectual and the white men were in possession of the town and in no mood to be trifled with. The Indians were conquered that time; but eight years later they had their revenge, when a band of savages of the northern plains, led by Chief Sitting Bull, met Custer and his men in battle and succeeded in massacring the General and every man under his immediate command. This killing of white men was swiftly avenged by United States troops, who drove the Indians across the Canadian border; although later they were permitted to return to their homes.

Other Indian uprisings were speedily put down, until the Red Man learned that he was mastered, and that he must either submit to being civilized or perish. Laws were then made for his protection, and although the great plains were no longer his to roam at will, a sufficiency of land was set aside for his hunting-ground. He was taught how to lay out a farm, and schools were built for his children; so although the savage had sung his swan song and the days of the war-path were over, the Indian was given his chance to march with modern civilization.

The United States not only was growing within its own compass. In 1867 Alaska was purchased from Russia for the sum of \$7,200,000. This new territory covered an area of 590,884 square miles; but as it did not adjoin the rest of the country, and because it lay partly in the arctic region and had a very severe climate, little interest was taken in its acquisition. The purchase of Alaska by the Government even met with bitter opposition from some Americans, who could see no good reason for buying a bleak land where the only important business interest was the killing of seals for their furs. These persons changed their minds, however, when gold was found in the Klondike district (in Canada, just over the border from



Alaska) in 1896; for the discovery drew great crowds to the gold-field, the California boom was repeated, and Alaska sprang to life. Towns grew up with amazing rapidity, a railway was run across the interior and the real resources of the district began to be tapped. Since 1906 Alaska has sent a delegate to Congress; and although the true commercial importance of the territory is more the future than the present, the gold, silver, platinum and copper that are found there bid fair to make it a worthy possession, quite apart from the importance of its growing fisheries, fish-packing industries, and the old business of seal hunting.

In 1898 the United States annexed the Hawaiian Islands in the North Pacific Ocean, thus ending a period of revolution in the Islands that was most trying for the mixed population of Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and natives of Hawaii. Two years later the Islands were organized as a Territory, and they now have a Governor, a House of Representatives and a Senate, and send a delegate to Congress. The United States has an interest also in the Samoan group of Islands in the South Pacific, and it was these far-away possessions and their inhabitants that inspired an American Consul-General to write a witty poem called *Expansion*, which concludes with these words:

“Nex’ you know you’ll ask a feller  
Whur he’s frum, he’ll up an’ say  
With a lordly kind o’ flourish,  
‘All creation, U. S. A.’ ”

Grover Cleveland’s second term as President (1892-1896) is memorable chiefly as a time of great unrest. A financial panic had arisen out of the tariff dispute and the hoarding of gold in the country aggravated the trouble. Labor disturbances resulted—the United States suffered

from a very bad attack of "growing-pains." When the time came for another Presidential election, the Democratic party nominated William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska for their candidate, but the Republicans won the contest, by a large majority, for their nominee, William McKinley.

McKinley was inaugurated the twenty-fifth President of the United States in March, 1897. Like Harrison, he was an Ohio man, born at Niles in 1843, and he had served as a volunteer in the Civil War. In 1867 he was called to the Bar, and a few years later he was elected a member of Congress. In 1890 he introduced the McKinley Tariff Bill which made him famous—a measure for protecting home manufacturers by putting higher duties on various imports. In 1891 McKinley was elected Governor of Ohio, and it was from this office that he was called to the Presidency.

Personally McKinley was a practical idealist and a thoroughly lovable man. He was deeply religious, but with no taint of bigotry. Mrs. McKinley was an invalid, so the President, in addition to his multifarious labors, was obliged to take many of her social duties upon himself. As a host he is unsurpassed in White House annals; his kindness of heart made him wonderfully sympathetic and he never spared pains to put his most insignificant guest at ease.

Except Lincoln, perhaps no President up to that time had a more difficult course to steer than did McKinley. In his inaugural address he declared his sincere conviction that "war should never be entered upon until every agency of peace has failed." "Peace," he said, "is preferable to war in almost every contingency"; yet during his administration the United States was plunged into a war with Spain that grew out of American intervention in the affairs of Cuba.

## CHAPTER LXXIII

### WAR WITH SPAIN

**B**Y the middle of the nineteenth century Spanish empire in the West had dwindled until Cuba and Porto Rico were all that remained of Spain's one-time glorious possessions in America.

Cuba, the largest of the West Indian Islands, had been Spanish property since Columbus first discovered it in 1492. The Spaniards, however, were always hard taskmasters, and in 1868 the Cubans tried in vain to wrest their independence from the mother country. Their little revolution was put down after ten years of fruitless suffering, only to break out again in 1895, when the oppressions of the Spaniards grew quite unbearable.

With the sympathetic interest of a nation that has fought the same fight, the United States watched the Cubans struggling for freedom. The people of the great Republic were incensed at the cruel and barbarous methods that Spain used to crush the revolt against her rule. Having quartered two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers on the island, only to find that the Cuban insurgents were quite equal to dealing with them, the Spanish Government next tried what starvation would do to put down revolution. The country people were deprived of almost all food and driven into great concentration camps where, herded together, men, women and little children died either of hunger or from the insanitary conditions of their surroundings. Half a million persons, mostly civilians, were done to death in this cruel way, and then the country,



cleared of its inhabitants, was laid waste with fire by the Spanish soldiery.

Humane America could not look on at this brutal warfare unmoved; and besides the broad consideration of suffering fellow-beings in need of sympathy, there were the interests of many citizens of the United States to be considered. What was to be done? "Formally recognize the belligerency of the Republic of Cuba," was the popular answer; for the Americans knew that recognition of Cuba would entail its protection, because an important clause of the famous Monroe Doctrine expressly states: "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered. But with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or in controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

Cleveland had refused to grant the insurgents of Cuba recognition as an independent people; so as soon as McKinley came into office fresh clamor arose, for national sympathy was strong in favor of Free Cuba. Spain, by not "playing the game" of war more fairly, had roused America's deep resentment. With great political tact, however, the new President kept the curb on public sentiment while he tried to remonstrate with Spain in a friendly way. He offered, in the name of humanity, a strong protest against the cruel tactics employed in Cuba and demanded that the war be conducted along the lines laid down by civilized nations.

The Spanish Government received this implied rebuke very affably, replying that hostilities would be conducted in a manner that should better conform to the wishes of

the United States. President McKinley rejoiced, hoping that intervention in Cuban affairs might not be necessary. To help the destitute insurgents, however, a Central Cuban Relief Committee was established in New York in December, 1897, and the President appealed to the American people to give of their Christmas plenty to relieve the suffering Cubans. The response was whole-hearted and generous; but gifts could be only a temporary benefit to the inhabitants of the West Indian Island, who craved not charity but freedom.

Affairs in Cuba continued to be so turbulent that in January the United States Government sent the second-class battleship *Maine* to Havana, to be at hand in case American citizens there should need protection against Spanish royalists, who threatened to mob them because of their known sympathy for the revolutionists. Spain affected to approve the visit of the *Maine* to Cuban waters, and even asked permission to return the courtesy by sending Spanish ships to the chief ports of the United States. While the *Maine* lay in Havana harbor her officers were treated with the most punctilious ceremony by Spanish officials. Captain Sigsbee, the commander of the *Maine*, reported no single breach of etiquette, although he was aware of an undercurrent of distrust. To show his goodwill toward the islanders, the Captain attended a bull-fight with some of his officers, and there some one thrust into his hand a dirty paper containing a bombastic protest against "the Yankee pigs" for sending "a man-of-war of their rotten squadron" to taunt the Spaniards. General Fitzhugh Lee, the American Consul-General in Havana, received many anonymous letters containing threats. Also, there had been some unpleasantness over a private letter that had fallen into the hands of a Cuban sympathizer. This letter was written by the Spanish Minister at Washington and contained lurid insults directed against Presi-



dent McKinley. The Spanish Government had been quick to apologize for this indiscretion on the part of its servant and had withdrawn the erring Señor from Washington; so there was no open hostility between Spain and the United States when, without warning, the *Maine* was blown up as she lay at her moorings in Havana harbor.

It was at forty minutes past nine in the evening of February 15th, 1898, that the explosion occurred. The great ship sank at once, taking to their death two officers and two hundred and sixty-four enlisted men. Spanish officials helped to rescue some of the crew and they afterward paid elaborate funeral honors to the dead. Spain protested that she was not responsible for the calamity; and the naval court of inquiry, which made a thorough investigation of the matter, could never locate responsibility for the crime. Evidence proved that the catastrophe was caused by the explosion of a submarine mine, but more definite knowledge will probably never be forthcoming.

The destruction of the *Maine* came as a serious shock to the United States and roused latent antagonism against Spain. The American people were eager to dispense with diplomacy and resort to the argument of force. The whole country agreed that it would be best for every one if Cuba were independent, and the Spanish driven out of America. President McKinley took a firm stand and declared in a message to Congress that "the war in Cuba must stop," and he asked for power to enforce this decision.

As quietly as possible the United States prepared for war. Money had already been voted for national defense, and now two additional regiments of artillery were raised and the regular army was concentrated at points where it would be most readily available for active service in Cuba. As soon as Spain had been informed of the American ultimatum and had refused to comply with its terms,



Congress gave the President power to stop the exportation by sea of coal and all other war materials. A call was issued for 125,000 men to make up a volunteer army, and the regular army was placed on a war footing with its numbers raised to 61,000. Nothing was left undone that would assure fighting supremacy to the United States. The American Government might have been acting on the advice of Polonius to his son: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear't that the opposed may beware of thee." War was formally declared against Spain on the 24th of April, 1898.

In spite of his ruthless procedure in Cuba, it is not to be supposed that the Spaniard was an enemy to be despised. He proved a gallant and intelligent foe as well as a brave soldier and sailor; a fact which put the war on a much more interesting level than if it had been fought against cowards and rascals. By the nature of things, the Spanish-American War was mainly a naval conflict. When hostilities began, Spain's naval forces were divided into three parts: one, which remained in home waters, was commanded by Admiral Camara; a second, under Admiral Cervera, was cruising about the Cape Verde Islands; and the third, in charge of Admiral Montojo, lay at the Philippines, in the Pacific Ocean.

Now the United States Navy was not, numerically, quite so large as that of Spain; but in grim earnest the American fleet donned its war-paint, changing its white ships of peace to a stealthy gray, and went to meet the Spaniards. The enthusiasm of all classes of American fighting men was remarkable. There were no laggards; the desire of every sailor and soldier seemed to be for the thick of danger. When war was declared, Commodore George Dewey was at Hong Kong with part of the American fleet; so he was ordered to make for the Philippine Islands and to capture or destroy Admiral Montojo's

naval forces. Captain Sampson, whose squadron lay at Key West, was given the rank of rear-admiral and put in command of the North Atlantic; while Commodore Schley was stationed, with what was known as the flying squadron, in Hampton Roads.

On May 1st Dewey, having safely reached the Philippines, attacked the enemy in Manila Bay. Within a few hours he either burnt or sunk all the Spanish ships of Montojo's command, except some small launches and tugs which he captured. He then took possession of the fortified seaport town of Cavité. Never was there a more speedy victory nor one, on so large a scale, that was accompanied by so few casualties. The Spanish loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to only 381; while of the Americans seven men were slightly wounded, but none was killed. Dewey established a blockade of Manila, but the city was invested, on the north and east, by Filipino forces led by Aguinaldo. The United States, therefore, dispatched Major-General Merritt with an expeditionary force to deal with the native troops in the Philippines. The argument of shot and shell prevailed, for on the 13th of August, 1898, Manila surrendered to a combined attack of American military and naval forces.

In the meantime, war in the Atlantic had sped less swiftly. For some time the Spanish fleet, with Admiral Cervera at its head, was searched for in vain by both Sampson and Schley, and not until the last of May, 1898, was it discovered to be lying quietly in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. To prevent its escape was the immediate concern of American naval authorities, and Admiral Sampson decided that the best way to do this would be to sink a vessel at the narrowest part of the harbor entrance, in such a way as to block up the exit. Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson was entrusted with the delicate work of sinking a ship at exactly the right moment,



in precisely the one spot where it would best act as a stopper to the harbor mouth.

The collier *Merrimac* was selected for sacrifice and in the hour before dawn, of June 3rd, the black hulk crept, ghostlike, toward its predestined grave. She was manned by a crew of seven men, who had volunteered for this special service, well knowing that it meant almost certain death.

It is one thing to face death for your country when you can go into battle with flags flying and bands playing; it is quite another thing to stand defenseless, clad only in shirt and drawers, a life-preserver and a revolver belt, upon the bare deck of a coal boat, waiting to put a spark to the 880 pounds of gunpowder that shall sink the very boards under your feet! Yet Hobson and his men, of their own free will, faced this grim ordeal with perfect composure.

Five hundred yards from the harbor mouth the collier was sighted by the enemy and the Spanish batteries opened fire. Shells dropped thickly upon the deck of the *Merrimac*; but, heedless of their danger, the Americans steamed ahead. Just before reaching the spot where the ship was to be sunk, the young Captain signaled for the engines to stop. The anchors were put down, sea-valves opened, and the command given to explode the torpedoes. But with their fire the enemy had damaged the torpedo gear—some connection was broken and only two torpedoes could be discharged—and now the steering-gear was shot to pieces, and the wreck drifted helplessly away from the place where it had been intended she should sink. Powerless to do more, Hobson and his men lay flat upon the deck while a fresh fury of gun-fire broke over them. Every second they expected that an exploding shell would kill them all. A floating mine struck the *Merrimac's* hull; but still she careened crazily in mid-channel. Then, without warning,



she lurched, settled, and went down. The men on her deck were washed into the water, where they were tossed about in a mass of wreckage. They managed, however, to swim to a raft, where they clung, with only their heads above water, until a Spanish launch appeared. The Americans hailed it and were taken on board. Cervera was there and to him the crew of the *Merrimac* surrendered. The Spanish Admiral was himself a brave gentleman, and he warmly appreciated bravery in others; no one could have been more kind than he was to his prisoners; his courtesy and humanity were such as made him respected by friend and foe.

Hobson's daring mission had failed; but it was one of those magnificent failures that live side by side with success. Small wonder that when the American people came to hear of the *Merrimac's* last voyage they wept and shouted with admiration:

"O brave-hearted Hobson,  
O *Merrimac* crew,  
The pride of a nation  
Pay homage to you."

## CHAPTER LXXIV

### THE END OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

**A**LTHOUGH the sinking of the *Merrimac* had failed to close the harbor of Santiago, the Americans had no intention of letting the Spanish ships escape; for it was known that upon this part of the enemy fleet the future depended. If Cervera's force could be destroyed, the power of Spain in the West would be broken, Santiago's fall would be assured, and an early peace would be inevitable. Sampson, therefore, stationed a semicircle of battleships in front of the harbor mouth, to see that the Spanish fleet was not allowed to run away. He also sent a convoy of cruisers and gunboats to the United States for the purpose of escorting back to Cuba transports that were bringing an invading army to the island.

The first contingent of troops was landed at Daiquiri, fifteen miles east of Santiago, on June 22nd. It was composed of 14,000 regulars and 2,500 volunteers, under the command of General Shafter. These forces moved immediately in the direction of Santiago, the idea being that they should silence the land batteries before the navy opened its attack on the ships in the harbor. The Spanish outposts of Las Guasimas were driven in; and on July 1st the outworks of Santiago were reached. The next day the heights of El Caney and San Juan were carried by assault after a terrible battle, in which one hundred and three American officers and one thousand, four hundred and ninety-two men were killed or wounded. Almost

more fatal to the American forces than the actual war, however, was the climate of Cuba. Malaria and yellow fever carried off all too many soldiers:

“Firing from the trenches hot and sizzling,  
And standing where the water’s to the knees;  
Fighting when the rain is pouring, drizzling,  
And parched troops are dying for a breeze.”

These were hardships that told heavily on the raw recruits, and even on the old campaigners. Many a cheerful home in the United States was darkened by the shadow of death, and during those summer months of anxiety, while the lists of the dead grew ever longer, the Americans learned to have a wholesome hatred of war and its attendant horrors.

The really great event of the campaign took place on July 3rd, when the Spanish fleet, on endeavoring to leave the harbor of Santiago, was met by the American squadron and utterly destroyed; so that Admiral Sampson was able to telegraph to Washington: “The fleet under my command offers the nation as a Fourth of July present the whole of Cervera’s fleet.”

It was a Sunday morning. Fog lay over Santiago Bay, but out where the American vessels waited, gently rocking to the motion of the sea, the sun glanced brightly on an ocean of sapphire blue. The battleship *Iowa* was the first to discover that the Spanish ships were moving toward the harbor entrance—a piece of news which she at once announced to her neighbors by two sharp barks from one of her six-pounders. “Enemy’s ships coming out!” her signal flags fluttered; and at once all was ordered action on board the American men-of-war.

The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, with Admiral Cervera on board, led the Spanish ships into the open and bore off to



westward. Evidently the Spaniards were counting on their great speed to get them through the blockading line and away before they could be stopped; but from the signal masts of the American ships sharp orders had been fluttering, first "Clear ship for action!" and then "Close up!" The engine fires had been kept going night and day; all was in readiness; and with wonderful swiftness the ironclads drew in around the fleeing enemy. In less time than it takes to tell it, a murderous fire was raining upon the fugitive ships, smothering the men at the guns so that they were incapable of taking accurate aim. The *Maria Teresa* staggered under the deadly fusillade; great gashes showed in her armor; her woodwork caught fire; and, a blazing wreck, she was forced to run for shore. As she struck the rocks the crew of the *Texas* began to cheer; but their captain turned upon them fiercely. "Don't cheer, boys," he cried; "the poor devils are dying."

Ship after ship of the proud Spanish fleet was forced to run on to the rocks. About 300 Spaniards perished in that awful sea-fight, while only one man of the Americans was killed and one severely wounded. The United States ships were repeatedly struck, but none of them was seriously damaged. When the last Spanish vessel had been dispatched, the Americans drew a long breath of relief and then threw themselves into the work of rescue. They could not leave the enemy to die on their burning and sinking ships; so with high courage they faced grave danger to help the very men whom they lately had been trying to exterminate. What Captain Evans said in his official report of his men aboard the *Iowa*, might have been said by every captain whose ship was in action on that fateful Sunday morning in July: "So long as the enemy showed his flag, they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women."

The *Maria Teresa* was caught on the rocks in such a way that a rescue boat could not approach her; so two sailors swam through heavy surf with a line which they fastened on shore, and by means of this a cutter was hauled back and forth, carrying nine or ten Spaniards at every trip. In this way more than four hundred men were rescued, Admiral Cervera and many of his officers among them. Of course Cervera and about sixteen hundred of his men were taken prisoners, but it is good to remember that they were treated with the utmost courtesy by their captors. There was very little personal enmity in the Spanish War. Whatever bad feeling there was at the beginning seems to have vanished with the first blood-letting, so that when peace between America and Spain was declared the two nations had learned to understand and respect each other. The war had cleared the air and made friendship possible.

When the Spanish fleet had been destroyed, Santiago could not long hold out. The city surrendered to General Shafter on July 17th, and its surrender meant the capitulation of the entire eastern end of Cuba, and of 24,000 Spanish soldiers, all of whom the United States undertook to return to Spain.

As soon as Santiago had fallen, the Americans turned their attention to Porto Rico. An army under General Miles operated on the island, while eleven United States men-of-war lay in Porto Rican waters, ready to render any assistance that the army might require. Two weeks of fighting secured a large portion of the island to the Americans; but before the whole was subjugated, hostilities were suddenly arrested.

The destruction of her fleets at Manila and Santiago had broken the back of Spain's power in America; so that on July 22, 1898, the Spanish Government proffered a formal request for peace. Terms were agreed upon by which the

United States annexed the Philippines and Porto Rico, as indemnity against the cost of the war, and occupied Cuba until the island was in a fit state to govern itself. An independent Republic was set up in Cuba in May, 1902.

The Spanish-American War thus ended disastrously for Spain; for her last foothold in America was lost to her. A curious incident shows that although the Spanish bore their misfortunes philosophically, their pride was deeply wounded. Scarcely was the war at an end when the Spanish Government had the casket containing the remains of Christopher Columbus removed from Havana, where it had rested for one hundred and two years, to Seville, in Spain. Columbus died in Valladolid, Spain, in the year 1506, and was buried in a monastery near Seville; but thirty years later his body was removed to Santo Domingo, in Hispaniola, and it was from there that it was taken to Havana, in 1796. Now it rests in a magnificent sarcophagus in the beautiful cathedral church of Seville. Four allegorical figures in colored bronze, representing respectively the kingdoms of Castile, Aragon, Leon, and Navarre, uphold the casket that contains the sacred dust, and on the marble base of the elaborate monument there is chiseled an inscription referring to the defection of "ungrateful America from its mother Spain." It is to be hoped that the bones of the great explorer have at last found their final tomb.



## CHAPTER LXXV

### CONCERNING THE ADMINISTRATION OF FOUR PRESIDENTS. MCKINLEY TO WILSON

**A**FTER the war with Spain, the United States was in a quandary as to what to do with the Philippines. It is probable that the question would have been decided by giving the islands their ultimate independence, had not the ill-advised action of Aguinaldo and his followers convinced President McKinley and his advisers that the Filipinos were too fierce and untutored a people to be left safely to their own devices. The war-like islanders tried to win their immediate independence by attacking the United States troops who were stationed in the Philippines. Much needless blood was spilt before Aguinaldo was captured and peace was restored. For a time the islands had to be put under military rule, but that soon gave place to the present benign system of administration which is carried on by a civil governor, assisted by a mixed commission of Americans and natives.

It is not to be expected that President McKinley and his cabinet escaped criticism in their handling of the Philippines. Some disgruntled persons even claimed that the war with Spain had been prompted entirely by the desire of the President to extend the possessions of the United States. Such accusations deserve the utmost contempt, for the nation as a whole understood the man who was its President, and appreciated the broad humanitarian principles upon which his every action was based.

McKinley was reelected President in 1900, but he had

not served a full year of his second term of office when he was struck down by the cowardly hand of an anarchist—a peculiarly cowardly hand in this case. It was at the Pan-American Exposition, in Buffalo, that the President was assassinated. He had been much interested in the great Exhibition, the object of which was to promote the welfare of All-America; and on this sadly memorable 6th of September, 1901, he was standing in one of the large halls of the Exposition, greeting people who filed past him, eager for the honor of touching their President's hand. Although he had stood long enough to be thoroughly weary, the welcoming smile never left the President's face. One of the wonderful things about McKinley was his readiness to give pleasure, and there was nothing perfunctory in his simple acceptance of the fact that his people enjoyed shaking hands with him, nor in his response to the little ceremony that has proved irksome to more than one President of a democratic Republic. As he stood, then, greeting the crowds with kindly understanding, a dark faced lad—Leon Czolgosz—approached McKinley. It was noticed that his right hand was tied up in a handkerchief, but there was nothing about the young man's demeanor to show that he was a member of a secret society whose entirely fruitless aim is to put down all existing government by assassinating rulers. Czolgosz paused for a second by McKinley's side; there was a sharp report—the youth had shot the President! A revolver had been cunningly concealed within the bandaged hand and the anarchist had deliberately schemed to kill a defenseless man.

Characteristically, the wounded President's thought was not of himself, but of another, for immediately he asked that news of his hurt be broken gently to Mrs. McKinley. He lived through a week of agony, but died on the 14th of September, and, as is too often the case, the man's great worth was fully realized only after he was gone. Under



his quiet guidance the country had weathered a serious war, fought for a high ideal. The army and navy had been placed on a firmer foundation than ever before. Industrially the United States had gone forward with a bound; and the affairs of the country generally were in a prosperous condition. Yet it was not so much the President as the man whom the people mourned. The man whose serene, God-fearing example had inspired so many hearts with courage, and who had given his countrymen such a noble ideal of citizenship.

On the day of his funeral a strange tribute was paid in McKinley's honor. For five minutes, just at noon, everything in the United States stopped. Express trains, street-cars, men and women on the pavements, all waited wherever twelve o'clock found them, for those few respectful moments. The sweet-voiced chimes of Trinity Church, in New York, and even the roll of organ music, were distinctly audible above the solemn hush, and some one in the street began to sing the President's favorite hymn. All up and down that crowded thoroughfare the reverent people joined in the singing of *Nearer, my God, to Thee*. It was soon over, and the country took up its work again; but that pause for remembrance was not a thing to be forgotten.

The Vice-President, Theodore Roosevelt, who became President on McKinley's death, was the very spirit incarnate of eager, young America. Born of Dutch-Scottish descent in New York City, Roosevelt was educated at Harvard and had no sooner left college than he began to make the world a better place for his having lived in it. As a member of the New York Legislature, and as a Civil Service Commissioner, and later as the head of the Police Department of New York, this enthusiastic young man threw himself, heart and soul, into the work of his country. 1897 found him Assistant Secretary of the Navy,



helping to get the fleet in readiness for the threatening war with Spain; but when war came, Roosevelt—a thorough sportsman and a man of action—left his desk in the Navy Department to become Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough Rider regiment. He was foremost in organizing this picturesque branch of the army, and his contagious enthusiasm made it a powerful factor in Cuba. Back from the war Roosevelt, already a popular hero, was elected Governor of New York, and then Vice-President of the United States. He became President when he was forty-three years of age, and so had the distinction of being the youngest President the White House had ever known.

There was a streak of Peter Pan about the new President that endeared him mightily to the hearts of the American people. The spirit of “the boy who never grew up” looked out of his eyes and flashed in his smile. He worked so hard, and he played so hard, he was so tremendously in earnest about everything, and yet had a laugh for his own “strenuousness,” that he soon became the most popular American of his day. He was everywhere admired—or detested—as a strong, fearless man, intolerant of abuses and militant for right.

Roosevelt was reelected to the Presidency, by a great majority, in 1904. His career was fraught with excitement, for he made indignant war against “graft”—that unlovely system by which one man—or a clique of men—stores up illicit spoils wrung from politics or municipal business. He fought Trusts that were making a few men rich by keeping many poor; and he worked early and late to alleviate the trouble which arose out of these conditions, to put down strikes, and to quiet labor disturbances of every kind.

But under Roosevelt's régime the White House was a happy place. The stately mansion echoed to the merri-

ment of romping boys and girls. Many are the stories told of the Roosevelt children, but it is difficult to say whether the nation enjoyed most the pranks of the boy who, to console a younger brother shut up in the nursery, took his Shetland pony upstairs, or the mischief of that bigger boy—the President—who was always dodging the detectives, set to watch over his precious life, until existence became a burden to those much-tried men.

The Lady of the White House is confronted by innumerable problems of etiquette that seem trivial enough in themselves, but that are of great consequence in the strange diplomatic world where affairs of State have been known to hang on the placing of guests at a dinner-party! Mrs. Roosevelt supplied just the gracious charm and social genius necessary to her high position. In every way she was her husband's help and complement.

When Roosevelt retired in 1909, he had the satisfaction of being succeeded by his friend William Howard Taft, whose election he was instrumental in bringing about. Taft had been Solicitor-General in 1890. Two years later he was Circuit Judge, and in this capacity he dealt severely with railway strikes that were causing much unrest in the country. From 1900 to 1904, Taft had administered the affairs of the Philippines, and it was he who skilfully substituted civil government in place of military rule. When Roosevelt took up his term of office in 1904, he made Taft his Secretary of War; so the twenty-seventh President entered upon his duties with wide personal knowledge of the different departments under him, and his administration was carried on with the capable precision that had come to be expected of him. Taft's presidency did not prove especially eventful, however; although an important tariff reform bill was passed, and a revolution broke out in Mexico which was watched with grave interest by the



United States. In March, 1911, the American Government ordered 20,000 soldiers to the border, to keep the insurgents back from the frontier; but this was a purely protective measure, for Taft issued a proclamation of neutrality where Mexico was concerned.

In February, 1912, Colonel Roosevelt, who had been indulging a passion for big game hunting in Africa, suddenly announced that he would again accept the Republican nomination for President. It was nearly time for another election, and many of Roosevelt's admirers were clamoring to have him back at the White House, believing in his fearless methods of dealing with all the forms of abuse that menaced public life. Others of the Republican party thought that Taft, with his less strenuous tactics, was better suited to be President of the United States; so the Republican Convention that met in Chicago in June was something of a party quarrel. Taft was renominated, but Roosevelt's friends broke away from the regular Republicans, and organized what they called a Progressive Party, with Roosevelt as its nominee.

The Democrats, meanwhile, at their national convention in Baltimore, had selected Dr. Woodrow Wilson for their candidate; so the contest for the election of the twenty-eighth President proved a three-cornered affair, fraught with great excitement.

The unfortunate estrangement that necessarily resulted between Taft and Roosevelt, caused bitter antagonism in their respective parties. In October an attempt was made by a man, half crazed with the excitement of the election, to assassinate Roosevelt. The Colonel was shot just as he was starting to drive to the hall, in Chicago, where he was to make one of his rousing speeches. He was severely wounded; but with the pluck that distinguishes the man, he ignored the injury and insisted on delivering his ad-



dress, or a part of it, although his audience was decidedly startled to see that the manuscript, which he drew from his breast pocket, was wet with blood!

It was the Democratic candidate who won the election of November, 1912, and it was that old "Mother of Presidents" who again furnished the United States with a Chief Executive; for Thomas Woodrow Wilson was a Virginian, born in the little city of Staunton, and, like Cleveland, was the son of a Presbyterian minister. From his college days at Princeton his ability, both as a scholar and as an orator, was recognized and it was from the Presidency of his Alma Mater that Woodrow Wilson was called to be Governor of New Jersey and, later, President of his country.

In August, 1913, President Wilson tried to act as peacemaker in Mexico; but the Mexican Government refused his mediation. The Americans were therefore obliged to follow a policy of "watchful waiting" while the war raged furiously in the neighboring country. In April, 1914, a party of United States marines, who landed for supplies, were arrested in Tampico. The American Government could not ignore such an insult to its subjects. Huerta, the Mexican President, briefly apologized for the arrest of the marines, but he refused to salute the United States flag, as he had been requested to do. In consequence of this affront, United States marines, commanded by Rear-Admiral Fletcher, captured Vera Cruz. For a time war between Mexico and the United States seemed unavoidable, but the A B C republics of South America—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—offered to act as peacemakers between the two powers. Their good offices were gratefully accepted and a conflict was averted.

It was not long thereafter that Huerta was forced to resign his presidency of Mexico chiefly because of the

opposition of the United States. In the turmoil that followed and in the face of great provocations, it was difficult for President Wilson to maintain his policy of "watchful waiting." When a raid was made upon the town of Columbus, New Mexico, by Francisco Villa and a band of his followers, the patience of the United States was exhausted and American soldiers were sent into Mexico in pursuit of the bandits. This led to great friction with Carranza, the Chief of the Constitutionalists. The relation with Mexico reached a climax when, in June, 1916, two companies of American cavalry were led into an ambush at Carrizal, Mexico, by Carranza's soldiers and were nearly all killed or captured. Feeling ran high in the United States and war seemed a certainty when President Wilson issued mobilization orders for the national guard regiments of all the States in the Union. Happily, however, this crisis also was passed and the differences between the two governments were settled amicably. War with Mexico once again was averted.

President Wilson's administration has been one of vital importance because of its relation to the great European War which broke out in the summer of 1914; but if it had had no other event to characterize it, the Wilson administration would always be memorable because it saw the opening of the Panama Canal:

That cutting of a Gordian knot  
That saw trade-winds unfurled,  
The linking of two oceans up  
For the commerce of the world.

## CHAPTER LXXVI

### HOW THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS HAS BEEN MORE THAN REALIZED

**I**N 1893 a great World's Fair was opened in Chicago, by President Cleveland, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery of a New World. Only four hundred years—and yet a nation had taken root in the West that had offered such strange and fearsome adventures to the old voyager. The White City, that sprang up radiant and mirage-like beside Lake Michigan, reflected, as in a magic mirror, the whole story of America's history. Looking over the shimmering Fair, with its domes and minarets, its electric fountains and its halls of industry, one's eyes came back to a still lagoon where facsimiles of the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Nina* lay anchored—those frail cockle-shells that, laden with a cargo of dreams, had sailed from Palos into a nameless sea, and had awakened this vast America!

Columbus sought a westward sea-route to India, and died thinking he had found it; but we know how much more important was the prize he had found. The greater always includes the less, however, and almost since the day when Balboa had stood gazing upon the rolling waters of the Pacific, men had realized that if a canal could be cut across the narrow strip of land between North and South America, in such a way as to link the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans together, the dream of a westward sea-route to the East would at last be fulfilled.

Many countries had discussed the project of cutting a



canal across the isthmus, but no practical progress was made. During Grant's administration, he strongly recommended to the people of the United States the advisability of having a canal under American control; but before the idea could be developed, the French had plunged into a colossal canal scheme in Central America and it looked as though the United States had lost the chance of constructing and controlling the link that was to unite the oceans. However, after several years of work and an enormous expenditure of money, the French undertaking failed and the Americans took over the enterprise.

While Roosevelt was President, in 1904, control of a five-mile zone on both sides of the proposed canal was purchased from the Republic of Panama. Then began the gigantic task of constructing a ship-canal fifty miles long, and of many turnings, through a region where the conditions of life were singularly difficult. Triumphantlly the Army Engineers carried out their great work; while the United States Sanitary Department waged a deadly war upon the disease-carrying mosquitoes that infested the isthmus.

A canal of such wide importance was not destined for the use of one country alone. President Cleveland had expressed a universal sentiment when he said that a waterway across the isthmus "must be for the world's benefit, a trust for mankind, to be removed from the chance of domination by any single power, not to become a point of invitation for hostilities nor a prize for warlike ambition." The neutralization of the canal was therefore agreed upon and guaranteed by the United States. It was further decided that every vessel making use of the canal should pay a fixed toll, so that the "maintenance, protection and operation of the canal and sanitation and government of the canal zone" might be assured. In 1913, when the great work of construction was finished, President Wilson had

the honor of touching an electric button which set in motion the machinery for blowing up the Gamboa dike, the last obstruction to navigation between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans.

With the opening of the Panama Canal, the dream of Columbus was made fact. The "shorter way to India" with which he had beguiled Queen Isabella's fancy was opened up, just four hundred and twenty-one years after the good Queen's jewels had been pledged to the finding of it. Indeed "the mills of the gods grind slowly—"!

In an age when time means money, the Panama Canal has come to enrich mankind, to reduce greatly the distance that ships have to cover to get from the east to the west coasts of America, to shorten the journey between the British Isles and their dependencies, and to open the Pacific Ocean to commerce in a way that it has never been opened before. The Canal brings the vast storehouse of the East into close touch with the markets of the West and makes possible a more sympathetic intercourse between all the peoples of the earth.

The completion of the Panama Canal was bound to prove a great stimulus to American trade; but before it was even begun, the United States had come to rank first among the nations of the world in agriculture, manufactures, mining, and commercial industries. The extraordinary prosperity of the country is due largely to its marvelous resources. One-half of the gold and silver of the world's supply is produced in the United States. Iron ore is contained in at least twenty-nine States, and in such quantities that a number of these States could, singly, supply the world's demand. The coal is beyond computation, there is so much of it. Lead is found in nearly all the States; and there is copper in every Western State except Nebraska and Kansas. The salt deposits are limitless. Sulphur is abundant. In Nevada, alone, there is enough



borax to supply mankind. And these things are only a few of the riches locked away in the treasure-house of American soil!

The great forests of the United States supply lumber, the preparation of which is a tremendous industry, employing about 200,000 hands; while the fisheries employ more than 150,000 workers. Over one million and a half square miles are devoted to the rearing of cattle; and from the arable land now under cultivation the inhabitants of the country are fed, while a half-billion dollars' worth of agricultural products are exported every year. It has been estimated that if all the arable land in the country were brought under the plow, the United States could feed 450,000,000 inhabitants and still send one-half billion bushels of produce out of the country. Is it surprising, then, that Matthew Arnold said that "America holds the future"?

With all this wealth ready to their hand, it would be strange if the Americans did not prosper; but it must be remembered that the silver and gold, the coal and the forests, were there in the days when the Red Man roamed the land and eked out a bare existence by the help of his primitive bow and arrow! The cunning old Earth-mother guards her secrets from the ignorant. "To them that hath (knowledge) shall be given," she says. So, after all, the important factor is not so much the resources of the country as the intelligence of that country's people.

The average American is an alert, energetic individual, whose chief characteristic is adaptability. He is quick to seize upon a good idea and to see the possibility of making it better. His whole training has taught him to be resourceful, to turn the materials the gods have given him to account. Just as he has used the power of Niagara Falls to light the streets of Buffalo, so he has drawn upon the past to build his present.



The typewriter and the sewing-machine were first experimented with abroad, but they were brought to perfection in America, and are now looked upon as the products of that country's ingenuity. This has been the history of many manufactured articles. Where the American triumphs over the citizen of other countries, is in his ability to make short-cuts to great results. He has a remarkable propensity for inventing machinery to save time and labor. It is this genius, together with his ample supply of raw material, that has enabled him to outstrip the manufacturers of other nations and command the largest market.

In a book protesting against the American invasion of foreign trade, Fred A. McKenzie, an Englishman, treats the matter in a somewhat exaggerated though humorous way:

"In the domestic life we have come to this," he says. "The average man rises in the morning from his New England sheets; he shaves with 'Williams' soap and a Yankee safety-razor; pulls on his Boston boots over his socks from North Carolina; fastens his Connecticut braces; slips his Waltham or Waterbury watch into his pocket; and sits down to breakfast . . . where he eats bread made from prairie flour . . . tinned oysters from Baltimore, and a little Kansas City bacon, while his wife plays with a slice of Chicago ox-tongue. The children are given 'Quaker Oats.' At the same time he reads his morning paper printed by American machines, on American paper with American ink, and, possibly, edited by a smart journalist from New York City. He rushes out, catches the electric tram (New York) to Shepherd's Bush, where he gets into a Yankee elevator to take him on to the American-fitted electric railway to the city—" Thus the history of the American haunted Britisher is carried on through the day until "when evening comes he seeks relaxation at the latest American musical comedy, drinks a cocktail or

some California wine, and finishes up with a couple of 'Little Liver Pills' made in America."

This might all seem very hard on the Old Country, if it were strictly true, but the Britisher who breakfasts off Kansas City bacon when he might enjoy his own Wiltshire pig, does it of his own free will, and if he prefers American musical comedy to Shakespeare or Bernard Shaw—he has no one but himself to blame.

To the United States, immigrants flock from every land. Labor is better paid there than in any other country, and the great Republic has room for Europe's overflow. America is the Mecca of a thousand hopes; and the Goddess of Liberty, standing proudly at the entrance to New York Harbor, with her torch held high to guide the pilgrims to her shrine, has thus had her message to other lands interpreted by a Jewess, Emma Lazarus:

"Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

In the factories and the workshops of the United States, Irishman and Scotsman, Jew and Russian, Italian and Frenchman, stand shoulder to shoulder with Greek and Armenian; of them "God is making the American." These last-comers have their place in the vast fabric of the Republic as surely as have the Pilgrim Fathers or the early Puritans, for

"These States are the amplest poem,  
Here is not merely a nation, but a teeming  
nation of nations."

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For some of the quotations in verse and prose used in this book.

"Vague legends . . ."—H. H., in *The Century Magazine* of 1882.

"On the desolate shore . . ."—"The Double-Headed Snake of Newbury," by John G. Whittier.

"O to see them meanly cling . . ."—"The Curse of Charter-Breakers," by John G. Whittier.

"There's a land that boasts of its good free will . . ."—"The Slaves," by J. E. Carpenter.

". . . weary, sad and slow . . ."—"The Farewell," by John G. Whittier.

"—e'en that land that is free in name . . ."—"The Slaves," by J. E. Carpenter.

"The wheeze of the slave-coffe . . ."—"Salut Au Monde!" by Walt Whitman.

"The lawyer leaving his office and arming . . ."—"Drum-Taps," by Walt Whitman.

"Lay down the axe, fling up the spade . . ."—"Our Country's Call," by W. C. Bryant.

"It is done! Clang of bell and roar of gun . . ."—"Laus Deo!" by John G. Whittier.

"O, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come . . ."—"At Port Royal," by John G. Whittier.

"Turning his bridle, Robert Lee . . ."—"Lee to the Rear," by John R. Thompson.

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## INDEX



## INDEX

- Abercrombie, General, 116, 117  
 Acadians sent into exile, 113, 114  
 Adams, John, 222, 234, 236-239  
 Adams, John Quincy, 289  
 Adams, Samuel, 153, 161  
*Adventure Galley*, the, 98  
 Aguinaldo, 457, 465  
*Alabama*, the, 440  
 Alabama Claims, the, 440  
 Alaska, purchase of, 449  
 Alexander, Indian Chief, 69  
*Alfred*, the, 195  
 Allen, Ethan, 159, 160  
 Amidas, 37, 38  
 Anderson, Major, 345  
 André, Major, 202, 204-206  
 Andros, Governor, 137  
 Antietam, battle of, 378  
*Arabella*, the, 58  
*Ark*, the, 79  
 Arnold, Benedict, 188, 203-205, 213  
 Arthur, Chester A., 443  
 Atchison, Dave, 321  
  
 Balboa, Vasco Núñez de, 18-20  
 Ball, Mary, 130, 131  
 Baltimore, Lord, 78-81  
 Bank, General, 407  
 Barlow, 37, 38  
 Beauregard, P. G. T., 350, 365  
 Beecher, Henry Ward, 321  
 Bellamont, Governor, 99  
 Bemis Heights, battle of, 189  
 Berkeley, Lord John, 83  
 Biarni, 2  
 Bienville, Céleron de, 105  
 Black Kettle, Indian Chief, 448  
 Blue Jacket, Indian Chief, 231  
*Bon Homme Richard*, the, 197, 198  
 Bonaparte, Napoleon, 238, 250  
 Boone, Daniel, 230  
 Booth, John Wilkes, 428, 431  
 Boston Massacre, the, 146  
 Boston Tea Party, 147  
 Bouquet, General, 127  
 Braddock, General, 110-112  
 Bradford, William, 54  
 Bragg, Braxton, 398  
  
 Brandywine, battle of, 182  
 Breckinridge, John C., 417  
 Broke, Captain, 270  
 Brown, Jacob, 277  
 Brown, John, 325-328  
 Bryan, William Jennings, 451  
 Buchanan, James, 323, 324, 341  
 Buell, Don Carlos, 365, 398  
 Bull Run, battle of, 350-352, 375  
 Bunker Hill, battle of, 161-166  
 Burgoyne, General, 161, 181, 185-191  
 Burnside, Ambrose E., 379, 388-390  
 Burr, Aaron, 238, 251, 252  
 Bushy Run, battle of, 127  
  
 Cabot, John, 13  
 Cabot, Sebastian, 13  
 Calhoun, John C., 291  
 Calvert, Cecil, 79  
 Calvert, George, 78  
 Calvert, Leonard, 79  
 Camara, Admiral, 456  
 Campbell, Colonel, 208  
 Canonicus, Indian Chief, 54  
*Carondolet*, the, 366  
 Carpetbaggers, the, 436-438  
 Carteret, Sir George, 83  
 Carver, John, 52  
 Cervera, Admiral, 456, 457, 459, 460, 461, 463  
 Champlain, Samuel de, 100  
 Chancellorsville, battle of, 390  
 Charles I, 58, 78  
 Charles II, 76, 81, 83, 84  
 Charter colonies, 137  
 Charter Oak, 137  
 Chattanooga, battle of, 403  
*Chesapeake*, the, 269-271  
 Chickamauga, battle of, 403  
 Clark, William, 254-258  
 Clarke, George Rogers, 211  
 Clay, Henry, 286, 289, 291, 293, 314  
 Cleveland, Grover, 443-446, 450, 473  
 Clinton, Sir Henry, 161, 186, 201-204, 207, 212-214, 224  
 Coligny, Admiral, 34  
*Columbia*, the, 253



- Columbus, Christopher, dreams of, 6-8; first voyage of, 9-11; other voyages, 11, 12  
 "Compromise of 1850," 315  
 Congress, the, 381  
 Constitution, the, 267, 268, 269  
 Continental Congress, First, 155; Second, 167  
 Cornwallis, Lord, 179, 212-214  
 Crawford, William H., 289  
 Crown Point, Fort, 117, 160  
 Cuba, discovery of, 11  
 Cumberland, the, 380  
 Custer, George A., 448, 449  
 Custis, Martha, 184, 185  
 Czolgosz, Leon, 466
- Davis, Jefferson, President of the Confederacy, 342-424  
 Dearborn, Fort, 265  
 Decatur, Lieutenant, 240, 241, 268  
 Declaration of Independence, the, adopted, 173  
 Deerfield, town of, 103  
 Defiance, Fort, 273  
 De Gourgues, Dominique, 36  
 De Kalb, Baron, 190  
 Delaware, Lord, 47  
 De Soto, Ferdinand, 17  
 Detroit, Fort, saved by Indian girl, 125, 126; withstands siege, 127  
 Dewey, George, 456, 457  
 Digby, Admiral, 215  
 Dinwiddie, Lieutenant-Governor, 107, 109  
 Donelson, Fort, 364  
 Douglas, Stephen A., 319, 330  
 Dove, the, 79  
 Drake, the, 197  
 Drake, Sir Francis, 39  
 Dred Scott Case, 325  
 Du Quesne, Fort, 107-112, 117
- Early, Jubal A., 418-420  
 Edward, Fort, 186  
 Eliot, John, 72  
 Elizabeth, Queen, 37, 38, 93  
 Emancipation Proclamation, 385-388, 433  
 Embargo Act, 260  
 Endicott, John, 58  
 "Era of Good Feeling," 284  
 Ericson, Leif, 2  
 Eric the Red, 2  
 Erie, Fort, 276  
 Evans, Captain, 462
- Fairfax, Lord, 132  
 Farragut, David G., 383  
 Ferdinand, King of Spain, 7, 11, 13  
 Fillmore, Millard, 317, 318, 323  
 Fletcher, Rear-Admiral, 471  
 Florida, discovery of, 17  
 Folsom, Frances, 444  
 Foote, Commodore, 364  
 Fountain of Youth, the, 17  
 Franklin, Benjamin, 149-152, 219  
 Fredericksburg, battle of, 389  
 Fredys, 3  
 Fremont, John C., 300, 323  
 Frolic, the, 268  
 Frontenac, Count, 102  
 Frontenac, Fort, 117  
 Fugitive Slave Law, 314, 315
- Gage, General, 155, 156, 161-166, 168, 169  
 Garfield, James A., 442, 443  
 Garrison, William Lloyd, 312, 313  
 Gates, General, 188-190, 209  
 George II, 88, 115  
 George III, 141, 142, 155, 156, 166, 172, 173, 175, 214  
 Germain, Lord, 187  
 Germantown, battle of, 182  
 Gladwyn, Major, 126  
 Glasgow, the, 196  
 Goffe, William, 71  
 Gosnold, Bartholomew, 41  
 Grant, Ulysses S., 298; campaign against Lee, 406-423; early life, 405; elected President, 435; fighting for the control of the Mississippi, 364-367, 399-402; in White House, 440, 441; made commander-in-chief of the Union army, 403; reelected President, 441  
 Gray, Captain, 253  
 Greeley, Horace, 441  
 Greene, Nathanael, 212, 213  
 Greenland, discovery of, 2  
 Green Mountain Boys, 159, 160  
 Grenville, Sir Richard, 39  
 Gudrid, the Beautiful, 3  
 Guerrière, the, 268
- Half Moon, the, 73  
 Hale, Captain, Nathan, 206  
 Halleck, General, 375  
 Hamilton, Alexander, 227, 228, 251  
 Hancock, John, 161  
 Hanks, Nancy, 332-335  
 Harmar, General, 231  
 Harrison, Benjamin, 445, 446

- Harrison, Fort, 265  
 Harrison, William Henry, 262, 273-276, 292, 293  
 Hardee, William J., 416  
 Harvard, John, 61  
 Hawaii, annexation of, 450  
 Hawkins, Sir John, 92  
 Hayes, Rutherford B., 441, 442  
 Hazel, Caleb, 333  
 Helluland, 3  
 Henry, Fort, 364  
 Henry, Patrick, 145, 153  
 Hobson, Richmond P., 457, 459  
 Hooker, Joseph, 390, 393  
 Hopkins, Commodore, 195, 196  
*Hornet*, the, 269  
 Houston, Sam, 294  
 Howe, Captain, 121  
 Howe, General, 116, 161, 163-166, 169, 170, 175, 178, 181, 182, 201, 202  
 Howe, General Robert, 208  
 Hudson, Henry, 73, 74  
 Huguenots, the, 34-36  
 Huerta, Victoriano, 471  
 Hull, General, 264, 265  
 Hunter, David, 417  
 Hutchinson, Mrs. Anne, 59, 60  
  
 Indians of North America, 21-32  
*Iowa*, the, 461, 462  
 Isabella, Queen of Spain, 7, 8, 11, 12  
 Island No. 10, surrender of, 366, 367  
  
 Jackson, Andrew, 287, 288, 289-291, 313  
 Jackson, "Stonewall" (Thomas J.), 351, 371-374, 378, 391  
 Jamaica, discovery of, 11  
 James I, 42, 50, 66  
 Jamestown, settlement of, 43  
*Jason*, the, 483  
 Jasper, Sergeant, 210  
*Java*, the, 269  
 Jay, John, 227, 233  
 Jefferson, Thomas, 173, 227, 234, 236, 238-242, 249, 250, 259  
 Johnson, Andrew, 434, 435  
 Johnson, Colonel, 276  
 Johnston, Albert Sidney, 365  
 Johnston, Joseph E., 351, 371, 374, 401, 407, 417  
 Johnston, Sally Bush, 336  
 Joliet, 101  
 Jones, John Paul, 192-200  
 Jones, William Paul, 192, 193  
  
 Kansas-Nebraska Bill, 319-322, 330  
  
 Kearney, Colonel, 300  
*Kearsarge*, the, 440  
 Key, Francis Scott, 282  
 Kidd, Captain William, 98, 99  
 Kieft, Governor, 75  
 Know-Nothings, the, 323  
 Knox, Henry, 227  
 Ku Klux Klan, the, 437, 438  
  
 Lafayette, 190, 191, 202, 213  
 Lake Erie, battle of, 275  
 La Salle, 101  
 Laudonnière, 35  
 Lawrence, Captain, 269-271  
 Lee, Charles, 203  
 Lee, Fitzhugh, 454  
 Lee, Henry, 360  
 Lee, Robert E., 298; at Gettysburg, 393-396; captures John Brown, 327; convinced of slavery evils, 313, 361; defeats Burnside and Hooker, 389-391; early years of, 360, 361; invades Maryland, 378; opposes Grant in great campaign, 406-423; refuses command of Union army, 361; surrenders to Grant, 423, 424; takes command of Confederate army, 374; victory at second battle of Bull Run, 375  
 Lexington, battle of, 158  
 Lewis, Meriwether, 254-258  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 298; after the war, 425-428; assassinated, 428; calls forth the militia, 346; colossus of the war, 356; condemns Mexican War, 298; early life, 331-338; elected President, 330; enters politics, 339; enters Confederate Capital, 422; inaugurated, 344; issues Emancipation Proclamation, 385; life at the White House, 357-360; marries Mary Todd, 339; reelected President, 420; sends peremptory orders to McClellan, 370, 378  
 Lincoln, Thomas, 331-338  
 Lindley, Mary, 177  
 Little Turtle, Indian Chief, 231  
 Livingston, Robert R., 224, 250  
 Long Island, battle of, 176  
 Lookout Mountain, battle of, 403  
 "Lords Proprietors, the," 81, 82  
 Louisbourg, taken by New England militia, 104; siege of, 116  
 Louisiana, purchase of, 250  
 Lundy's Lane, battle of, 276  
 Lyon, the, 59

- Macdonough, Commodore, 277  
*Macedonian*, the, 268  
 Mackinaw, Fort, 126, 264  
 Madison, Dolly, 242-246, 261, 277  
 Madison, James, 242, 244, 261, 263, 265, 283, 287  
*Maine*, the, 454, 455  
 Manassas, battle of, 375  
*Manassas*, the, 383  
 Manhattan Island, purchase of, 75  
*Maria Teresa*, the, 461-463  
 Marion, Francis, 210, 211  
 Markland, 3  
 Mason, James M., 355  
 "Massachusetts Bay Company," 58  
 Massasoit, Indian Chief, 54, 69  
*Mayflower*, the, 52  
 McClellan, George B., 348, 352, 353, 354, 370-379  
 McDowell, Irvin, 350, 351, 352, 371  
 McHenry, Fort, 282  
 McKinley, William, 451-467  
 Meade, George Gordon, 393-396, 407  
 Meigs, Fort, 274  
*Merrimac*, the, 380-382  
*Merrimac*, the, collier, 458, 459  
 Merritt, Major-General, 457  
 Michillimackinac, Fort, 126  
 Miles, Nelson A., 463  
*Minnesota*, the, 381  
 "Minute-men," 157  
 Missionary Ridge, battle of, 403  
 Mississippi River, discovery of, 18  
 Missouri Compromise, 286, 319  
*Monitor*, the, 381  
 Monmouth, battle of, 202  
 Monroe Doctrine, the, 288, 480  
 Monroe, James, 250, 284, 287-289  
 Montcalm, Marquis, 115, 116, 118-122  
 Montojo, Admiral, 456, 457  
 Mound Builders, the, 2  
  
 Necessity, Fort, 109  
 New Amsterdam, 76  
 New Netherland, 75, 76  
 New Orleans, battle of, 279-281  
*Niagara*, the, 275  
*Nina*, the, 9  
 Norsemen, the, 2  
  
 Oglethorpe, James, 87-91  
*Old Ironsides*, 269  
 Otis, James, 153  
  
 Pacific Ocean, discovery of, 20  
 Pakenham, Sir Edward, 279, 280  
  
 Panama Canal, construction of, 474;  
   opening of, 471, 475  
 Payne, John, 242, 243  
*Peacock*, the, 269  
 Pemberton, John C., 401  
 Pendleton Act, 444  
 Penn, William, 83-86  
 Percy, Lord, 158  
 Perry, Oliver Hazard, 275  
 Perry Treaty, 318  
 Petersburg, siege of, 410-413  
 Philip, Indian Chief, 69-72  
 Philippines, annexed, 464  
 Phillips, General, 213  
 Phillips, Wendell, 314  
 Pierce, Franklin, 318  
 Pigot, General, 163  
 Pilgrims, the, escape to Holland, 51;  
   land in America, 53; visited by the  
   Puritans, 61  
*Pinta*, the, 9  
 Pinzon, Martin, 10  
 Piracy, 97-99  
 Pitcairn, Major, 157  
 Pitt, Fort, 117, 127  
 Pitt, William, 115, 117, 141, 145, 146, 155, 207  
*Pittsburgh*, the, 367  
 Pittsburg Landing, battle of, 365  
 Plymouth Rock, 53  
 Pocahontas, 45-47  
 Polk, James Knox, 293, 294, 299  
 Ponce de Leon, 16  
 Pontiac, Indian Chief, 123-128  
 Pope, Anne, 130  
 Pope, John, 366, 375  
 Porter, Horace, 200  
 Porto Rico, annexed, 464  
 Powhatan, 43, 45, 46  
 Prescott, Colonel, 162, 163  
 Prevost, General, 208, 277  
 Princeton, battle of, 180  
 Proctor, General, 274-276  
 Proprietary colonies, 137  
 Pulaski, Count, 190  
 Puritans, the, 57-68  
 Putnam, Israel, 162, 177  
  
 Quakers, the, 64, 65, 83-86  
 Quebec, taken by English, 118-122  
 Queen Anne's War, 102  
  
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, 37-41  
*Randolph*, the, 196  
*Ranger*, the, 196  
 Rathbone, Major, 428  
 Red Eagle, Indian Chief, 280



- Revere, Paul, 157  
 Rhode Island, settlement of, 59  
 Rich Mountain, battle of, 348  
 Riney, Zachariah, 333  
 Roanoke Island, 39, 40  
 Rochambeau, General, 214  
 Rodgers, Captain, 124  
 Rolfe, John, 46  
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 467-470, 474  
 Rosecrans, William S., 399, 403  
 Royal colonies, 137
- Salem Witchcraft, 66-68  
 Sampson, Rear-Admiral, 457, 460, 461  
 Sandusky, Fort, 126  
 San Juan, battle of, 460  
 San Salvador, discovery of, 10  
 Santa Anna, 297, 302  
 Santa Maria, the, 9  
 Santa Maria de Rabida, Convent of, 7  
 Santiago, surrender of, 463  
 Schley, Commodore, 457  
 Scott, General, 297, 302, 303, 353  
 Separatists, the, 50  
 Serapis, the, 197, 198  
 Seven Days' Fight, the, 374  
 Seven Pines, battle of, 373  
 Seward, William H., 345, 431  
 Seymour, Horatio, 435  
 Shafter, General, 460, 463  
 Shannon, the, 270, 271  
 Sheridan, Philip H., 418-420  
 Sherman, William T., 401, 403, 407, 414-417  
 Shiloh, battle of, 365  
 Shraellings, the, 3  
 Sigel, General, 407, 417  
 Sigsbee, Captain, 454  
 Sitting Bull, Indian Chief, 449  
 Slidell, John, 355  
 Smith, Captain John, 43-47  
 Smith, Colonel, 156  
 Smith, Joseph, the first Mormon, 305  
 Speedwell, the, 52  
 Stamp Act, the, 144, 145  
 Standish, Captain Miles, 54  
 Star-Spangled Banner, The, origin of, 282  
 St. Augustine, founding of, 35  
 St. Clair, General, 186, 231, 232  
 Stephens, Alexander, Vice-President of the Confederacy, 313, 433  
 Stephenson, Fort, 274  
 Steuben, Baron, 190  
 Stony Point, capture of, 203  
 Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 315
- Stuyvesant, Peter, 75-77  
 Sullivan, General, 209  
 Sumner, General, 373  
 Sumter, Fort, 345  
 Sumter, Thomas, 210  
 Swansea, 69
- Taft, William Howard, 469, 470  
 Taylor, Zachary, 296, 297, 317  
 Tecumseh, Indian Chief, 262-264, 274, 276  
 Texas, the, 462  
 Thanksgiving Day, 55  
 Thomas, General, 403  
 Thorvald, 3  
 Ticonderoga, Fort, 116, 117, 159, 160, 186  
 Tilden, Samuel J., 441  
 Tippecanoe, battle of, 263  
 Todd, James, 243  
 Todd, John Payne, 244  
 Todd, Mary, 339, 360  
 Trinidad, discovery of, 12  
 Tripoli, war with, 240  
 Tyler, John, 292, 293
- "United Colonies of New England," 61  
 United States, the, 268
- Van Buren, Martin, 291-294  
 Van Dorn, Earl, 368, 398  
 Venezuela, 14  
 Vespucci, Americus, 14  
 Vera Cruz, occupation of, 471  
 Vernon, Admiral, 132  
 Vicksburg, siege of, 399-401  
 Vinland, 3  
 Virginia, the, 380-382
- Wadsworth, Captain, 137  
 Washington, Augustine, father of George Washington, 130; half-brother, 131  
 Washington, George, at Valley Forge, 183-185; at Yorktown, 214; chosen Commander-in-Chief, 167; chosen President, 221; dies at Mount Vernon, 234; early years, 130-133; escape from Long Island, 177; inaugurated, 224-226; marches against Clinton, 202; marriage, 134, 135; meets General Howe, 181, 182; mythical sword of, 326, 328; refuses kingship, 218; saves Braddock's army, 112; takes Trenton, 179; tri-

- umphal march to New York, 222-224.
- Washington, John, 129, 130
- Washington, Lawrence, ancestor of George Washington, 129, 130; grandfather, 130; half-brother, 132
- Wasp*, the, 268
- Wayne, Anthony, 202, 232, 233
- Wayne, Fort, 265
- Webster, Daniel, 291, 318
- Wells, William, 233
- Wesley, Charles, 90; John, 90
- White, John, 39, 40
- White, Peregrine, 52
- Wilderness, the, battle of, 407, 408
- William Henry, Fort, 115
- William Henry, Prince, 214
- Williams, Roger, 59
- Wilson, Woodrow, 470-472, 474, 480, 481
- Winchester, battle of, 418
- Winchester, General, 273
- Winthrop, John, 58
- Wolfe, James, 118-122
- Yankee Doodle*, origin of, 110
- Yarmouth*, the, 196
- Yorke, Duke of, 76, 84
- Yorktown, surrender of, 214
- Young, Brigham, 305-309







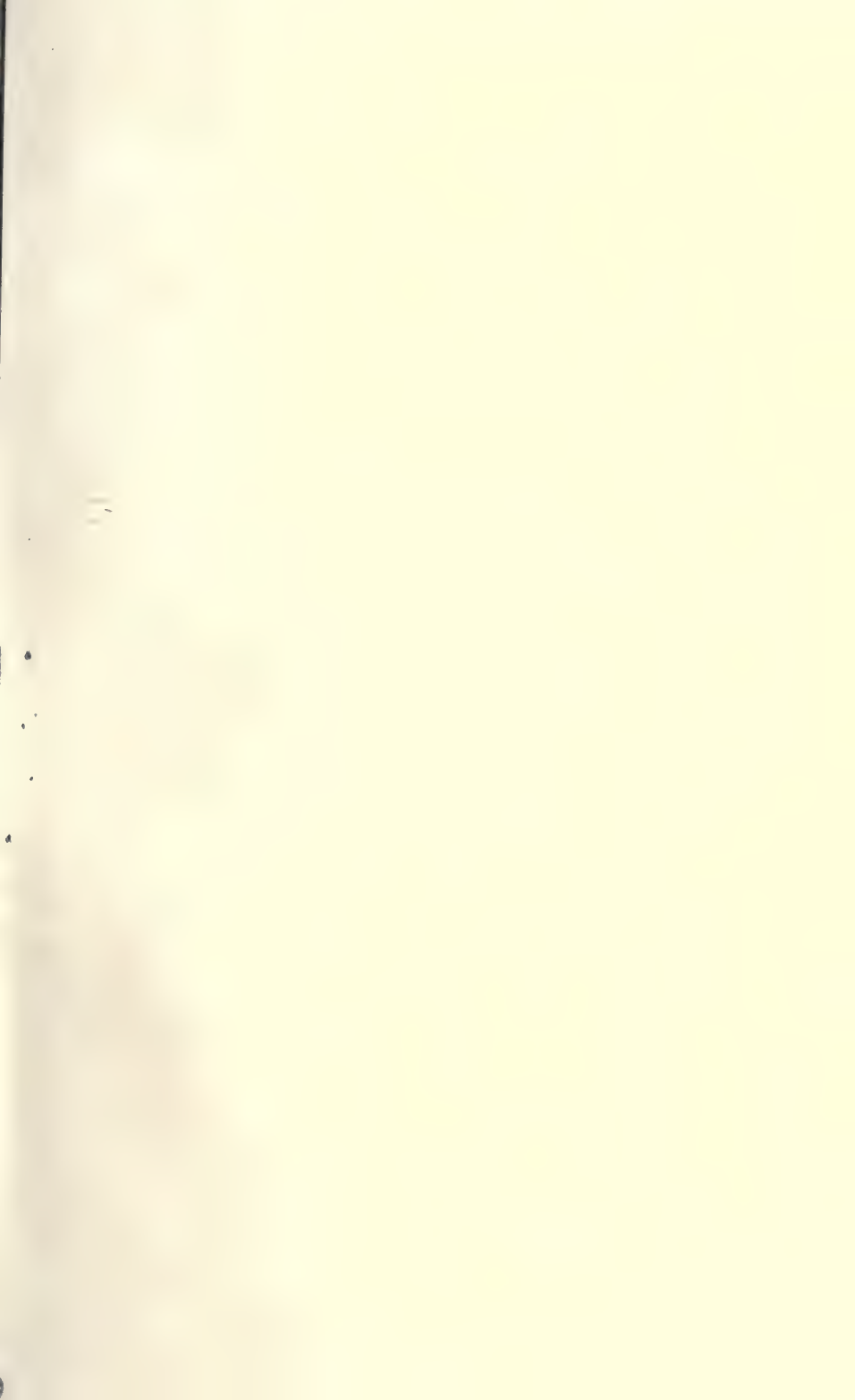




























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